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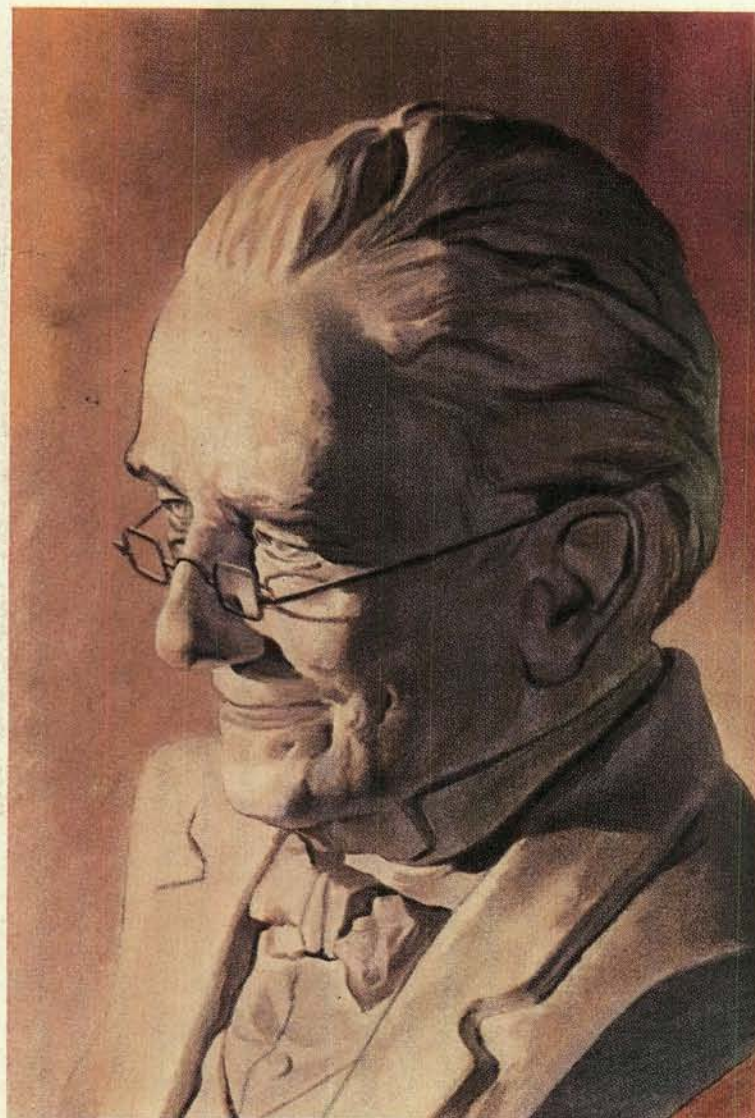
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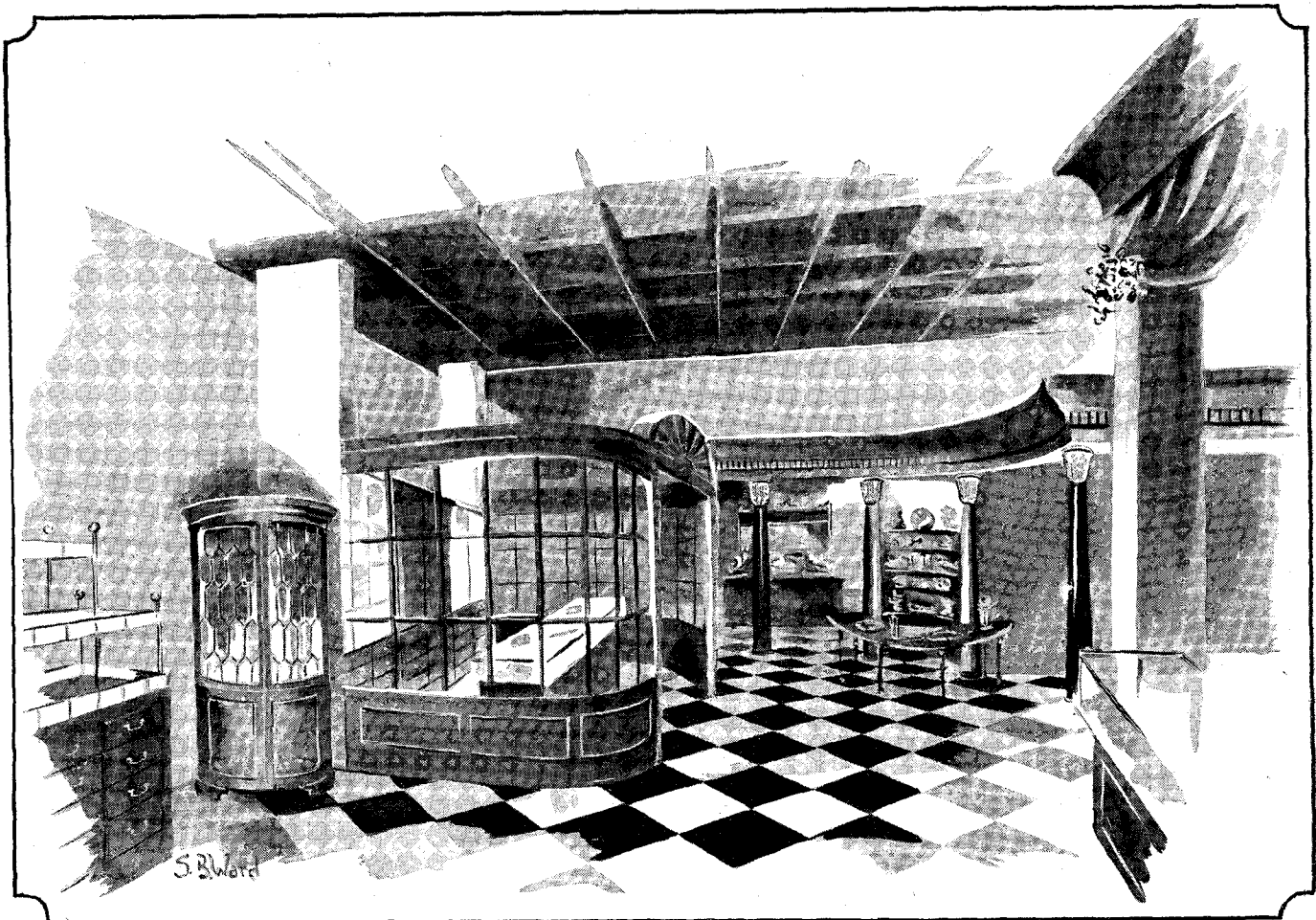
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST



THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AFFAIRS OF STATE—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ANGEL IN THE PAWNSHOP—It's hard to figure out just what this fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin is getting at, even though Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken put up quite a struggle to make some sense of the proceedings. The play's most lucid moments occur when Willie Lewis settles down to tooting happily on a clarinet. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—Lilli Palmer makes a captivating amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE COUNTRY GIRL—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill, Louis Veda Quince, and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Feb. 11.)

DARKNESS AT NOON—An outstanding performance by Claude Rains, an impressive setting by Frederick Fox, and expert direction by Sidney Kingsley all make this adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel describing the grim career and final agonies of a revolutionist a work of distinction. Mr. Kingsley is also responsible for the dramatization, which Walter J. Plance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby help bring to life in supporting roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE—This revival of Mordaunt Shairp's 1933 study in abnormality has neither the acting, the direction, nor the scenery it needs to succeed with its difficult theme. Joseph Schildkraut, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Crawford make up the rather singular triangle under discussion, and Francis Compton plays the sinister butler. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—Christopher Fry's comedy about a man who wants to be executed and a girl who doesn't offers some praiseworthy verse and some that is just soporific. John Gielgud and Pamela Brown are very fine in the leading roles. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PEER GYNT—An American version, by Paul Green, of Ibsen's play. John Garfield, Karl Malden, Mildred Dunnock, and Sono Osato are in the cast. The fifth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:30. Matinees Thurs-

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days and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call LU 2-0880.)

THE ROSE TATTOO—Instead of the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned him in the past, Tennessee Williams' heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely impressive. Boris Aronson has designed a fine, imaginative set. (Martin Beck, 45th St. W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SEASON IN THE SUN—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, except Feb. 14, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Monday, Feb. 12.)

SECOND THRESHOLD—This posthumous work by Philip Barry, somewhat edited by Robert E. Sherwood, has to do with a man who has come to the end of his rope, and it exhibits most of Mr. Barry's qualities as a playwright, both good and bad. Clive Brook is superb as the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY—José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson head the cast of this revival of Hecht and MacArthur's enormously funny comedy about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

LONG RUNS—THE HAPPY TIME: A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) ... **THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING**: Carson McCullers' novel dealing with a lonely adolescent, turned into a play with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun-

days, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

BLESS YOU ALL—Arnold Auerbach wrote the sketches, Harold Rome did the music and lyrics, and Helen Tamiris handled the choreography for this revue, which is good about half the time. The cast includes Mary McCarty, Jules Munshin, and Pearl Bailey. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CALL ME MADAM—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the admirable songs; and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MICHAEL TODD'S PEEP SHOW—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches, and the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this musical about Jupiter and his amorous carryings on in modern Greece, but, except for Lemuel Ayers' stylish sets and costumes and a fine comic performance by Charlotte Greenwood, the evening is pretty much of a disappointment. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES: Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **KISS ME, KATE**: Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) ... **SOUTH PACIFIC**: Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

NOT FOR CHILDREN—A comedy by Elmer Rice, in which Betty Field and Elliott Nugent head a cast that includes J. Edward Bromberg, Ann Thomas, and Keene Crockett. Directed by Mr. Rice and produced by the Playwrights' Company. Opens Thursday, Feb. 8. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night cur-

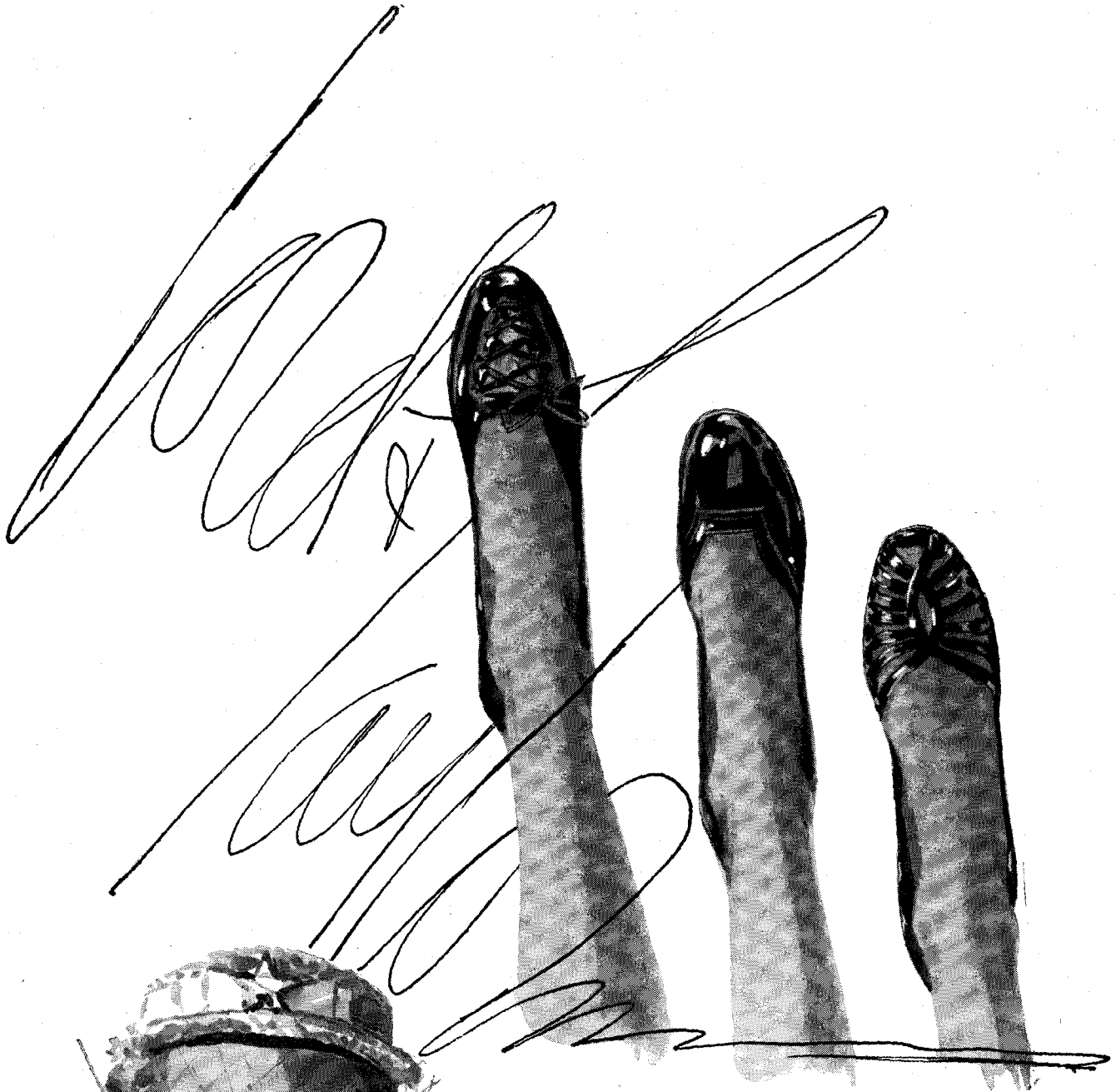
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TI-COO—A French-Canadian play, starring Fridolin, who wrote and directed it. Produced in English, by Fridolin Productions in association with the Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert. Opens Friday, Feb. 9. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BILLY BUDD—Dennis King and Torin Thatcher in a play by Louis O. Coxé and Robert Chapman, based on the novel by Herman Melville. Produced by Chandler Cowles and Anthony B. Farrell, and directed by Norris Houghton. Opens Saturday, Feb. 10. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE KING OF FRIDAY'S MEN—Walter Macken, Rex O'Malley, and Frederic Tozere in a comedy by Michael J. Molloy, originally presented by the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin. Produced by Michael Grace and directed by John Burrell. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE SMALL HOURS—A play by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, with Dorothy Stickney. The cast, directed by Mr. Kaufman, also includes Paul McGrath, Polly Rowles, and Joan Wetmore. Produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thursday, Feb. 15. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Opening performances of the engagement, which will run through Sunday, March 11—Tuesday evening, Feb. 13: "The Duel," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Wednesday evening, Feb. 14: "Mother Goose Suite," "Symphonie Concertante," "Firebird," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Thursday evening, Feb. 15: "Illuminations," "Divertimento," "Card Game," and "Symphony in C."... Friday evening, Feb. 16: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday matinee, Feb. 17: "Mother Goose Suite," "The Duel," "Mazurka," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Saturday evening, Feb. 17: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

WHERE'S CHARLEY?—Ray Bolger and Allyn McLerie in a revival, if that's the word, of a musical that closed only five months ago. Frank Loesser did the music and lyrics. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closing tentatively set for Saturday, Feb. 24.)

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY—A limited engagement of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, with Darrell Fancourt and Martyn Green. Through Saturday, Feb. 10: "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore."... Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 12-14: "The Gondoliers."... Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 15-17: "Iolanthe." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

RAZZLE DAZZLE—A theatre-in-the-round revue, with sketches and lyrics by Mike Stewart, and a score by Leo Schumer, Shelley Mowell, Irma Jurist, Bernice Kroll, and James Reed Lawlor. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, in association with Madeline Capp and Greer Johnson. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her company, in a dance recital. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30

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Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes soothe the guests at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Mischa Raginsky's orchestra meanders gently at cocktail time in the Palm Court and during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing either place.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Ted Straeter in all his considerable glory (dinner jacket, carnation, and blithe piano), turning out dance music in this luxurious jewel box. Gogi's romantic violinists cruise the room during intermissions. Fridays, like Princeton proms, are black tie. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The captains and the kings around here don't do their departing until about four in the morning. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room, bless its big heart, has an ice show at dinner and supper. Alice Farrar and Carol Lynne are its most noticeable objets d'art. Ray Robbins' and Peter Kent's orchestras play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Annamary Dickey (can it be that the Met is really moving uptown?) is now singing in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band do the dance music. All hands perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays....

Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton, who sings in several tongues (seriatim, that is), is at the piano between sets.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Herb Shriner's neo-bucolic philosophizing, and Yvette's resolute voice raised in song. Mark Monte's and Dick La Salle's orchestras dish up pretty dance music. On Thursday, Feb. 15, Jean Sablon, who's been away a long time, returns to these shores. Closed Sundays.... The Rendez-Vous Room, which has a pink-champagne air, offers Maximilian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's flowing dance orchestras after eight-thirty.... Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music embellishes the last days of the Oval Room, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo is again tenting on his old campground, the Grill, where he plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—

On Thursday, Feb. 8, Julie Wilson and Les Crosley do their final song recitals in the Maissonette, an opulent wine cellar if there ever was one. Next evening, Jane Morgan, a lady-like but unmistakable Circe, returns for a brief stint. Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, those old family retainers, provide the dance music. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Hugo Pedell, an old partygoer himself, is in charge of the party music in the Carnival Room, the assembly hall for a regal element of our population. Jan Brunescio's gypsies help out. Closed Sundays....

Dilson Petrey is at the piano in the café bar, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Frankie Carle's orchestra swarms through the hit-parade tunes. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Little acorns growing into all sorts of mighty flora. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Mindy Carson, a handsome slip of a girl, twining the freshest young soprano voice in town around some hand-picked ballads. The musical background, devised and conducted by Andrew Ackers, is just as handsome. Johnny Coy does some soft-shoe work, and Emile Pettit's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgewood Room, Liberace talks a good concert piano. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays dance music. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's, and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself.... In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. The main room is too large for anything less intimate than a game of lacrosse, but the tables by the big windows are worth scrambling for. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): That famous ceramic tree glitters brightly, but no more brightly than the piano arabesques of Cy Walter, who's here at dinner and again at supper, except Sundays, when Sam Hamilton does the honors.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Aphrodite's coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio is around, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle. Except Mondays, Frank Marti's piano at dinner and supper; after ten, except Sundays, Ernie Warren's trio, which heats up a bit at times.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A musical-comedy version of Spain, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **VIEUX CARRÉ**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, from dinner through supper, Louis Hawkins, one of our most debonair hosts; turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Portia Nelson sings forgotten songs in a not-to-be-forgotten voice, to the thoughtful piano of Bart Howard. Jim Mahoney's piano enhances the dinner hour. Closed Mondays.... **LA COM-MEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Upstairs, at cocktail time, cannel coal crackles in the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fireplace and Laurie Brewis crackles at the piano; downstairs, Wayne Sanders plays piano at dinner and later is joined by Nicky Holden, a romantic singer, and Nancy Steele, a roguish one, as well as by Mr. Brewis. Closed Sundays. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which Vicente Gomez does wonderful things with a guitar at dinner and supper. Closed Tuesdays. ... **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing during the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): If you can wangle your way down front, you'll be able to see Frankie Laine, of the hot-and-bothered school of song; Betty and Jane Kean, a brisk pair of comedians; and the entertaining dances of Copsey and Ayres. Dancing. ... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A real rumpus room, with hiss-the-villain melodrama, singing waiters, old movies (trimmed with Paul Kilian's ad-lib, punning commentary), and other foolishness (trimmed with the spoofing ballads of Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs). Dancing. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Arthur Blake, an industrious mimic of Hollywood characters, does a lot better than most of his confreres in that strange trade. Eddie Heywood's band is a useful little helpmeet. Cliff Jackson is still at the keyboard during the intermissions. ... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57th St. (MU 8-7224): Ben Blue, that masterpiece of absentmindedness, glows brightly through the prevailing murk of the doings in this establishment. Closed Mondays. ... **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Señor Wences and his puppets, an ageless and enchanting blend of ventriloquism and manual dexterity, are head and shoulders above the road-show Arabian Nights incarcerated here.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Every night, through Wednesday, Feb. 14, a fine frenzy of comedy by Pearl Bailey, that celebrated nymph-errant; Paula Drake and Bud McCreery, purveyors of a lot of well-chosen words; Tony and Eddie, a pair of blithely malicious lampooners; and the Page Cavanaugh Trio. Stuart Ross is the brilliant background pianist. ... In the lounge, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano fancies of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier, except Mondays. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronny Graham, the house analyst, offers his remarkable explanation of why the whole human race is falling on its face; Bibi Osterwald and the Three Riffs sing high-grade, high-velocity nonsense. Joyce Indig's songs are more average. On Wednesday, Feb. 14, Mr. Graham and Miss Indig will give way to Faye DeWitt, a singer, and Abbott and Dell, a comedy team. The piano of Julius Monk and the light fantastic chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio provide the setting. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Phil Leeds, a brittle humorist with a fair turn of speed, and Royce Wallace, a girl with a fine deep blue voice. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Young talent—Sylvia Miles, a strident and engaging inducer of merriment, and Larry Laurence, a reverberating tenor—under the skillful guidance of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who also contribute valiant double piano. Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Monday is amateur night. ... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. ... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, the singing host of this Oriental palace, has lots of vocal company—prankish songs by Alice Ghostley, forthright ones by Joan Shaw, and hauntingly mournful ones by

Norene Tate, who also does double piano with Reginald Bean. Closed Mondays. ... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet late in the evening to run through her night-blooming ballads. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): No "Tennessee Waltz" ever takes the bright sheen from Wild Bill Davison's free-wheeling trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is in charge of house-wrecking here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, all going at it hot and heavy. Don Frye plays piano while they're outside for a smoke. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Coleman Hawkins, one of the great saxophones of our time, is here, along with Willis Jackson's sextet and the songs of Ruth Brown. ... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Feb. 9, the rumpus will be provided by such regulars as Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, George Wettling, Frank Signorelli, and John Kirby, plus such rarities as Lou McGarity and Mezz Mezzrow. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Feb. 9), there'll be Red Allen, Munn Ware, Kansas Fields, Conrad Janis's band, and others. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON—A small but extremely choice selection of paintings and prints by the great American naturalist, plus some personal memorabilia, in a centennial loan exhibition. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; through Feb. 28.)

VINCENT CAMPANELLA—New paintings, a bit blurry and unresolved at times but vigorous in concept, and based mainly on Wyoming subjects. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Feb. 17.)

JEAN CHARLOT—Recent paintings, many of them depicting Mexican native rituals and celebrations, showing strong traces of early Indian and Aztec influences. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Feb. 10.)

DRAWINGS—A big and carefully selected exhibition, running from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries and containing a number of rarities that are certain to delight amateurs in this field. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 10.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—New paintings, much richer and more restrained in treatment than formerly, though still a bit bad-boy in subject matter. (Pierre Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 10.)

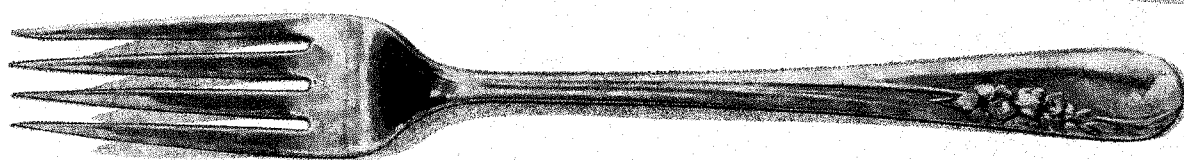
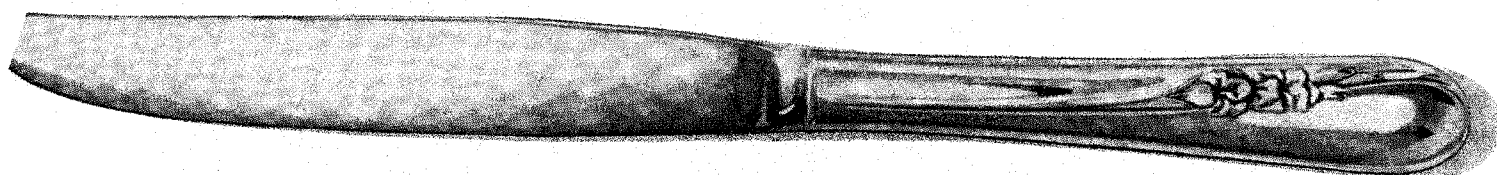
RAOUL DUFY—A display of European oils and gouaches, dated 1926-48. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

FRITZ GLARNER—Non-objective paintings and drawings, somewhat in the style of Mondrian but with enough personal deviations to make them interesting. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through Feb. 24.)

ARSHILE GORKY—Drawings in water colors and crayon, turned out between 1943 and 1946. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Feb. 10.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: A well-balanced collection of paintings by Robert Gwathmey, Abraham Tromka, Anthony Toney, Moses Soyer, and Gregorio

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Prestopino; through Feb. 17. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through Feb. 10.

JOHN W. MCCOY—Water colors, mostly of Maine scenes, done in a style that combines precise delineation with unusual feeling for mood and atmosphere. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 10.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Recent paintings, embodying an attempt, not entirely successful, to combine the abstract approach with an illusion of depth. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Feb. 17.)

BEN NICHOLSON—Paintings and drawings, grave in style but sensitive in tone, by one of the leading British abstractionists. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

PARIS PRIMITIVES—A nicely varied small retrospective of paintings by Louis Vivin, Camille Bombois, André Bauchant, and Jean Eve. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 24.)

SCULPTURE—The opening exhibition in the new, uptown galleries of the Clay Club, with pieces by Mitzi Solomon Cunliffe, Clara Fasano, Hugo Robus, and others. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10; Saturdays, 2 to 5; through Feb. 24.)

WILLIAM SEITZ—New abstractions, calligraphic in style and done in delicate gradations of color. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 24.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, bright-colored and highly stylized, on Mexican themes, all treated in a generally engaging way. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 7.)

CHARLES UMLAUF—Strongly stylized sculptures and drawings, many of them religious in subject and all executed with a fine ability to convey emotional suggestion. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Feb. 17.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Maillol; through March 3. . . . CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57th St.: Group show, contemporary French; through Feb. 24. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Piet Mondrian; through March 17. . . . KNOEHLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Roger de La Fresnaye; through Feb. 24. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Miron Sokole; through Feb. 24. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Group show, art-school faculty. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3; through Feb. 28. Closed Monday, Feb. 12. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: Group show, contemporary American. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Feb. 24. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Isaac L. Muse; through Feb. 24.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by students in the Museum's Art School. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 12, from 1 to 5; through Feb. 12.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show selected by a national jury and called "American Painting Today—1950," in which more than three hundred artists are represented. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 12, from 1 to 5; through Feb. 25.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl; through May 1. . . . Water colors by David Payne, of rooms in the New York houses of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, the Billy Roses, Gloria Swanson, and others; through March 31. (Tuesdays, except Feb. 13, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 12, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and generally instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A memorial

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

showing of around ninety-five paintings and drawings by Arshile Gorky, ranging in date from 1922 through 1948. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Feb. 18.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CL 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. ... Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Astrid Varnay, Herta Glaz, Richard Tucker, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Robert Merrill. ... Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Siegfried," with Helen Traubel, Karin Branzell, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. ... Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with Jarmila Novotna, Roberta Peters, Brian Sullivan and Nicola Moscona. (A benefit for the Vassar Club Scholarship Fund; for tickets, call PL 3-4800, Ext. 2006.) ... Monday, Feb. 12, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. ... Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Brian Sullivan. ... Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Faust," with Nadine Conner, Anne Bollinger, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. ... Thursday, Feb. 15, at 1: "Götterdämmerung," with Kirsten Flagstad, Regina Resnik, Set Svanholm, and Herbert Janssen. ... Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Roberta Peters, Thelma Votipka, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Frank Guarrera. ... Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Delia Rigal, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Robert Merrill. ... Saturday, Feb. 17, at 1:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Helen Traubel, Margaret Harshaw, Set Svanholm, and Dezzo Ernster. ... Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Nadine Conner, Lucielle Browning, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting the final performances in a Brahms cycle: Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 9, at 2:30 (both with Myra Hess, piano); and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:45 (no soloist). ... Leonard Bernstein conducting: Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:45; Friday, Feb. 16, at 2:30; and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:45 (all with William Kapell, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Münch conducting: Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8:45, no soloist, and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2:30, with Ruth Posselt, violin. (Carnegie Hall.) ... Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30, with Ruth Posselt, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

SCHOLA CANTORUM—Hugh Ross directing, with Mary Henderson, soprano; Jean Handzlik, contralto; Joseph Laderoute, tenor; Lubomir Vichegonov, bass; and a group from the Philharmonic-Symphony. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MILDRED DILLING—Harp. A benefit for the John Haynes Holmes House. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. MU 3-4780. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

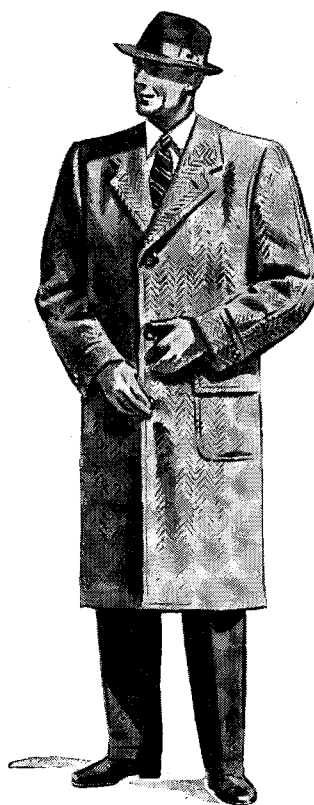
WILLIAM MASSELOS—Piano. (Town Hall, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

PIERRE FOURNIER—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ERNA BERGER—Soprano, in the second of three lieder programs. (Town Hall, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Lotte Lehmann, soprano, and Paul Ulanowsky, piano. (Town Hall, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 5:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano, in an all-Chopin pro-



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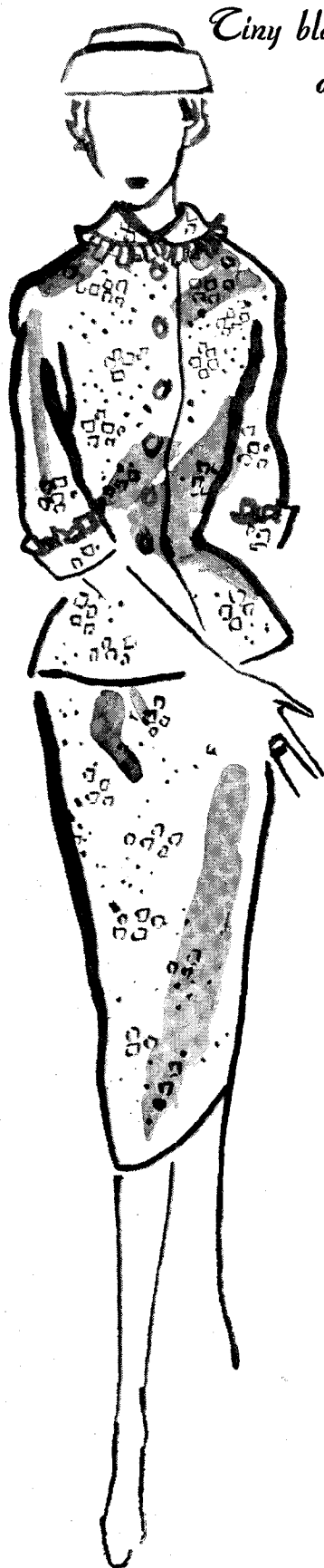
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gram. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

PAGANINI QUARTET—All-Beethoven recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8:40.)

LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Joseph Szigeti will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2:35. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 13, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

KURT WEILL CONCERT—Lotte Lenya-Weill, Grete Mosheim, Dolly Haas, Inez Matthews, Stefan Schnabel, Ralph Herbert, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 9: Cesar Brion vs. Rex Layne, heavyweights, 10 rounds. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 16: Paddy Young vs. Eugene Hairston, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—N.Y.U. vs. Manhattan College, and L.I.U. vs. Seton Hall, Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7:45; and C.C.N.Y. vs. Canisius, and St. John's vs. Niagara, Thursday, Feb. 15, at 7:45. (Madison Square Garden.) ... ¶ C.C.N.Y. vs. Fordham, Monday, Feb. 12, at 9; and N.Y.U. vs. Brooklyn College, Saturday, Feb. 17, at 3. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Saturday, Feb. 10: Knicks vs. Fort Wayne. ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 14: Knicks vs. Rochester. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17: Knicks vs. Syracuse. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 9.)

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club, seventy-fifth anniversary show. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 12-13.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 11: Rangers vs. Canadiens. ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 14: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

SKATING—Middle Atlantic Figure-Skating Championships—Friday, Feb. 16, at 8 A.M.: School figures competition in Men's and Women's Novice Singles, and Women's Junior Singles. ... ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Mixed Pairs. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8 A.M.: School figures competition in Men's Junior Singles, and Women's and Men's Senior Singles. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 5:30 P.M.: Free-skating competition in the classes listed above, and Women's Pairs. ... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 18, from 8 A.M. to 1 P.M.: Junior, Senior, and Veterans' dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. CO 5-0681.)

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships, opening matches: Men's and Women's Singles, starting Saturday, Feb. 17, at 10. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200. Through Sunday, Feb. 25.)

TRACK—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: New York Athletic Club meet. ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: National A.A.U. meet.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-9224.) ... CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "The Rebellious Prince." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 3.) ... HANS MANN CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALE THEATRE: "Puss in Boots." (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7460. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

MARIONETTES—The Rufus Rose Marionettes presenting "The Ant and the Grasshopper." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Currently, the most active branch is the Trusteeship Council, which meets Mondays through Fridays, at Lake Success. About four hundred onlookers can be accommodated at each meeting. There may also be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S AND VACATION SHOW—The armchair camper's annual peek at nature in the raw. Special features this year, in addition to the usual log-rolling, bait-casting, and canoe-tilting events, will be a trout-fishing pond where anybody can land one, and a display of anteaters, sloths, wildcats, and other jungle and woodland fauna. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Opening day, Saturday, Feb. 17, from 11 to 11; through Sunday, Feb. 25.)

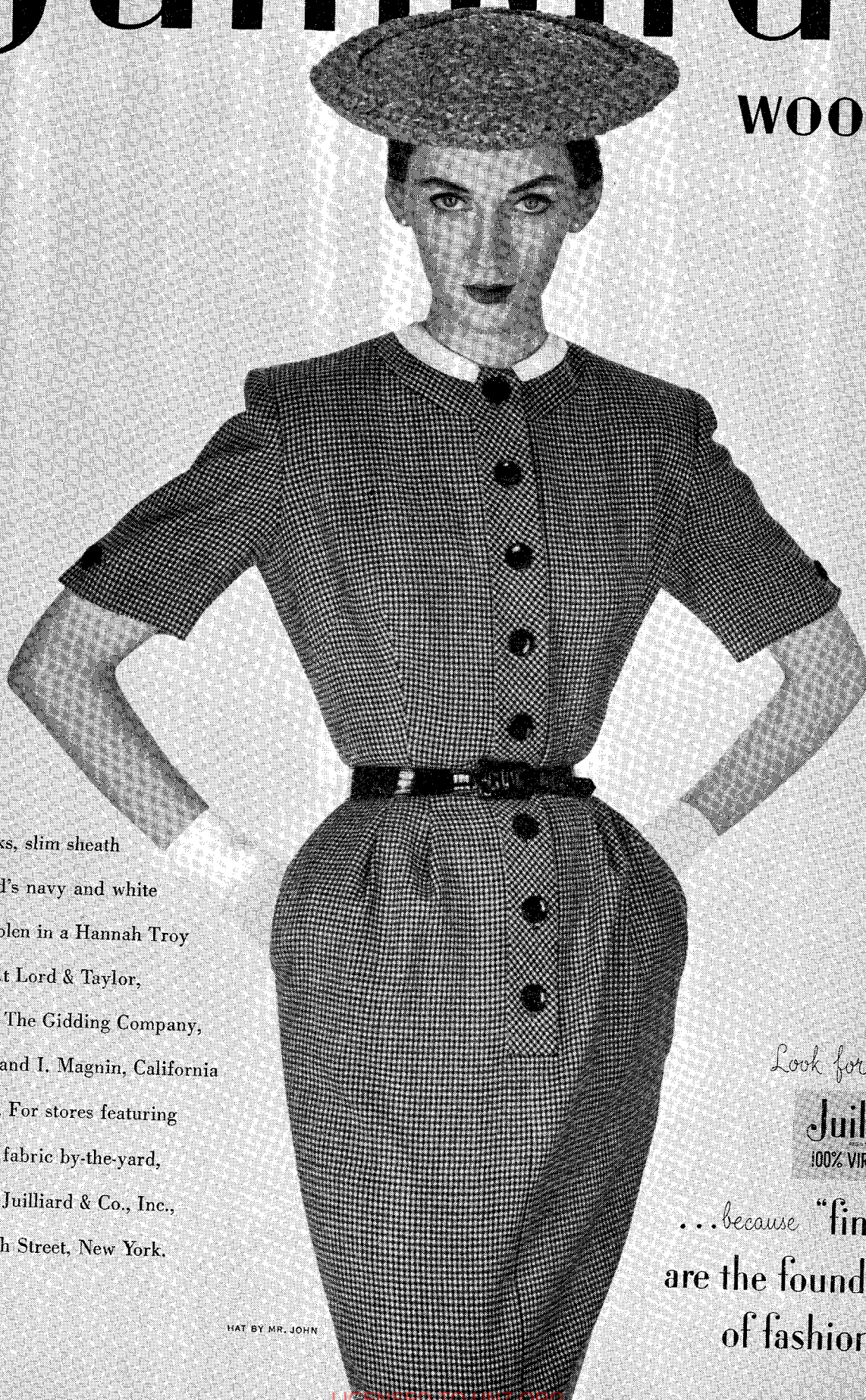
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The February show is called "Riddles in the Sky," and deals with such posers as why the sky is blue and why the stars blink. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays, except Feb. 12, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 12, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth-century French furniture; paintings and drawings by Ingres, Boucher, and other artists; porcelains; and bibelots, the property of the late Lilli Wulf and others. (Exhibition Thursday, Feb. 8, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, at 1:45.) ... Modern paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints, among them works by Renoir, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Jo Davidson, from the collection of the late Samuel G. Archibald and from other sources. (Exhibition Saturday, Feb. 10; Monday, Feb. 12; and Wednesday, Feb. 14, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, Feb. 13, from 10 to 8. Auction Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

NOTE—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. In the near future, application centers will be functioning in every precinct police station and district firehouse, but at the moment the best idea is to apply at one of the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan, from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn, from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIBraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. ... Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



ALL ABOUT EVE—A witty comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage playing an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 14, tentative.)

BITTER RICE—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see, as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Judy Holliday in the role of a junkman's paramour who learns so much about democracy in Washington that she refuses to let her coarse boy friend push her around any more. Miss Holliday is just as entertaining in this adaptation of Garson Kanin's play as she was in the original. Broderick Crawford and William Holden are fine, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—José Ferrer as Rostand's Gascon in a film so full of rodomontade that it's frequently as tiresome as a Legion rally. Mala Powers' Roxane is pretty but inept, and the rest of the cast is more or less obscured behind Mr. Ferrer, who takes over the proceedings with the confidence of a cruise director. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—An adaptation of the Tennessee Williams play. It isn't very lively but does build up a moment of poignancy every now and then. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Feb. 14.)

HARVEY—The invisible rabbit who pals around with a charming drunk. James Stewart does

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

a nice job in this version of the Mary Chase comedy, and Josephine Hull lends him tremendous assistance. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—Adventure in Africa. A stimulating film, based on the H. Rider Haggard novel and featuring hundreds of natives, thousands of beasts, Deborah Kerr, and Stewart Granger. (Embassy, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Feb. 10.)

LAST HOLIDAY—An amiable confection by J. B. Priestley about a gentleman, doomed but sprightly, in an English seaside resort. The cast, led by Alec Guinness, as the gentleman, is excellent. A British film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 12.)

MADEIRA—What happens to a bounder in Victorian Glasgow who trifles with a maiden and then fails to return her billets-doux. An interesting enough mystery film that owes much to Ann Todd, who plays the maiden in question with a lot of authority. A British picture. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 14.)

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON—London under the siege of a fission expert who threatens to blow the place up if His Majesty's Government doesn't agree to stop making atomic bombs. A British film, in which a supposed evacuation of London is done with terrifying realism. The excellent cast includes Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

TRIO—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet," but distinguished by some first-rate acting. An English picture, with Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

WAYS OF LOVE—Renoir, Pagnol, and Rossellini demonstrating their various cinematic skills in three fairly short films, two of them French and one Italian. Renoir takes up love

between man and woman, Pagnol between man and Nature, and Rossellini between woman and God. Of the lot, Pagnol's is the most successful, but all are worth your scrutiny. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

REVIVALS

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prele. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Feb. 13, tentative.)

THE INVISIBLE MAN (1933)—Claude Rains in the title role of H. G. Wells' fantasy. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 11, tentative.)

THE LAST GANGSTER (1937)—Edward G. Robinson, Alcatraz, racketeers, and the usual trimmings. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS (1934)—Laurel and Hardy, immersed in Victor Herbert music. Formerly called "Babes in Toyland." (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Feb. 10.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Feb. 10-13.)

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 14.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Feb. 11, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Carnival in Flanders" (1937), a French film, with Louis Jouvet. . . . Starting Feb. 12, showings at 3: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1936), with Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
HARVEY.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Feb. 14: "The Enforcer," Humphrey Bogart.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 9: "The Company She Keeps," Elizabeth Scott, Jane Greer.
From Feb. 10: "Frenchie," Shelley Winters, Joel McCrea.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Feb. 9: "Mad Wednesday," Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Conlin.
From Feb. 10: "Sugarfoot," Randolph Scott, Adele Jergens.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Manon" (in French), Cecile Aubry.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
THE LAST GANGSTER, revival; and **THE BIG STORE**, revival.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Feb. 14 (tentative): "September Affair," Joseph Cotten, Joan Fontaine.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"At War with the Army," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Second Woman," Robert Young, Betsy Drake.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Call Me Mister," Betty Grable, Dan Dailey.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Steel Helmet," Robert Hutton, James Edwards.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Operation Pacific," John Wayne, Patricia Neal.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 13: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt" (formerly called "State Secret"), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.
From Feb. 14: MADELEINE.

EMBASSY, 80 E. 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
Through Feb. 10: KING SOLOMON'S MINES; and "He's a Cockeyed Wonder," Mickey Rooney.

Feb. 11-13: "So Young, So Bad," Catherine McLeod, Paul Henreid; and "The Underworld Story," Dan Duryea, Gale Storm, Herbert Marshall.

From Feb. 14: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Feb. 11 (tentative): THE INVISIBLE MAN, revival; and "The Paris Waltz" (in French), Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps.

From Feb. 12 (tentative): "Broken Blossoms," revival, Dolly Haas, Emyln Williams.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Feb. 13: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson; and "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

From Feb. 14: THE GLASS MENAGERIE; and "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
SEVEN DAYS TO NOON.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TRIO.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 10: "Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum; and "Rock Island Trail," revival, Forrest Tucker.

Feb. 11-13: "Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray; and "Once a Thief," Cesar Romero, Marie McDonald.
From Feb. 14: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman; and "The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 10: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey.

Feb. 11-13: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
From Feb. 14: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 50th. (PL 9-7242)
Through Feb. 12: "The Blue Lamp," Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley.

From Feb. 14: "Of Men and Music," a musical documentary, with Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, Jan Peerce, and Nadine Conner. (Theatre will be closed to the public on Feb. 13.)

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"So Long at the Fair," Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Feb. 9: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Feb. 10: "The Man from Colorado," revival, Glenn Ford, William Holden; and "The Black Arrow," revival, Louis Hayward, Janet Blair.

Feb. 11: "Surrender," Vera Ralston, John Carroll; and "The Showdown," William Elliott, Marie Windsor.

Feb. 12-13: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.

From Feb. 14: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt" (formerly called "State Secret"), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 14 (tentative): ALL ABOUT EYE.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Feb. 13: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson; and "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

From Feb. 14: THE GLASS MENAGERIE; and "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

NEIGHBORHOOD
HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 12: LAST HOLIDAY.
From Feb. 13: "L'Affaire" (in French), Claude Dauphin, Anne Vernon.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Feb. 10: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Feb. 11-12: "June Bride," revival, Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery; and "San Francisco," revival, Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald.

Feb. 13-14: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Feb. 8: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli.

Feb. 9-10: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy.

Feb. 11-12: "I'll Get By," June Haver, William Lundigan.

Feb. 13-14: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 10: "Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum; and "Rock Island Trail," revival, Forrest Tucker.

Feb. 11-13: "Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray; and "Once a Thief," Cesar Romero, Marie McDonald.

From Feb. 14: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman; and "The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 11: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson; and "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

Feb. 12-13: "The Great Plane Robbery," Tom Conway; and "Hot Rod," James Lydon.

From Feb. 14: THE GLASS MENAGERIE; and "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

GRACIE SQUARE, 1st Ave. at 80th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Feb. 9: "Breakthrough," David Brian, Frank Lovejoy; and "Emergency Wedding," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Feb. 10: MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS, revival; and "I Killed Geronimo," Forrest Taylor.

Feb. 11-12: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger; and "Mystery in Mexico," William Lundigan.

Feb. 13-14: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Feb. 8: "House of Strangers," revival, Edward G. Robinson, Susan Hayward; and "Unfaithfully Yours," revival, Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell.

Feb. 9-11: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "I'll Get By," June Haver, William Lundigan.

Feb. 12-13: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo; and "The Outriders," revival, Joel McCrea, Arlene Dahl.

From Feb. 14: "The Flesh Is Weak" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda; and "A Mother's Sorrow" (in Italian).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 9: "Edge of Doom," Farley Granger.

Feb. 10-13: STORM IN A TEACUP, revival.

From Feb. 14: MADELEINE.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Feb. 13 (tentative): DEVIL IN THE FLESH (in French), revival; and "Gigi" (in French), revival.

From Feb. 14: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 12: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson; and "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.
Feb. 13: "The Great Plane Robbery," Tom Conway; and "Hot Rod," James Lydon.
From Feb. 14: THE GLASS MENAGERIE; and "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Feb. 8: "Destination Moon," John Archer; and "The Sundowners," revival, John Barrymore, Jr., Robert Preston.

Feb. 9-10: "I'll Get By," June Haver, William Lundigan; and "Wyoming Mail," Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith.

Feb. 11-13: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.

From Feb. 14: TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Feb. 10: "Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum; and "Rock Island Trail," revival, Forrest Tucker.

Feb. 11-13: "Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray; and "Once a Thief," Cesar Romero, Marie McDonald.

From Feb. 14: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman; and "The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Feb. 10: "Harriet Craig," Joan Crawford, Wendell Corey; and "The Great Manhunt" (formerly called "State Secret"), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

Feb. 11-12: "The Showdown," William Elliott, Marie Windsor; and "Surrender," Vera Ralston, John Carroll.

From Feb. 13: "The West Point Story," James Cagney, Virginia Mayo; and "Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Miquette" (in French), Louis Jouvet, Daniele Delorme.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Feb. 9: "The Dancing Years," Dennis Price.

From Feb. 10: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
WAYS OF LOVE (in French and Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 13: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson; and "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

From Feb. 14: THE GLASS MENAGERIE; and "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 14: "Die Fledermaus" (in German), revival; and "Bel Ami" (in German), revival, Willy Forst.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Feb. 10: "Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum; and "Rock Island Trail," revival, Forrest Tucker.

Feb. 11-13: "Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray; and "Once a Thief," Cesar Romero, Marie McDonald.

From Feb. 14: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman; and "The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through Feb. 11: "Let's Dance," Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire; and "Dark City," Charlton Heston, Elizabeth Scott.

Feb. 12-14: "Walk Softly, Stranger," Joseph Cotten, Valli; and "Gun Crazy," revival, Peggy Cummins, John Dahl.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Feb. 13: "Mr. Music," Bing Crosby, Nancy Olson; and "Tripoli," John Payne, Maureen O'Hara.

From Feb. 14: THE GLASS MENAGERIE; and "Grounds for Marriage," Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson.

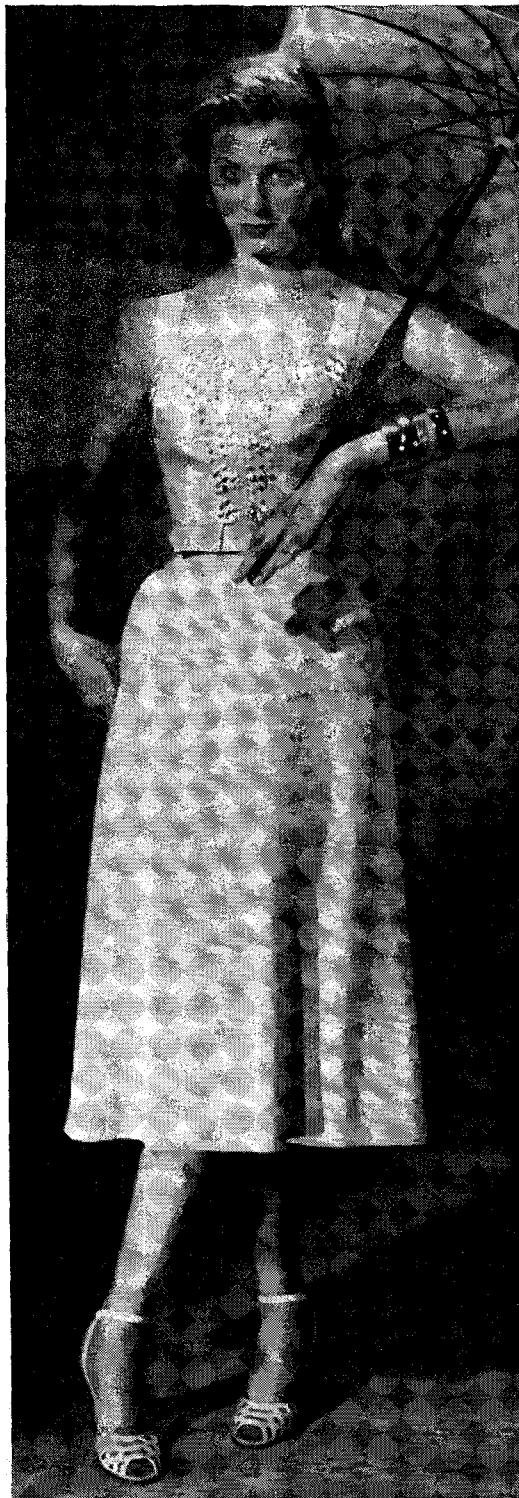
NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Feb. 10: "Where Danger Lives," Robert Mitchum; and "Rock Island Trail," revival, Forrest Tucker.

Feb. 11-13: "Never a Dull Moment," Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray; and "Once a Thief," Cesar Romero, Marie McDonald.

From Feb. 14: "Dallas," Gary Cooper, Ruth Roman; and "The Milkman," Jimmy Durante.

STRAPLINGS...FOR SUN AND SUNDOWN

BONWIT
TELLER

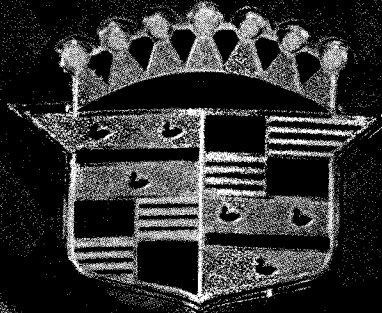


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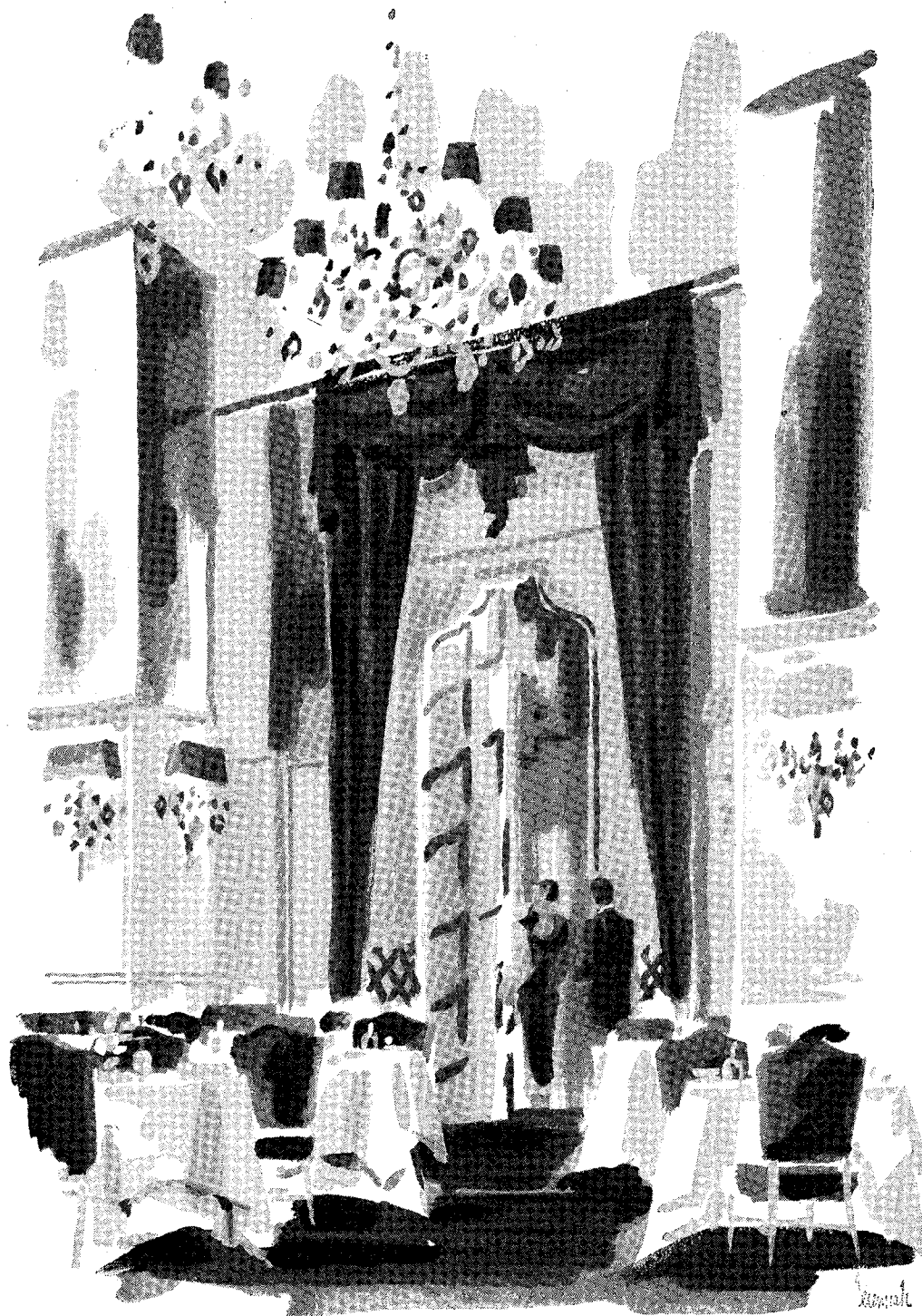
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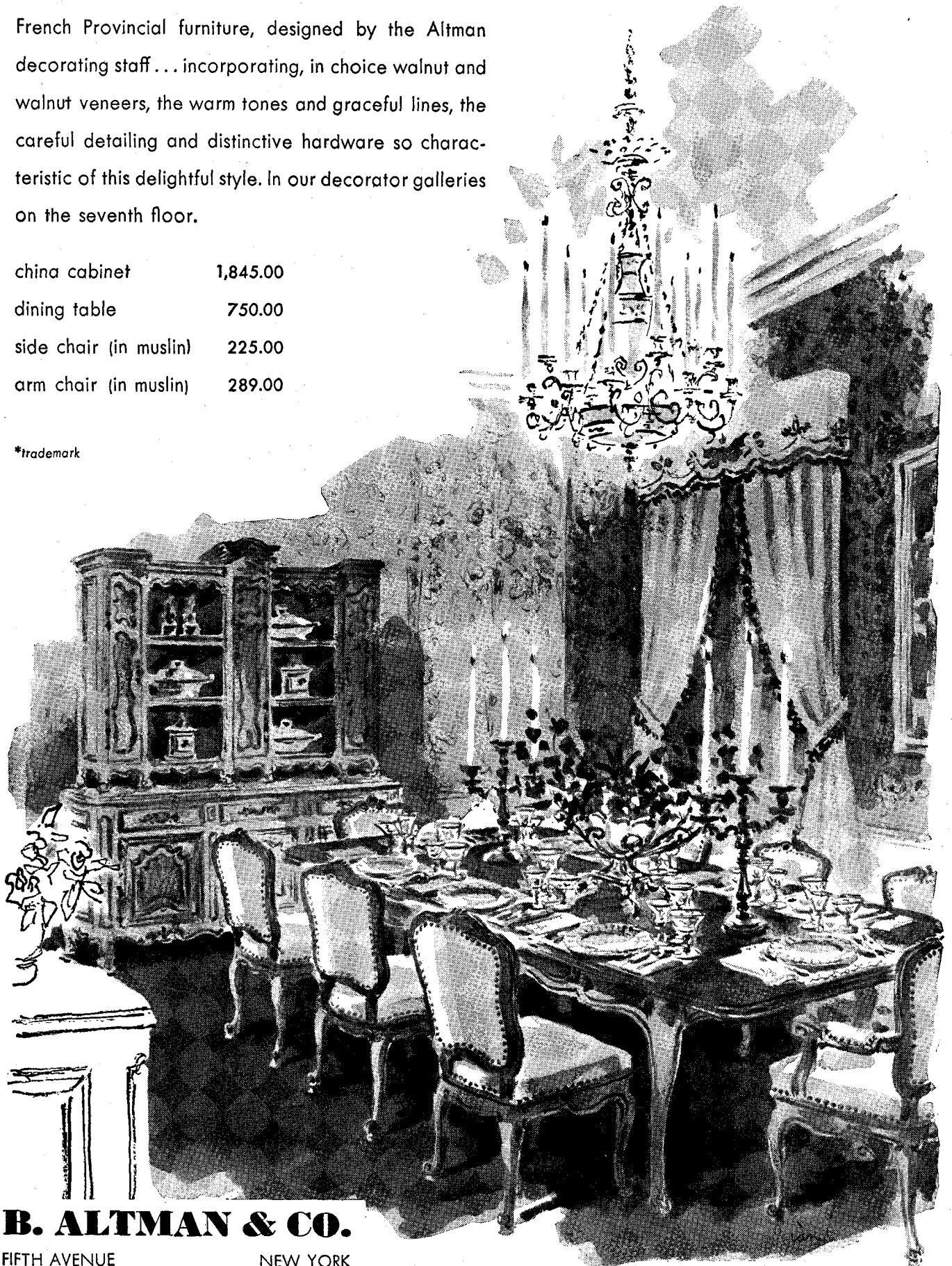
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NEW YORK



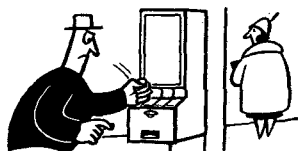
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CAUTIONARY NOTE: Parents taking children to see one of the recurrent revivals of the movie "King of Kings" are warned that at a critical point in the drama, as H. B. Warner, playing the Saviour, struggles to carry the heavy Cross up the hill, sharp-eyed youngsters will recognize the citizen who steps out of the crowd to help him as none other than Hopalong Cassidy.

A READER with a sense of history has sent us a couple of pages from the latest Sears, Roebuck catalogue, revealing that J. C. Higgins bicycles are registered with and protected by the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, and have tags on their rear fenders to this effect. "Pinkerton registration aids in recovery of your bike if lost or stolen," declares a caption under a girl's model (\$57.45). Shades of the Homestead strike! Πάντα χωρεί και οὐδὲν μένει! We salute the new era, and regret that Carnegie didn't live to see it.

AN A.P. dispatch from Washington has reported that the government is mystified by an extraordinary run on pennies; the mints can barely turn them out fast enough to meet the public demand. Washington has no idea where all the pennies go, and this high-level bewilderment strikes us as mute evidence of the gulf that exists between the national capital and the grass-roots regions, for it's clear enough to us where they go. Many of them are trapped irretrievably and forever in the depths of



subway gum-vending machines, abandoned by the people who have been obliged to use two or three cents to ob-

tain a one-cent chew. Countless more have been lost as the result of citizens' putting quarters into cigarette-vending machines and not realizing that pennies are pinioned inside the cellophane wrappers. Hundreds of thousands are gobbled up annually by vacuum cleaners, after having been dropped on dark-colored rugs by men transferring their change from one suit to another. And by far the greatest number of all—we wouldn't be surprised if it ran well into the millions—are jostled out of people's hands as they try doggedly to pay their fare on Fifth Avenue buses.

Whole Hog

MACY's had a needlepoint exhibition last week, and we were there to inspect a Buick Roadmaster upholstered in needlepoint and pick up information about the painstaking art from Mrs. Mary Reinhardt, manager of the store's needlepoint department. Mr. Herman Friedel, the representative of a local Buick agency, also was present, evincing deep paternal interest. The Roadmaster was surrounded by awed men and women, who were restrained from clambering inside by a felt-covered rope that encircled it. Its back doors were open, disclosing panels of needlepoint on the backrest and cushions of the back seat, the back side of the front seat, and the inside of the doors themselves. An extra door, with a needlepoint panel on the inside, rested on a stand within the roped enclosure, where it could be seen close up, and even touched. Mrs. Reinhardt, a brown-haired lady in a brown dress and tortoise-shell glasses, told us that the panels—flower-and-foliage designs in various colors on a background of Danube gray—were originated and executed by Mme. Ida Jolles, of Vienna, and that forty workers in Mme. Jolles's studios spent eight months on them, taking 166,600 stitches in all. "It's the Continental stitch—one hundred to the square inch," said Mrs. R. "If it

had been petit point, it would have taken twice as long. Needlepoint is very relaxing. Doctors and surgeons do it."

Mr. Friedel said that the colors of the body of the car are dove gray and Vienna rose, that it is the only car he knows of whose floor is covered with gray caracul (an appointment we hadn't noticed), and that it has two fire extinguishers. "Buick went the whole hog," he said. "Practically everything is gold-plated. Before the rope was put up, people were trying to unscrew the control knobs and jimmy off the bezels on the dashboard. One kid got



away with a cigarette lighter, but it was recovered." Mrs. R. nodded vigorously and remarked that she owns a pair of needlepoint shoes.

Just then, a lady visitor asked Mrs. R. how to clean needlepoint upholstery. Nothing to it. "All you have to do," said Mrs. R., "is take the inside of a roll and mash it into a ball and rub. Miraculous!" "Mme. Jolles recommends a *hard* roll," Mr. F. added. Satisfied, the lady moved on, and Mrs. R. listened to another lady, who wanted to know how needlepoint wears. "Like iron," said Mrs. R. "It's wool on top, wool on the bottom, and canvas in between." The lady inquired about prices and was told that the needlepoint upholstery would cost her seven hundred dollars for any car. She went off, and Mrs. R. said, "It's funny about cars. People used to ask about horsepower, but now it's 'Is it pretty?'" Mr. F. advised us that Louis XV was very proud of his needlepoint, and Mrs. R. that the first car to be upholstered in needlepoint was a Buick owned by Mme. Jolles, in 1936. Hitler eventually got it. The present car, we learned,

was intended for exhibition at this year's General Motors automobile show, which was called off. The plan now is to put it on tour and exhibit it in forty cities.

"Once, Mme. Jolles tried to establish a studio in China," Mr. F. said, "and she met trouble at every turn. The Chinese don't like to work for women. So she sat down and needlepointed a face, which is the hardest of anything to needlepoint. The people who saw that were greatly impressed. Later, some of them asked her to dinner. The Chinese show respect by the number of courses they serve. They served Mme. Jolles thirty-five—the maximum."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The singers at the Austin Gospel Tabernacle, Austin, Texas, are called Reviv-alaires.

Holland House Coffee has changed the slogan on its cans from "The Mark of an Aristocratic Home" to "Everybody's Coffee."

Tonsorial Gallery

WHAT may well be the only establishment in town that is half barbershop and half art gallery is at 172 Fifth Avenue, near Twenty-second Street. It may be the only one in the whole wide world, if you come right down to it. We were put wise to the institution by a correspondent who has had dealings there—Corots sixty dollars, haircuts sixty cents, he said—and have been down and had a talk with Alexander Bzdyk, the proprietor of the barbershop, and his tenant, Ebbitt A. (Jack) Levitz, who handles the paintings. These occupy the window and the front half of the place, displayed on easels or propped, several deep, against the walls. To the rear are four barber chairs, and these are surrounded by paintings hung high and low on the walls. Mr. Bzdyk, a tall, spare, partly bald man, was lathering a customer in the second chair from the front when we entered, and Mr. Levitz, who with a few shrewd touches could readily be made up as Winston Churchill, was in the process of selling a huge, gold-framed painting of a Venetian canal scene to a small man in a gray topcoat. We took up an unobtrusive position near the window. "A Turner," said Mr. Levitz of the painting, which rested on an easel. "Frame is hand-carved, full of scrolls. Painting itself is sixty by forty. Full of Venetian yellows and hot reds. Full of cracks, showing it's over a hundred years old. Seventy-five dollars." The custom-

er nodded, produced a checkbook, and paid Mr. Levitz. "Deliver?" Mr. Levitz asked. The customer nodded and wrote down his address. "Some rare French prints, dirt cheap?" asked Mr. Levitz provocatively. Shaking his head, the customer left. We explained our purpose to Mr. Levitz, and he told us that he's been selling paintings for twelve years, the last year and a half in the barber-shop; that he deals mostly in the work of nineteenth-century French and English artists; that many of the Corots, Turners, and so on he deals in cannot be represented as the authenticated work of these painters but merely as paintings "attributed" to them; and that his sales technique varies with the customer. "When people know art, like that man," he said, "you treat them with tact. But when they don't know the field, you got to insult them. 'Who are you, setting yourself up as a criterion?' I say. For their own good, generally. Sometimes, when I'm at an auction or visiting a gallery or picking up paintings at the customs office, Mr. Bzdyk takes over. He's polite to everybody, and still he sells pictures. I can't fathom it."

When Mr. Bzdyk's customer left, after a cheery goodbye, Mr. Bzdyk came over and joined in the conversation. We learned that he's been cutting hair since 1898, that he was born in Posen, Poland, that he has seven children, that his second barber was out to lunch, and that many of his customers are painters. He met Mr. Levitz through Mr. Levitz's coming in for a haircut. "In the course of conversation," Mr. Bzdyk told us, "I discovered that Jack sold paintings but didn't have a shop. I invited him to move in. I took out four chairs."

Mr. Levitz was born in New Haven,

graduated from the Yale Art School in 1918, has two children, and used to be a painter himself. He painted, among many other things, pictures illustrating the themes of some of William Saroyan's plays. He informed us that in the old days Mr. Bzdyk could cut a man's hair and shave him in fifteen minutes, and Mr. Bzdyk informed us that Mr. Levitz was also a speed merchant in his time. "He used to paint a beautiful picture in an hour," Mr. Bzdyk told us. "Buckeyes," Mr. Levitz said. "John Sloan told Jack his buckeyes would live a hundred years," Mr. Bzdyk said. Mr. Levitz modestly estimated that he has painted at least five thousand pictures.

The door opened and a middle-aged lady came in. Mr. Bzdyk retreated to the rear of the shop, and Mr. Levitz asked her what she had in mind. "Something to go over the couch in the living room," she said. Mr. Levitz pointed out a large painting of a castle on a mountain. "Don't like the frame," said the lady. Mr. Levitz's face clouded. "You're supposed to be buying the picture, Madam," he told her sternly. "Not the frame."

Value Received

A CONSCIENTIOUS godfather has told us about mailing a birthday present of a toy stove to his goddaughter in Florida. He was somewhat tardy with it, and personally took it to the Grand Central Post Office, where a clerk set the postage at fifty-seven cents and recommended the Post Office Department's Special Handling Service, which would cost twenty cents more. Special Handling, the clerk said, would get the parcel to Florida as quickly as first-class mail and would treat it more gently than ordinary parcel post would. Our man rather got the image in his mind of a trusted postal employee sitting up all night with the little stove on his lap. A few days later, he received a note from his goddaughter's mother to the effect that the stove had arrived looking as if it had been run over by a bulldozer. She'd returned the stove to her post office, she related, and had been informed that the godfather would hear something officially at his end. Sure enough, he presently got a notification to appear at a certain room in the Grand Central Post Office. He did, and was made welcome by a sympathetic white-haired lady, who made no difficulty about approving a refund for the price of the stove, plus tax—didn't even ask to look at the receipt for it. She was also prepared to refund the fifty-seven





B. TOBEY

"I'll tell you later. I can't compete with that."

cents postage. No refund for Special Handling, though. Our man asked about that, and the lady replied, with a show of sharpness, "Certainly not. You asked for Special Handling, and that's what you got."

Never Satisfied

WITH the city water supply teetering, as of Saturday, at the hundred-per-cent mark, we went down to the Municipal Building to see if officials of the Department of Water Supply,

Gas, and Electricity were pleased with the situation. We weren't surprised to discover that they were both pleased and troubled; the Department long ago acquired a vested interest in gloom, and bright as things may look today, the future can conceivably be black indeed. At the moment, it seems that the situation is *too* bright. The reservoirs have reached capacity prematurely, and what is good fortune in February would be far better fortune in June. The three big reservoirs, where spillage means waste—Schoharie, Ashokan, and Croton

Lake—are all spilling, and therefore wasting; only the smaller reservoirs of the Croton system are ideally brimming. The reasons for the present ample supply, or oversupply, of water are, we learned, threefold: last year's successful conservation drive, last year's above-average precipitation, and this winter's abnormal warmth. It is the third factor that makes the Department uneasy. Before last week's storm, there was practically no ice and snow in the reservoirs' watersheds, and such frozen assets, as the Department likes to call

them, are what it counts on, come spring and thaw, to build up a supply sufficient to sustain the city through the summer. Still, if the watershed should get the usual amount of cold and snow between now and the end of March, officials of the Department admitted, they would be hard pressed to find anything to complain of.

The safe yield of the water system, a conservative figure based on how much water could be consumed even in a bad drought without a threat of a shortage, is around 1,015,000,000 gallons a day. Present consumption is averaging just about that. No especially urgent appeal to the public to conserve water is under consideration now, but several measures that came in with the shortage a year ago have been made permanent. In regard to air-conditioning and refrigeration, for example, it used to be the rule that only units with a capacity of twenty-five tons or more, wasting fifty or more gallons of water a minute, were required to recirculate water. Now any unit with a capacity of three or more tons must recirculate it. Hoses used for washing cars must be fitted with nozzles and automatic shut-off valves. And, except under unusual circumstances, the Department of Sanitation is not permitted to clean the streets with water from hydrants.

The long-planned expansion of the

water system is proceeding on schedule. The Delaware Aqueduct can now be counted on to carry a modest average of 35,000,000 gallons a day to the city from Rondout Creek, but once the dam that impounds the water of the creek is ready for use, later in the year, Rondout is expected to yield around 100,000,000 gallons a day. Some creek. The Neversink River branch of the Delaware system will be yielding 105,000,000 gallons a day in 1953, and the east branch of the Delaware River will be supplying 335,000,000 gallons a day by 1955 or '56. A pumping-and-chlorination plant has been set up at Chelsea, ten miles south of Poughkeepsie, where the Delaware Aqueduct crosses the Hudson. The pumping station is designed to pump a hundred million gallons of Hudson water a day into the Delaware Aqueduct, but it will be used only in an emergency.

The present Water Commissioner is Dominick F. Paduano, whom Mayor Impellitteri appointed to office last December. He replaced Stephen J. Carney, who had fought the good fight during the shortage and who issued a statement along with his letter of resignation, noting that he had been asked to resign for political reasons rather than for reasons of incompetence. Nobody contradicted him. Edward J. Clark was

Chief Engineer of the Bureau of Water Supply during the shortage, and still is. As for Dr. Howell, the city's rain-making consultant, his second six-month contract expires on the twentieth of the month, and the question of whether his option will be picked up has yet to be decided. Howell has done no cloud-seeding since December 2nd. At present, the Department wouldn't think of letting him tamper with the elements; right now, some of the Catskill reservoirs are muddier than they should be, owing to excessive precipitation up there. Howell is preparing an over-all study of the local rainfall-and-rainmaking problem. He is also looking into the local sootfall problem, and last week delivered a lecture on the subject to the American Meteorological Society. He has already reached the conclusion that there's too much soot around.

WEEKLY count of illegal parking of automobiles on a couple of no-parking blocks:

Blocks inspected: Fifty-eighth Street from Fifth to Seventh Avenues.

Time of inspection: 3:45 to 4:05 P.M., last Friday.

Number of cars illegally parked: 42.

"F" for Freiheit

WE had an illuminating talk last week with Rainer Hildebrandt, a thirty-six-year-old German who is leading a spirited resistance movement against the Russians in East Germany. He is a man reputedly much feared by the Russians. On the eve of his departure for home after a visit here, we met him in the local offices of the International Rescue Committee, which has been collecting funds for the welfare activities of his organization, whose name translates as Fighting Group Against Inhumanity. He is an alumnus of the anti-Nazi underground, a dark-eyed, candid man with black hair beginning to gray at the edges—and no wonder. His group started off, in 1948, by broadcasting to East Germany blunt facts about life there, such as the names and fates of people arrested on political charges, the names of Germans who were serving as Soviet spies, and population statistics of Russian camps for political prisoners. The Fighting Group became a clearing house for data on East Germany as refugees from there brought in intelligence. To stir up unrest, the organization urged that the letter "F"—for *Freiheit*, or freedom—be painted on such conspicuous surfaces as



the façades of Communist Party buildings. Hildebrandt and a couple of his aides laid a floral wreath on the steps of the Soviet war memorial near the Brandenburger Tor, in Berlin, and attached to the wreath was a tribute to the German and other non-Russian political prisoners who had died in Soviet concentration camps. It remained on view for an hour, until a Russian sentry finally got someone to translate the message for him. The group also took to circulating anti-Communist literature in innocuous bindings; George Orwell's "1984," for instance, was billed on the cover as a treatise on the German Revolution of 1848. Furtive underground workers in East Berlin caused sheets of paper bearing "F"s to drop from the pockets of Soviet Army officers reaching for their gloves as they left restaurants, and "F"s to appear on documents in the supposedly sacrosanct files of the Soviet secret police. A Communist rally in East Berlin was disrupted by sky-rockets that formed a fiery "F" and rained resistance leaflets on the audience.

Hildebrandt told us that he has forty full-time associates working out of his headquarters in the American Sector of Berlin, and several hundred agents in East Germany. Night and day, his headquarters is guarded by sentinels assigned by the mayor of West Berlin. Twice he has narrowly escaped being kidnapped. The first time, Communist agents tried to run him down by automobile as he was bicycling along a street he frequently travelled. The idea was that agents in a second car were to pull up and, on the pretext of speeding him to a hospital, drive him into East Berlin. The police were tipped off, and captured one carload of conspirators. The second time, Hildebrandt was to have been hemmed in by a roadblock of automobiles while he was driving his car, but he stepped on the gas and got away. "The price on my head is going up," he said. "The first bunch was to



"Mr. Gallagher? Why, he's just starting home now."

have got only five hundred Eastmarks apiece for me, the second three thousand Westmarks. One measure of our success is that today the East Zone authorities capture only sixty per cent of the people they have scheduled for political arrest. There are more weaknesses behind the Iron Curtain than you Americans realize. There's unquestionably a resistance movement among the Russian Army officers in Germany. Why, some of them have tipped off people who were about to be arrested."

Hildebrandt, who got a Ph.D. at the University of Berlin in 1942, was for the two years prior to that active in the anti-Nazi movement, mostly fomenting dissatisfaction among his fellow-students. On getting his degree, he was drafted into the German Army. He was soon arrested for making a speech that was indirectly anti-Hitler, and sentenced to a year in prison. A few months after his release, he took part in the July,

1944, attempt to assassinate Hitler, serving as a courier between several elements in that conspiracy. When the plot fizzled, the majority of his accomplices were executed, but he got off with a three-month jail term. Following the war's end, he wrote a book about the anti-Nazi resistance, and then organized his present movement, being governed, he told us, by the sentiment expressed in the motto he chose for it—"Silence Is Suicide."

Evasion

GENTLEMAN calling for a lady to take her to dinner had himself announced by the doorman of her apartment house and was told that she'd be right down. She was, carrying her hat in her hand and her coat over her arm. She completed her dressing before a lobby mirror. "My dog," she explained. "Whenever he sees me put on my hat and coat, he's furious."

WATCH THE BIRDIE AND SHIELD THE BEEZER

ONCE upon a time (in fact, about six months ago), there was a vast, potent combine of whiskey distillers named Schenley, with untold gallons of barrelled sunlight in its warehouses, which set out to win my patronage. In me, the combine felt, it had a Homeric bibber who could empty those warehouses if he was cozened sweetly enough. To this end, Schenley instituted a particularly intense advertising campaign, featuring noted stars of stage and screen who extolled its tippie as the passport to an enchanted evening. For months, every time I opened a newspaper or magazine, some luminary like Ezio Pinza would dimple out at me over a highball glass, beseeching me to try that smoother, more sociable blend.

After limitless wood pulp had been expended in a barren attempt to dispel my apathy—I went right on doggedly drinking New Jersey applejack—the attack shifted to the billboards. Ruddy with good-fellowship and Schenley, the faces of Hollywood's favorite sons bloomed in four colors along each byway I traversed; romantic leads, comedians, and character actors alike beamed endorsement of the magic brand. The outdoor phase reached its apogee in a gigantic painting of Cesar Romero I saw just before Thanksgiving at the Manhattan end of the Holland Tunnel. Even life-size, Romero's face had always seemed to me the epitome of Latin menace; enlarged forty times it was a spectacle to freeze the hand to the steering wheel. I drove helter-skelter through the tunnel, knees trembling, and pulled up at the first available tavern in Jersey City for a quick jolt. Unluckily, in my agitation I forgot the name of the whiskey Romero was sponsoring, and gulped down whatever was put before me, with the result that my evening was measurably less enchanted than it might have been.

Apparently, Schenley decided from reports furnished by its far-flung secret service that it was getting nowhere with me, because a couple of weeks later it flexed its corporate thews and made a really desperate bid to arrest my attention. There appeared in the metropolitan journals a six-column pre-holiday advertisement captioned "We're all giving Schenley . . . why don't you? Join these stars who drink and serve Schenley." The stars, clad in formal evening wear and grasping upraised glasses, were Louis Hayward, Herbert Marshall, Robert Preston, Claude

Rains, and Cesar Romero. They were clustered around a buffet table laden with a baked ham, the symbolism of which was not especially felicitous, and they registered every degree of gratification from subdued smirk to ravished delight. The accompanying letterpress embroidered the theme that since screen stars can be trusted to choose the best (an assumption the copy writer might have a sticky time defending), the average citizen should lose no time in guzzling that smoother, more sociable et cetera.

Unshaken by this transparent effort to overwhelm me with sheer numbers, I was turning the page when a curious suspicion seized me. Influential though Schenley was, how had it persuaded five celebrated actors to pose harmoniously in the same photograph, their only bond the one the whiskey was bottled in? It must have required the tact of a Disraeli to soothe their professional vanities, to assure each that he would be displayed to advantage, to jockey the quintet into wholesale camaraderie. I took another and closer peek at the picture, and in a flash the whole thing stood revealed. None of the actors' heads seemed actually to fit the bodies below; apparently they had been snipped out sketchily from other shots and superimposed on the trunks of persons unknown in evening dress.

One fact was inescapable, however: Five men in full-dress suits had posed for the convivial scene and altruistically sacrificed their features in the struggle to break down my sales resistance. What satanic pressures had induced them to comply? What turbulent emotions had stirred them during the process? The more I speculate about these anonymous victims of commerce, the more obsessed

I become with them. Partly to rid myself of the obsession and partly to adumbrate the plight of five fellow-mortals snared in such a peculiar web, I submit a conjectural playback of what took place in the photographer's studio. Needless to say, if it turns out that the visages of the stars were merely pasted on tailor's dummies, my whole beautiful hypothesis falls like a house of cards.

SCENE: *The studio of Egmont Shillito, a prominent commercial photographer. As the curtain rises, Brabant and Cortelyou, two young male models, are revealed posed in extremely wooden, rigid attitudes on a dais sprinkled with cotton. They are clad in cable-stitch*

sweaters and mittens; Brabant is addressing a golf ball with a niblick, and Cortelyou is poised a tennis racket for an overhead smash. Suddenly the black cloth that drapes the camera trained on them is flung aside, and Shillito, a snappish hyperthyroid, pops out.

SHILLITO (*reedily*): No! No! It's impossible! You haven't caught the mood at all! You're too animated! You look like normal human beings!

BRABANT: Gee whizz, Mr. Shillito, we're deadpanning it the best we can.

SHILLITO (*supplicating*): Listen, boys, can't I hammer it through your skull? We're doing this for a *knitting* manual. You've got to be as expressionless as a doll. One speck of feeling and you destroy the impact of the knit goods!

CORTELYOU: Mr. Shillito, do you mind if I make a suggestion?

SHILLITO: What?

CORTELYOU: These athaletic accessories don't go with the background. Wouldn't it be more realistic if we had snowshoes or a Flexible Flyer?

SHILLITO (*savagely*): Who wants realism, idiot? It's just the reverse I'm trying to get! Realism frightens those old bags that buy the wool! (*A tumult offstage, and Bracegirdle, a dominant, incisive advertising executive, enters in a swirl of camel's-hair coat.*)

BRACEGIRDLE: All right, Shillito, clear the decks. I've got those Schenley models parked outside.

SHILLITO: Do they look anything like the actors?

BRACEGIRDLE: Anything *like*? For God's sake, man, we've spent sixty thousand rutabagas combing the country for their exact doubles! Their own mothers wouldn't know them apart!

SHILLITO: Perfect. Bring 'em in. (*Handing Brabant and Cortelyou some stage currency*) Here, you guys, drink some ale and see a double feature. I want you really slugged when we shoot the scene this afternoon. (*As they nod and straggle out, five men in evening clothes—Breitigam, Twyeffort, Krebs, Marple, and Hackamore—straggle in. Since this complex bit of theatrical mechanics could easily demolish the set, it might be prudent to engage a director of the stature of Max Reinhardt, several of whom can always be found at Walgreen's in Times Square.*)

BRACEGIRDLE (*triumphantly*): Well, what do you think of them, Egmont? Some resemblance, what?

SHILLITO: Jiminy, I'll say. . . . Look here, are you sure those two on the end aren't Herbert Marshall and Claude Rains?

BRACEGIRDLE: I wasn't at first, but



they showed me credentials proving that they're nonentities.

SHILLITO: They might have forged them.

BRACEGIRDLE: No, they also had distinctive strawberry marks. Our agency doctors examined Rains and Marshall, and they had no distinctive strawberry marks.

SHILLITO: O.K., then, we may as well get started. Group them around that refectory table, will you? Here's a plastic ham and a bowl of shredded paper, if you need salad or any props like that.

BRACEGIRDLE: Fine. Right this way, men. Now, just line up there with your shoulders touching and raise your drinks. That's the ticket. It's New Year's Eve and you're holding high wassail, see?

MARPLE: Ahem. I don't quite feel it, Mr. Bracegirdle.

BRACEGIRDLE: Feel what?

MARPLE: The scene. It's too static. Looking at it through the eyes of Cesar Romero, you might say, I don't sense any way to exploit his gifts.

BRACEGIRDLE: Yes, yes, I realize there's nothing to get your teeth into—

MARPLE (*eagerly*): But there could be. Why not have the other four laying around on a settee, sort of half crooked, while I'm tickling their risibilities with a funny routine?

BRACEGIRDLE: Do you envision them as facing the camera at all?

MARPLE: Well, candidly, no. The emphasis should be on the one personality the public knows—that is, Romero.

TWYEFFORT (*bristling*): I suppose nobody ever heard of Louis Hayward, eh? Did you see "The Fortunes of Captain Blood"?

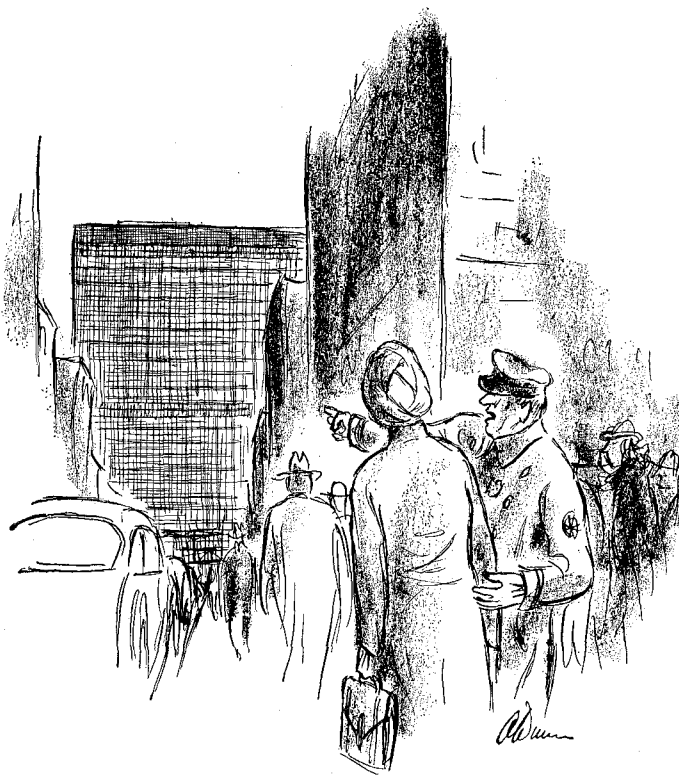
MARPLE: No, I left after the feature. I didn't stay for the kapok.

BRACEGIRDLE: Here, stop that scrimmaging. We've got a job to do. This is a dress rehearsal, so pull together. Up glasses and project! (*As Hackamore flags him*) What is it, Mr. Rains—I mean Mr. Hackamore?

HACKAMORE: I beg pardon, but I think this Old-Fashioned I'm raising is a false note. Claude Rains drinks only Cuba Libres.

BRACEGIRDLE: Humph, very interesting. Are you Claude Rains?

HACKAMORE: No, of course not, but being as I'm practically his twin, I've



made a close study of his tastes, and he would never—

BRACEGIRDLE: One moment. What's your full name?

HACKAMORE: Why, Florian J. Hackamore.

BRACEGIRDLE: Good. Well, I'll relieve your anxiety. This is a picture of Florian J. Hackamore holding high wassail with his friends.

HACKAMORE: Is that what it's going to say under the picture?

BRACEGIRDLE (*quivering*): Why?

HACKAMORE: Because in that event I'd have to be paid extra. It'd be like a kind of a testimonial.

BRACEGIRDLE: Hackamore, in about two minutes you're going to find yourself stumbling along Fifty-third Street in an acute state of unemployment. (*The other subsides.*) Now, remember, all of you, when Mr. Shillito says he's ready, give him the old reaction. Roll your eyes, smack your lips, punch home the festive holiday cheer that comes of a smoother—

KREBS: Mr. Bracegirdle, would you want me to suppress something if I knew it was going to spoil the ad?

BRACEGIRDLE: Certainly not. What's the trouble?

KREBS: Robert Preston's a mixer, a hail-fellow-well-met. He wouldn't hang on the outskirts of the bunch, the way I am. He'd be right in the middle, garnering all the laffs.

BRACEGIRDLE (*fuming*): I don't care a tinker's damn—

KREBS: Besides, it's not fair to stick

him off on the edge. He's a lot bigger draw than these other crumbs.

BRETTIGAM (*rounding on his colleague*): Oh, he is, is he? Look up *Variety's* box-office score on my last—I mean Marshall's last picture!

KREBS: I have. You stunk in Cleveland.

BRETTIGAM: Step outside, you big tub of lard, and I'll show you whether Bart Marshall's washed up yet!

TWYEFFORT: In spades! Louis Hayward wouldn't overlook a crack like that and I won't either!

BRACEGIRDLE (*screaming*): Shillito! Shillito! Where are you?

SHILLITO (*reappearing from beneath his black tent*): Under here. Say, what's with these lugs? I don't capture any yuletide spirit on the plate.

BRACEGIRDLE: I want five paper bags and I want 'em fast! Don't ask any questions, just get 'em!

SHILLITO: Sure, right in this cabinet. (*Apologetically*) They're a little soiled; the delicatessen forgot to put waxed paper on the sandwiches.

BRACEGIRDLE (*grimly*): Doesn't matter. Pass 'em out, one to each man... Check. Now, gentlemen, kindly put those on.

SHILLITO: He means like paper hats, boys. To heighten the party atmosphere.

BRACEGIRDLE: No, I don't. Right down over your phizes—way down. (*Rubbing his hands*) Capital, and here are your libations. All set for the take, Professor.

HACKAMORE (*muffled*): How you going to get our expression through these?

BRACEGIRDLE: Don't worry, we'll use a special X-ray lens. Well, Egmont, how does it strike you?

SHILLITO (*cocking his head*): A mighty effective shot. It leaves something to the imagination. Ought to sell a lot of liquor.

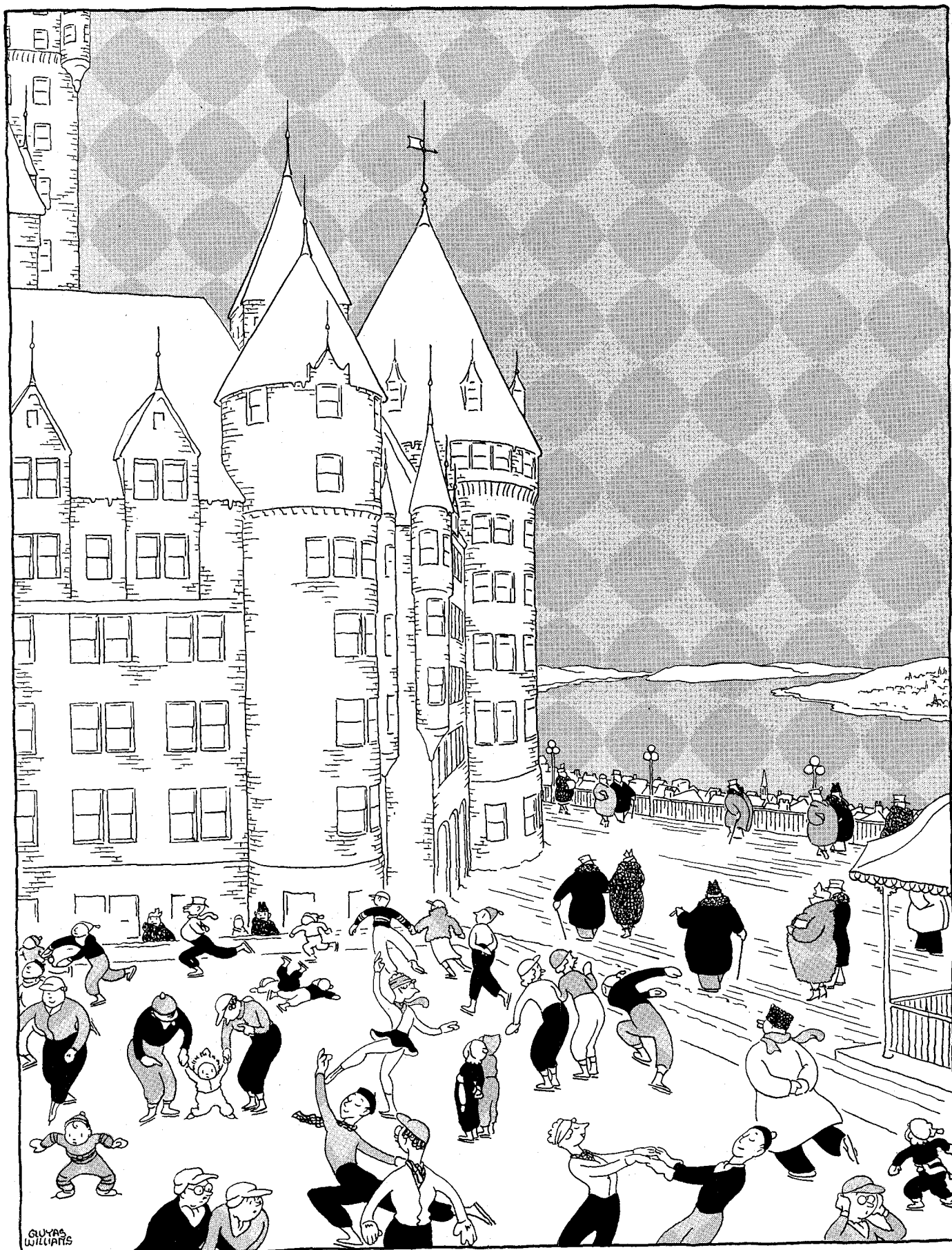
BRACEGIRDLE: Well, I don't know what the client will think, but I like it. And, of course, we can always play around later with the negative, if need be.

SHILLITO: I wouldn't touch it. After all, you can't improve on perfection.

BRACEGIRDLE: Hmm, very well phrased. (*Thoughtfully lighting a cigar*) I wonder whether we couldn't evolve that into a whiskey slogan?

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN



AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Dufferin Terrace, Quebec

WHAT YOU HEAR FROM 'EM?

WHENEVER someone misunderstood Aunt Munsie's question, she didn't bother to clarify it. She might repeat it two or three times, in order to drown out some fool answer she was getting from some fool white woman, or man, either. "What you hear from 'em?" she'd ask. "What you hear from 'em? *What you hear from 'em?*" She was so deaf that anyone whom she thoroughly drowned out only laughed and said Aunt Munsie had got so deaf she couldn't hear it thunder. It was, of course, only the most utterly fool answers that ever received the drowning-out treatment. For a number of years, Aunt Munsie was willing to listen to those who mistook her "'em" to mean any and all of the Dr. Tolliver children. And for more years than that she would listen to those who thought she wanted just *any* news of her two favorites among the Tolliver children—Thad and Will. But later on she stopped putting the question to all insensitive and frivolous souls who didn't understand that what she was interested in hearing—and *all* she was interested in hearing—was when Mr. Thad and Mr. Will Tolliver were going to pack up their families and come back to Thornton for good.

They had always promised her to come back—to come back sure enough, that is. On separate occasions, both Thad and Will had promised her. For ten years, she hadn't seen them together, but each of them had made visits to Thornton now and then with his own family. She would see a big car stopping in front of her house on a Sunday afternoon and see either Will or Thad with his wife and children piling out into the dusty street—it was nearly always summer when they came—and then see them filing across the street, jumping the ditch, and unlatching the gate to her yard. She always met them in that pen of a yard, but long before they had jumped the ditch she was clapping her hands and calling out, "Hai-ee! Hai-ee, now! Look-a-here! Whee! Whee! Look-a-here!" She had got so blind that she was never sure whether it was Mr. Thad or Mr. Will until she had her arms about his waist. They had always looked a good deal alike, and their city clothes made them look even more alike nowadays. Aunt Munsie's eyes were so bad, besides being so full of moisture on those occasions, that she really recognized them by their girth. Will had grown a regular washpot of a stomach and Thad was still thin as a rail. They would sit on her porch

for twenty or thirty minutes—which ever one it was and his family—and then they would be gone again.

Aunt Munsie wouldn't try to detain them—not seriously. Those short little old visits didn't mean a thing to her. He—Thad or Will—would lean against the banister rail and tell her how well his children were doing in school or college, and she would make each child in turn come and sit beside her on the swing for a minute and receive a hug about the waist or shoulders. They were timid with her, not seeing her any more than they did, but she could tell from their big Tolliver smiles that they liked her to hug them and make over them. Usually, she would lead them all out to her back yard and show them her pigs and dogs and chickens. (She always had at least one frizzly chicken to show the children.) They would traipse through her house to the back yard and then traipse through again to the front porch. It would be time for them to go when they came back, and Aunt Munsie would look up at *him*—Mr. Thad or Mr. Will (she had begun calling them "Mr." the day they married)—and say, "Now, look here. When you comin' back?"

Both Thad and Will knew what she meant, of course, and whichever it was would tell her he was making definite plans to wind up his business and that he was going to buy a certain piece of property, "a mile north of town" or "on the old River Road," and build a jim-dandy house there. He would say, too, how good Aunt Munsie's own house was looking, and his wife would say how grand the zinnias and cannas looked in the yard. (The yard was all flowers—not a blade of grass.) The visit was almost over then. There remained only the exchange of presents. One of the children would hand Aunt Munsie a paper bag containing a pint of whiskey or a carton of cigarettes. Aunt Munsie would go to her back porch or to the pit in the yard and get a fern or a wandering Jew, potted in a rusty lard bucket, and make Mrs. Thad or Mrs. Will take it along. Then the visit was over, and they would leave. From the porch, Aunt Munsie would wave goodbye with one hand and lay the other hand, trembling slightly, on the banister rail. (The banisters had come off a porch of the house where Thad and Will had grown up. Dr. Tolliver had been one of the first to widen his porches and remove the gingerbread from his house.) The children

and their mother would wave to Aunt Munsie from the street. Their father would close the gate, resting his hand a moment on its familiar wrought-iron frame, and wave to her before he jumped the ditch. (The iron fence, with its iron gate, had been around the yard at Dr. Tolliver's till he took it down and set out a hedge, just a few weeks before he died.)

SUCH paltry little visits meant nothing to Aunt Munsie. No more did the letters that came with "her things" at Christmas. She was supposed to get her daughter, Lucrecie, who lived next door, to read the letters, but in late years she had taken to putting them away unopened, and some of the presents, too. All she wanted to hear from *them* was when they were coming back for good, and she had learned that the Christmas letters never told her that. On her daily route with her slop wagon through the Square, up Jackson Street, and down Jefferson, there were only four or five houses left where she asked her question. These were houses where the amount of pig slop was not worth stopping for, houses where one old maid, or maybe two, lived, or a widow with one old bachelor son who had never amounted to anything and ate no more than a woman. And so—in the summertime, anyway—she took to calling out at the top of her lungs, when she approached the house of one of the elect, "What you hear from 'em?" Sometimes a Miss Patty or a Miss Lucille or a Mr. Ralph would get up out of a porch chair and come down the brick walk to converse with Aunt Munsie. Or sometimes one of them would just lean out over the shrubbery planted around the porch and call, "Not a thing, Munsie. Not a thing lately."

She would shake her head and call back, "Naw. Naw. Not a thing. Nobody don't hear from 'em. Too busy, they be!"

Aunt Munsie's skin was the color of a faded tow sack. She was hardly four feet tall. She was generally believed to be totally bald, and on her head she always wore a white dust cap with an elastic band. She wore an apron, too, while making her rounds with her slop wagon. Even when the weather got bad and she tied a wool scarf about her head and wore an overcoat, she put on an apron over the coat. Her hands and feet were delicately small, which made the old-timers sure she was of Guinea stock that had come to Tennessee out of South Carolina. What most touched the hearts of old ladies on Jackson and



Jefferson Streets was her little feet. The sight of her feet "took them back to the old days," they said, because Aunt Munsie still wore flat-heeled, high-button shoes. Where ever did Munsie find such shoes any more?

She walked down the street, the very center of the street, with a spry step and was continually turning her head from side to side, as though looking at the old houses and trees for the first time. If her sight was as bad as she sometimes let on it was, she probably recognized the houses only by their roof lines against the Thornton sky. Since this was nearly thirty years ago, most of the big Victorian and ante-bellum houses were still standing, though with their yard fences already gone and their lovely gingerbread work beginning to go. (It went first from houses where there was someone, like Dr. Tolliver, with a special eye for style and for keeping up with the times.) The streets hadn't yet been broadened—or only Nashville Street had—and the maples and elms met above the streets. In the autumn, their leaves covered the high banks and filled the deep ditches on either side. The dark macadam surfacing itself was barely wide enough for two automobiles to pass, Aunt Munsie, pulling her slop wagon, which was a long, low, four-wheeled vehicle about the size and shape of a coffin, paraded down the center of the street without any regard for, if with any awareness of, the traffic problems she sometimes made. Grasping the wagon's decidedly sawed-off-looking

tongue, she pulled it after her with a series of impatient jerks, as though that tongue were the arm of some very stubborn, overgrown white child she had to nurse in her old age. Strangers in town or trifling high-school boys would blow their horns at her, but she was never known to so much as glance over her shoulder at the sound of a horn. Now and then, a pedestrian on the sidewalk would call out to the driver of an automobile, "She's so deaf she can't hear it thunder."

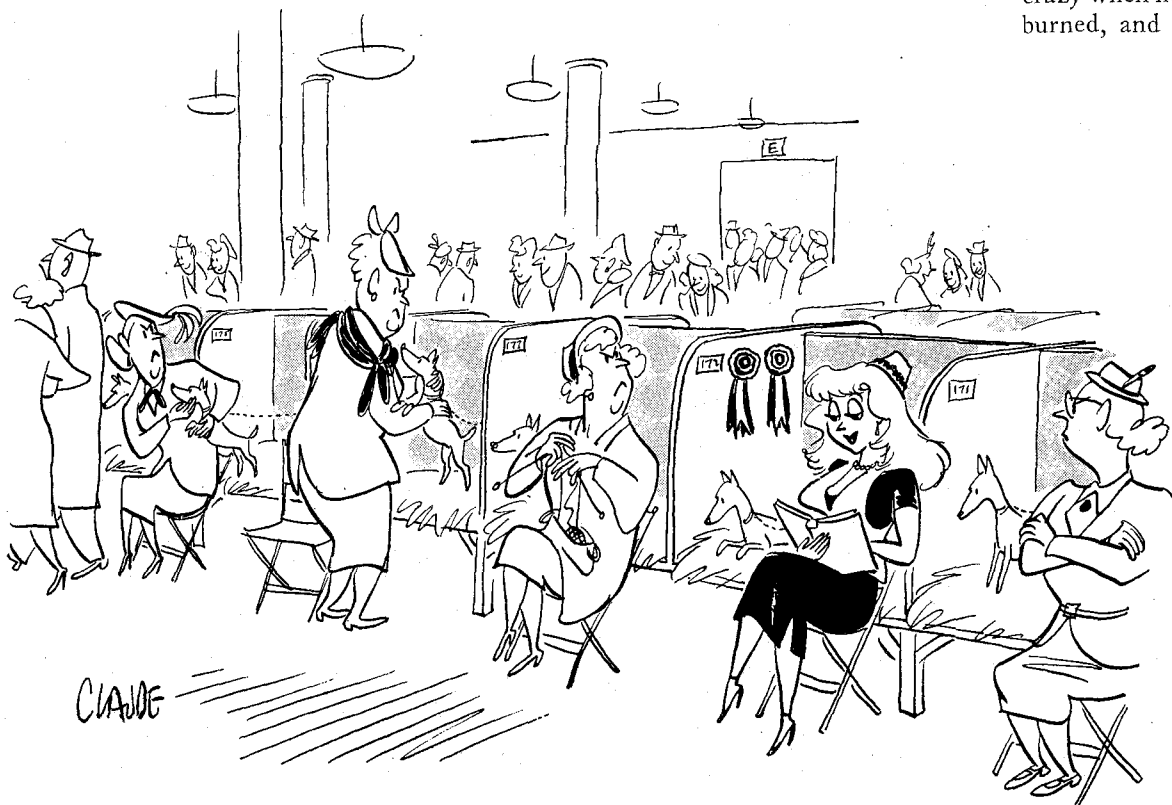
It wouldn't have occurred to anyone in Thornton—not in those days—that something ought to be done about Aunt Munsie and her wagon for the sake of the public good. In those days, everyone had equal rights on the streets of Thornton. A vehicle was a vehicle, and a person was a person, each with the right to move as slowly as he pleased and to stop where and as often as he pleased. In the Thornton mind, there was no imaginary line down the middle of the street, and, indeed, no one there at that time had heard of drawing a real line on *any* street. It was merely out of politeness that you made room for others to pass. Nobody would have blown a horn at an old colored woman with her slop wagon—nobody but some Yankee stranger or a trifling high-school boy or maybe old Mr. Ralph Hadley in a special fit of temper. When citizens of Thornton were in a real hurry and got caught behind Aunt Munsie, they leaned out their car windows and shouted, "Aunt Munsie, can you make a little

room?" And Aunt Munsie didn't fail to hear *them*. She would holler "Hai-ee, now! Wheel! Look-a-here!" and jerk her wagon to one side. As they passed her, she would wave her little hand and grin a toothless, pink-gummed grin.

Yet, without any concern for the public good, Aunt Munsie's friends among the white women began to worry more and more about the danger of her being run down by an automobile. They talked among themselves and they talked to her about it. They wanted her to give up collecting slop, now she had got so blind and deaf. "Pshaw," said Aunt Munsie, closing her eyes contemptuously. "Not me." She meant by that that no one would dare run into her or her wagon. Sometimes when she crossed the Square on a busy Saturday morning or on a first Monday, she would hold up one hand with the palm turned outward and stop all traffic until she was safely across and in the alley beside the hotel.

THORNTON wasn't even then what it had been before the Great World War. In every other house, there was a stranger or a mill hand who had moved up from Factory Town. Some of the biggest old places stood empty, the way Dr. Tolliver's had until it burned. They stood empty not because nobody wanted to rent them or buy them but because the heirs who had gone off somewhere making money could never be got to part with "the home place." The story was that Thad Tolliver nearly went crazy when he heard their old house had burned, and wanted to sue the town,

and even said he was going to help get the Republicans into office. Yet Thad had hardly put foot in the house since the day his daddy died. It was said the Tolliver house had caught fire from the Major Pettigru house, which had burned two nights before, and no doubt it had. Sparks could have smoldered in that roof of rotten shingles for a long time before bursting into flame. Some even said the Pettigru house might have caught from the Johnston house, which had burned earlier that same fall. But Thad knew and Will knew and everybody knew the town wasn't



to blame, and knew there was no firebug. Why, those old houses stood there empty year after year, and in the fall the leaves fell from the trees and settled around the porches and stoops, and who was there to rake the leaves? Maybe it was a good thing those houses burned, and maybe it would have been as well if some of the houses that still had people in them burned, too. There were houses in Thornton the heirs had never left that looked far worse than the Tolliver or the Pettigru or the Johnston house ever had. The people who lived in them were the ones who gave Aunt Munsie the biggest fool answers to her question, the people whom she soon quit asking her question of or even passing the time of day with, except when she couldn't help it, out of politeness. For, truly, to Aunt Munsie there were things under the sun worse than going off and getting rich in Nashville and Memphis and even in Washington, D.C. This was a subject she and her daughter Lucrecie mouthed at each other about across their back fence sometimes. Lucrecie was shiftless, and she liked shiftless white people like the ones who didn't have the ambition to leave Thornton. She thought their shiftlessness showed they were *quality*. "Quality?" Aunt Munsie would echo, her voice full of sarcasm. "Whee! Hai-ee! You talk like *you* was my mammy, Crecie. Well, if there be quality, there be quality *and* quality. There's quality and there's *has-been* quality, Crecie." There was no end to that argument Aunt Munsie had with Crecie, and it wasn't at all important to Aunt Munsie. The people who still lived in these houses—the ones she called *has-been* quality—meant little more to her than the mill hands, and the strangers from up North who ran the Piggly Wiggly, the five-and-ten-cent store, and the roller-skating rink.

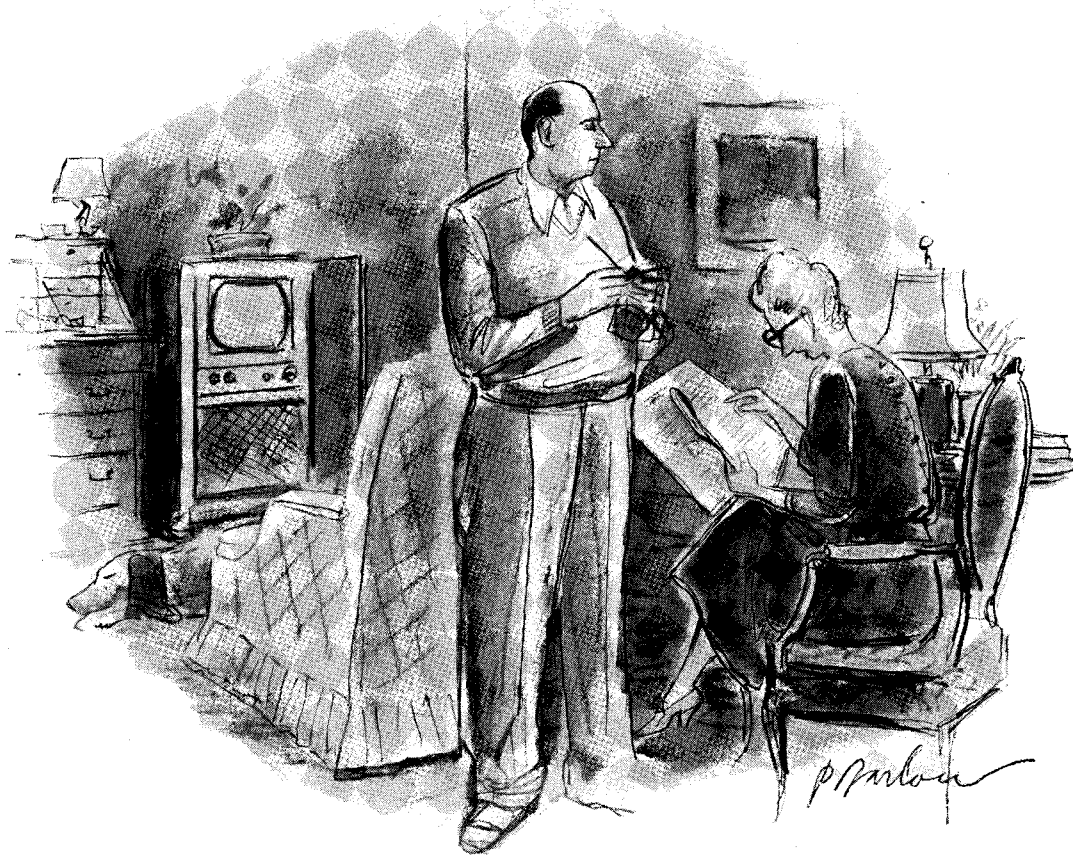
There was this to be said, though, for the has-been quality: They knew *who* Aunt Munsie was, and in a limited, literal way they understood what she said. But those *others*— why, they thought Aunt Munsie a beggar, and she knew they did. They spoke of her as Old What You Have for Mom, because that's what they thought she was saying when she called out, "What you hear from 'em?" Their ears were not attuned to that soft "r" she put in "from" or the elision that made "from 'em"

sound to them like "for Mom." Many's the time Aunt Munsie had seen, or sensed the presence of, one of those *other* people, watching from next door, when Miss Leonora Lovell, say, came down her front walk and handed her a little parcel of scraps across the ditch. Aunt Munsie knew what they thought of her—how they laughed at her and felt sorry for her and despised her all at once. But, like the has-been quality, they didn't matter, never had, never would.

Oh, they mattered in a way to Lucrecie. Lucrecie thought about them and talked about them a lot. She called them "white trash" and even "radical Republicans." It made Aunt Munsie grin to hear Crecie go on, because she knew Crecie got all her notions from her own has-been-quality people. And so it didn't matter, except that Aunt Munsie knew Crecie truly had all sorts of good sense and had only been carried away and spoiled by such folks as she had worked for, such folks as had really raised Crecie from the time she was big enough to run errands for them, fifty years back. In her heart, Aunt Munsie knew that even Lucrecie didn't matter to her the way a daughter might. It was because while Aunt Munsie had been raising a family of white children, a

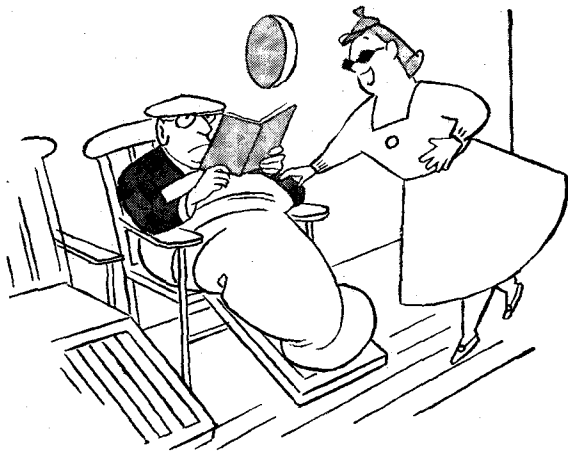
different sort of white people from hers had been raising her own child, Crecie. Sometimes, if Aunt Munsie was in her chicken yard or out in her little patch of cotton when Mr. Thad or Mr. Will arrived, Crecie would come out to the fence and say, "Mama, some of your chillun's out front."

Miss Leonora Lovell and Miss Patty Bean, and especially Miss Lucille Satterfield, were all the time after Aunt Munsie to give up collecting slop. "You're going to get run over by one of those crazy drivers, Munsie," they said. Miss Lucille was the widow of old Judge Satterfield. "If the Judge were alive, Munsie," she said, "I'd make him find a way to stop you. But the men down at the courthouse don't listen to the women in this town any more. And I think they'd be 'most too scared of you to do what I want them to do." Aunt Munsie wouldn't listen to any of that. She knew that if Miss Lucille had come out there to her gate, she must have *something* she was going to say about Mr. Thad or Mr. Will. Miss Lucille had two brothers and a son of her own who were lawyers in Memphis, and who lived in style down there and kept Miss Lucille in style here in Thornton. Memphis was where Thad Tolliver had his Ford-and-Lincoln agency, and so

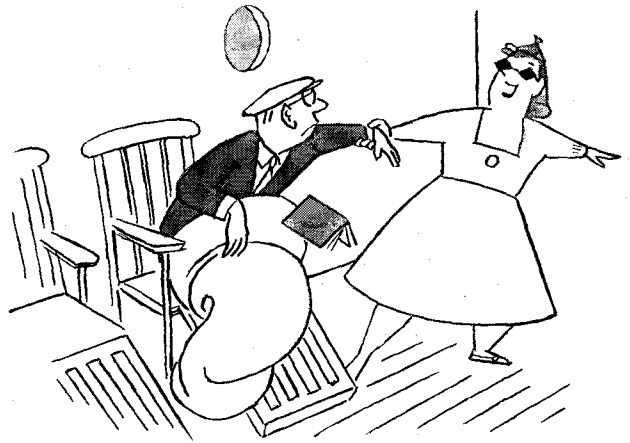


“Here’s one we might take a chance on. It says ‘Program to be announced.’”

1



2



Miss Lucille always had news about Thad, and, indirectly, about Will, too.

"IS they doin' any good? What you hear from 'em?" Aunt Munsie asked Miss Lucille one afternoon in early spring. She had come along just when Miss Lucille was out picking some of the jonquils that grew in profusion on the steep bank between the sidewalk and the ditch in front of her house.

"Mr. Thad and his folks will be up one day in April, Munsie," Miss Lucille said in her pleasantly hoarse voice. "I understand Mr. Will and his crowd may come for Easter Sunday."

"One day, and gone again!" said Aunt Munsie.

"We always try to get them to stay at least one night, but they're busy folks, Munsie."

"When they comin' back sure enough, Miss Lucille?"

"Goodness knows, Munsie. Goodness knows. Goodness knows when any of them are coming back to stay." Miss Lucille took three quick little steps down the bank and hopped lightly across the ditch. "They're prospering so, Munsie," she said, throwing her chin up and smiling proudly. This fragile lady, this daughter, wife, sister, mother of lawyers (and, of course, the darling of all their hearts), stood there in the street with her pretty little feet and shapely ankles close together, and holding a handful of jonquils before her as if it were her bridal bouquet. "They're *all* prospering so, Munsie. Mine *and* yours. You ought to go down to Memphis to see them now and then, the way I do. Or go up to Nashville to see Mr. Will. I understand he's got an even finer establishment than Thad. They've done well, Munsie—yours *and* mine—and we can be proud of them. You owe it to yourself to go and see how well they're fixed. They're rich men by our standards in Thornton, and they're going farther—*all* of them."

Aunt Munsie dropped the tongue of her wagon noisily on the pavement. "What I want go see 'em for?" she said angrily and with a lowering brow. Then she stooped and, picking up the wagon tongue again, she wheeled her vehicle toward the center of the street, to get by Miss Lucille, and started off toward the Square. As she turned out into the street, the brakes of a car, as so often, screeched behind her. Presently everyone in the neighborhood could hear Mr. Ralph Hadley tooting the insignificant little horn on his mama's coupé and shouting at Aunt Munsie in his own tooty voice, above the sound of the horn. Aunt Munsie pulled over, making just enough room to let poor old Mr. Ralph get by but without once looking back at him. Suddenly, before Mr. Ralph could get his car started again, Miss Lucille was running along beside Aunt Munsie, saying, "Munsie, you be careful! You're going to meet your death on the streets of Thornton, Tennessee!"

"Let 'em," said Aunt Munsie. Miss Lucille didn't know whether Munsie meant "Let 'em run over me; I don't care" or meant "Let 'em just dare!" Miss Lucille soon turned back, without Aunt Munsie's ever looking at her. And when Mr. Ralph Hadley did get his motor started, and sailed past in his mama's coupé, Aunt Munsie didn't give him a look, either. Nor did Mr. Ralph turn his face to look at Aunt Munsie. He was on his way to the drugstore, to pick up his mama's prescriptions, and he was too entirely put out, peeved, and upset to endure even the briefest exchange with that ugly, uppity old Munsie of the Tollivers'.

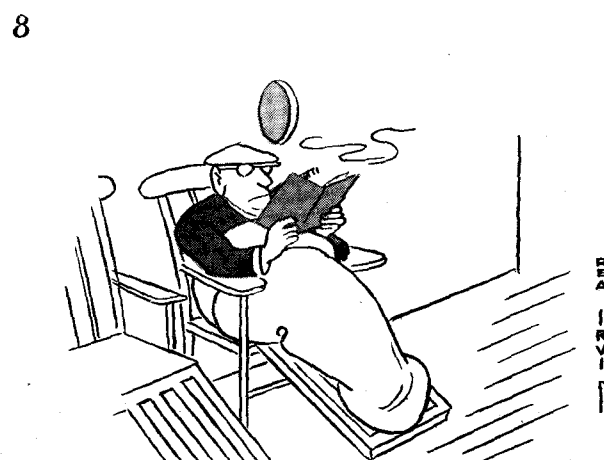
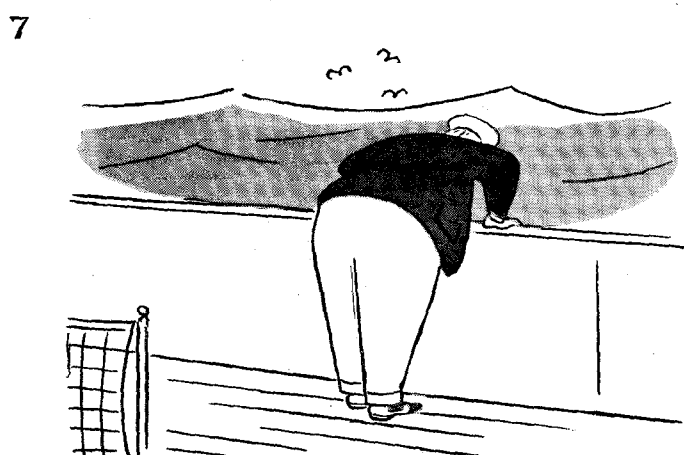
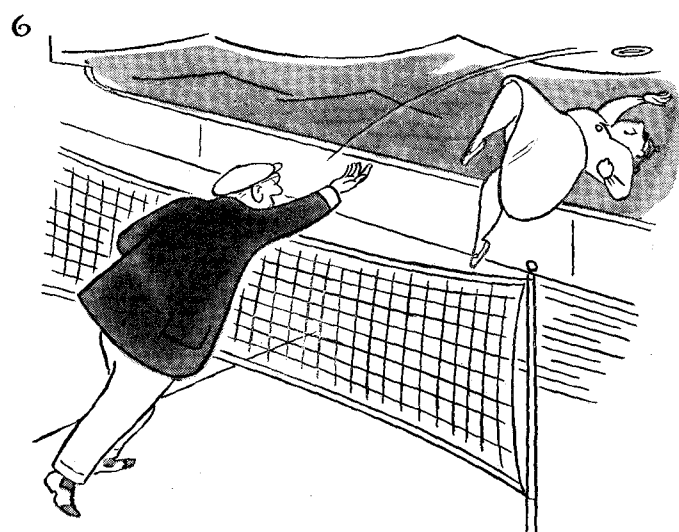
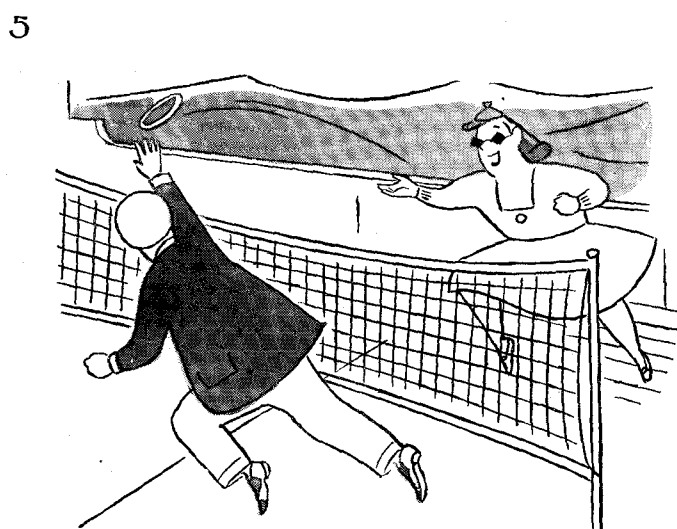
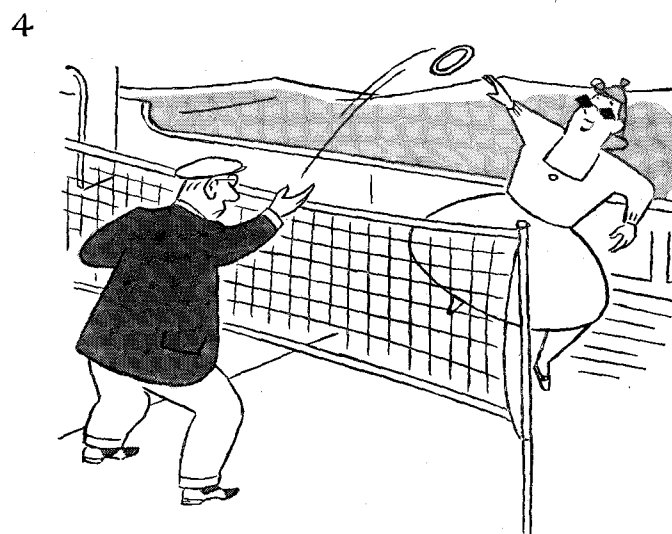
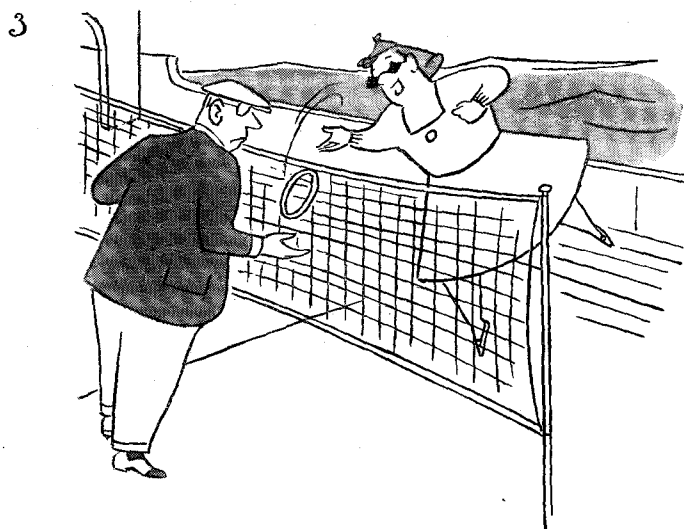
Aunt Munsie continued pulling her slop wagon toward the Square. There was a more animated expression on her face than usual, and every so often her lips would move rapidly and emphatically over a phrase or sentence. Why should she go to Memphis and Nash-

ville and see how rich they were? No matter how rich they were, what difference did it make, if they didn't own any land, or none in Cameron County. She had heard the old Doctor tell them—tell both his boys and his girls, and the old lady, too, in her day—that nobody was rich who didn't own land, and nobody stayed rich who didn't see after his land first-hand. But, of course, Aunt Munsie had herself mocked the old Doctor to his face for going on about land so much. She used to tell him she hadn't ever seen *him* behind a plow. And was anybody ever more scared of a mule than Dr. Tolliver was? Mules or horses, either? Aunt Munsie had heard him say that the happiest day of his life was the day he first learned that the horseless carriage was a reality.

No, it wasn't really to own land that Thad and Will ought to come back to Thornton. It was more that if they were going to be rich, they ought to come home, where their money counted for something. How could Will or Thad ever be rich anywhere else? They could just have a lot of money in the bank, that was all—like that mill manager from Chi. The mill manager could have a yard full of big cars and a stucco house as big as you like, but who would ever take him for rich? Aunt Munsie would sometimes say all these things to Crecie, or something as nearly like them as she could find words for. Crecie might nod her head in agreement or she might be in a mood to say being rich wasn't any good for anybody and didn't matter, and that you could live on just being quality better than on being rich in Thornton. "Quality's better than land or better than money in the bank here," Crecie would say.

Aunt Munsie would sneer at her and say, "It never were."

LUCRECIE could talk all she wanted about the old times! Aunt Munsie knew too much about what they were



like, for both the richest white folks and the blackest field hands. Nothing about the old times was as good as these days, and there were going to be better times yet when Mr. Thad and Mr. Will came back. Everybody lived easier now than they used to, and were better off. She could never be got to reminisce about her childhood in slavery, or her

life with her husband, or even about those halcyon days after the old Mizziz had died and Aunt Munsie's word had become law in the Tolliver household. Without being able to book-read or even to make numbers, she had finished raising the whole pack of towheaded Tollivers just as the Mizziz would have wanted it done. The Doctor told her

she *had* to—he didn't ever once think about getting another wife, or taking in some cousin, not after his "Molly darling"—and Aunt Munsie *did*. But, as Crecie said, when a time was past in her mama's life, it seemed to be gone and done with in her head, too.

Lucrecie would say frankly she thought her mama was "hard about

people and things in the world." She talked about her mama not only to the Blalocks, for whom she had worked all her life, but to anybody else who gave her an opening. It wasn't just about her mama, though, that she would talk to anybody. She liked to talk, and she talked about Aunt Munsie not in any ugly, resentful way but as she would about the rainy season or where the fire was last night. (Crecie was twice the size of her mama, and black the way her old daddy had been, and loud and good-natured the way he was—or at least the way Aunt Munsie wasn't. You wouldn't have known they were mother and daughter, and not many of the young people in town did realize it. Only by accident did they live next door to each other; Mr. Thad and Mr. Will had bought Munsie her house, and Crecie had heired hers from her second husband.) *That* was how she talked about her mama—as she would have about any lonely, eccentric, harmless neighbor. "I may be dead wrong, but I think Mama's kind of hardhearted," she would say. "She's a good old soul, I reckon, but when something's past, it's gone and done with for Mama. She don't think about day before yestiddy—or yestiddy, either. I don't know, maybe that's the way to be. Maybe that's why the old soul's gona outlive us all." Then, obviously thinking about what a picture of health she herself was at sixty, Crecie would throw back her head and laugh so loud you might hear her out at the fairgrounds.

Crecie, however, knew her mama wasn't honest-to-God mean and hadn't ever been mean to the Tolliver children, the way the Blalocks liked to make out she had. All the Tolliver children but Mr. Thad and Mr. Will had quarrelled with her for good by the time they were grown, but they had quarrelled with the old Doctor, too (and as if they were the only ones who shook off their old folks this day and time). When Crecie talked about her mama, she didn't spare her anything, but she was fair to her, too. And it was in no hateful or disloyal spirit that she took part in the conspiracy that finally got Aunt Munsie and her slop wagon off the streets of Thornton. Crecie would have done the same for any neighbor. She had small part enough, actually, in that conspiracy. Her part was merely to break the news to Aunt Munsie that there was now a law against keeping pigs within the city limits. It was a small part but one that no one else quite dared to take.

"They ain't no such law!" Aunt Munsie roared back at Crecie. She was slopping her pigs when Crecie came to

THE SCHOLAR TO HIS VALENTINE

My love "is like the melodie that's sweetly
 Played in tune." (Burns puts it very neatly.)
 And I could easily quote, had I the space,
 A thousand amorous lines of equal grace.
 But scholars, when in love, must guard themselves
 Against too great dependence on their shelves.
 What say the masters of poetic art?
 "Fool!" said my muse to me, 'look in thy heart
 And write' " (Sir Philip Sidney, by the way).
 And "rhetoric forsook him" (Thomas Gray).

Nevertheless, with Plato's approbation,
 We have the advantage of imagination;
 How else, my dear, to speak quite candidly,
 Could you my Chloë, I your Daphnis, be?
 Myopia, the muse of higher truth,
 Preserves your beauty and prolongs my youth—
 "Eternal summer gilds them yet" (Lord Byron),
 Though gouty grows the swain and stout the siren,
 And passion, suavely tuned to middle age,
 Breathes its full fervor from the lyric page.

And furthermore, St. Valentine has chosen
 This day when everybody will be frozen,
 Both young and old, indifferent together
 To any topic but the shivering weather;
 When Cupid, barred from groves beneath the moon,
 Must hibernate in poetry till June,
 Though far from powerless. You would be astonished!
 "Nothing refuse—" (So Emerson admonished.)
 "Come live with me and be my love." That line
 Was Marlowe's, Raleigh's, Donne's, and—deem it mine.

—ROBERT HILLYER

the fence and told her about the law. It had seemed the most appropriate time to Lucrecie. "They ain't never been such a law, Crecie," Aunt Munsie said. "Every house on Jackson and Jefferson used to keep pigs."

"It's a brand-new law, Mama."

Aunt Munsie finished bailing out the last of the slop from her wagon. It was just before twilight. The last, weak rays of the sun colored the clouds behind the mock-orange tree in Crecie's yard. When Aunt Munsie turned around from the sty, she pretended that that little bit of light in the clouds hurt her eyes, and turned away her head. And when Lucrecie said that everybody had until the first of the year to get rid of their pigs, Aunt Munsie was in a spell of deafness. She headed out toward the crib to get some corn for the chickens. She was trying to think whether anybody else inside the town still kept pigs. Herb

Mallory did—two doors beyond Crecie. Then Aunt Munsie remembered Herb didn't pay city taxes. The town line ran between him and Shad Willis.

THAT was sometime in June, and before July came, Aunt Munsie knew all there was worth knowing about the conspiracy. Mr. Thad and Mr. Will had each been in town for a day during the spring. They and their families had been to her house and sat on the porch; the children had gone back to look at her half-grown collie dog and the two hounds, at the old sow and her farrow of new pigs, and at the frizzliest frizzly chicken Aunt Munsie had ever had. And on those visits to Thornton, Mr. Thad and Mr. Will had also made their usual round among their distant kin and close friends. Everywhere they went, they had heard of the near-accidents Aunt Munsie was causing with her slop wagon and the real danger there was of her being run over. Miss Lucille Satterfield and Miss Patty Bean had both been to the Mayor's office and also to see Judge Lawrence to try to get Aunt Munsie "ruled" off the streets, but the men in the courthouse and in the Mayor's office didn't listen



to the women in Thornton any more. And so either Mr. Thad or Mr. Will—how would which one of them it was matter to Munsie?—had been prevailed upon to stop by Mayor Lunt's office, and in a few seconds' time had set the wheels of conspiracy in motion. Soon a general inquiry had been made in the town as to how many citizens still kept pigs. Only two property owners besides Aunt Munsie had been found to have pigs on their premises, and they, being men, had been docile and reasonable enough to sell what they had on hand to Mr. Will or Mr. Thad Tolliver. Immediately afterward—within a matter of weeks, that is—a city ordinance had been passed forbidding the possession of swine within the corporate limits of Thornton. Aunt Munsie had got the story bit by bit from Miss Leonora and Miss Patty and Miss Lucille and others, including the constable himself, whom she didn't hesitate to stop right in the middle of the Square on a Saturday noon. Whether it was Mr. Thad or Mr. Will who had been prevailed upon by the ladies she never ferreted out, but that was only because she did not wish to do so.

The constable's word was the last word for her. The constable said yes, it was the law, and he admitted yes, he had sold his own pigs—for the constable was one of those two reasonable souls—to Mr. Thad or Mr. Will. He didn't say which of them it was, or if he did, Aunt Munsie couldn't remember it. After her interview with the constable, Aunt Munsie never again exchanged words with any human being about the ordinance against pigs. That afternoon, she took a fishing pole from under her house and drove the old sow and the nine shoats down to Herb Mallory's, on the outside of town. They were his, she said, if he wanted them, and he could pay her at killing time.

It was literally true that Aunt Munsie never again exchanged words with anyone about the ordinance against pigs or about the conspiracy she had discovered against herself. But her daughter Lucrecie had a tale to tell about what Aunt Munsie did that afternoon after she had seen the constable and before



"Please don't look at me like that, Mrs. Spier."

she drove the pigs over to Herb Mallory's. It was mostly a tale of what Aunt Munsie said to her pigs and to her dogs and her chickens.

CRECIE was in her own back yard washing her hair when her mama came down the rickety porch steps and into the yard next door. Creecie had her head in the pot of suds, and so she couldn't look up, but she knew by the way Mama flew down the steps that there was trouble. "She came down them steps like she was wasp-nest bit, or like some youngon who's got hisself wasp-nest bit—and her all of eighty, I reckon!" Then, as Creecie told it, her mama scurried around in the yard for a minute or so like she thought Judgment was about to catch up with her, and pretty soon she commenced slamming at something. Creecie wrapped a towel about her soapy head, squatted low, and edged over to the plank fence. She peered between the planks and saw what her mama was up to. Since there never had been a gate to the fence around the pigsty, Mama had taken the wood axe and was knocking a hole in it. But directly, just after Creecie had taken her place by the plank fence, her mama had left off her slamming at the

sty and turned about so quickly and so exactly toward Creecie that Creecie thought the poor, blind old soul had managed to spy her squatting there. Right away, though, Creecie realized it was not *her* that Mama was staring at. She saw that all Aunt Munsie's chickens and those three dogs of hers had come up behind her, and were clucking and whining to know why she didn't stop that infernal racket and put out some feed for them.

Creecie's mama set one hand on her hip and rested the axe on the ground. "Just look at yuh!" she said, and then she let the chickens and the dogs—and the pigs, too—have it. She told them what a miserable bunch of creatures they were, and asked them what right they had to always be looking for hand-outs from her. She sounded like the boss-man who's caught all his pickers laying off before sundown, and she sounded, too, like the preacher giving his sinners Hail Columbia at camp meeting. Finally, shouting explosively, "Now, g'wine! G'wine! G'wine! G'wine widja!," and swinging the axe wide and broad above their heads, she sent the dogs howling under the house and the chickens scattering in every direction. Only the collie pup, of the

three dogs, didn't scamper to the farthest corner underneath the house. He stopped under the steps, and not two seconds later he was poking his long head out again and showing the whites of his doleful brown eyes. Crecie's mama took a step toward him and then she halted. "You want to know what's the commotion about? I reckoned you would," she said with profound contempt, as though the collie were a more reasonable soul than the other animals, and as though there were nothing she held in such thorough disrespect as reason. "I tell you what the commotion's about," she said. "They *ain't* comin' back. They ain't never comin' back. They ain't never had no notion of comin' back." She turned her head to one side, and the only explanation Crecie could find for her mama's next words was that that collie pup did look so much like Miss Lucille Satterfield.

"Why don't I go down to Memphis or up to Nashville and see 'em sometime, like *you* does?" Aunt Munsie asked the

collie. "I tell you why. Becaze I ain't nothin' to 'em in Memphis, and they ain't nothin' to me in Nashville. *You* can go!" she said, advancing and shaking the big axe at the dog. "A collie dog's a collie dog anywhar. But Aunt Munsie, she's just their Aunt Munsie here in Thornton. I got sense enough to see *that*." The collie slowly pulled his head back under the steps, and Aunt Munsie watched for a minute to see if he would show himself again. When he didn't, she went and jerked the fishing pole out from under the house and headed toward the pigsty. Crecie remained squatting beside the fence until her mama and the pigs were out in the street and on their way to Herb Mallory's.

THAT was the end of Aunt Munsie's keeping pigs and the end of her daily rounds with her slop wagon, but it wasn't the end of Aunt Munsie. She lived on for nearly twenty years after that, till long after Lucrecie had

been put away, in fine style, by the Blacks. Ever afterward, though, Aunt Munsie seemed different to people. They said she softened, and everybody said it was a change for the better. She would take paper money from under her carpet, or out of the chinks in her walls, and buy things for up at the church, or buy her own whiskey when she got sick, instead of making somebody bring her a nip. On the Square, she would laugh and holler with the white folks the way Crecie and all the other old-timers did, and she even took to tying a bandanna about her head—took to talking old-nigger foolishness, too, about the Bell Witch, and claiming she remembered the day General N. B. Forrest rode into town and saved all the cotton from the Yankees at the depot. When Mr. Will and Mr. Thad came to see her with their families, she got so she would reminisce with them about their daddy and tease them about all the silly little things they had done when they were growing up. "Mr. Thad—him still in kilts, too—he say, 'Aunt Munsie, reach down in yo' stockin' and git me a copper cent. I want some store candy.'" She told them about how Miss Yola Ewing, the sewing woman, heard her threatening to bust Will's back wide open when he broke the lamp chimney, and how Miss Yola went to the Doctor and told him he ought to run Aunt Munsie off. Aunt Munsie and the Doctor had had a big laugh about it in the kitchen, and Miss Yola must have eavesdropped on them, because she left without finishing the girls' Easter dresses.

The visits from Mr. Thad and Mr. Will continued as long as Aunt Munsie lived, but she never asked them any more about when they were sure enough coming back. And the children, though she hugged them more than ever—and, toward the last, there were the children's children to be hugged—never set foot in her back yard again. Aunt Munsie lived on for nearly twenty years, and when they finally buried her, they put on her tombstone that she was aged one hundred years, though nobody knew how old she was. There was no record of when she was born. All anyone knew was that in her last years she had said she was a girl helping about the big house when freedom came. That would have made her probably about twelve years old in 1865, according to her statements and depictions. But all agreed that in her old age Aunt Munsie, like other old darkies, was not very reliable about such things. Her spirit softened, and she became not very reliable about facts.

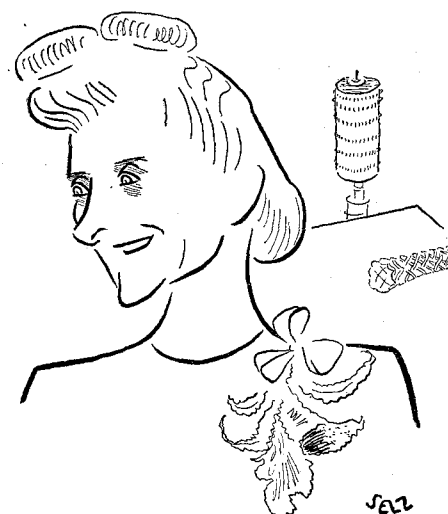
—PETER TAYLOR



"I never argue with you when you're right, so why do you argue with me when I'm right."

PROFILES

GRIPS AND TAXES-II



Vivien Kellems

IN an advertisement inserted by the State of Connecticut a few weeks ago in the *Wall Street Journal* and other publications, displaying pictures of Vivien Kellems and the factory in which she and her partner brother, David Kellems, are prosperously engaged in manufacturing grips for drawing electric cables through conduits, Miss Kellems was quoted as declaring that she had moved her business from New York City to Westport in 1942 because of the availability in Connecticut of, among other things, an intelligent force of skilled labor, necessary materials, and excellent transportation facilities. She made no mention of another motive, to which she has occasionally referred in the past; namely, the fact that Connecticut levies no tax on income. As far as the general public is concerned, this motive has proved to be the significant one, for during the past decade Miss Kellems has become probably the most persistent, articulate, and controversial opponent of the income tax, both state and federal, that the nation has ever known. Accompanying her actions with a steady flow of strident public outcries against practically everything on the agenda of the New and Fair Deals—the Double Deals, as she likes to think of them—she has for years abetted her brother David in his continuing refusal to pay a twelve-hundred-dollar New York State income tax that Albany says he owes; in 1944, she temporarily refused to pay her own federal income tax and publicly advised other industrialists to do likewise, an action that Henry Morgenthau, Jr., then Secretary of the Treasury, described as smacking of disloyalty to her country in time of war; and, more recently, she has most spectacularly underscored her professed principles by refusing, from February, 1948, to October, 1950, to withhold the federal income tax from the wages of her employees, which prompted the Bureau of Internal Revenue to extract, over her indignant protests, \$7,819.20 in back payments and penalties from her bank account. Two weeks ago, at the close of a two-day trial of a rather involved suit Miss Kellems instituted to recover this sum, a federal judge, in New Haven, reserved decision on her move to get back \$1,685.40 of the seized funds but a jury of seven women and five men concluded that her actions had not been willful and that she was therefore entitled to the \$6,133.80 of the imposed

penalties that it was in their power to hand back—a decision that the government will probably appeal. Miss Kellems, for her part, would almost certainly appeal, if it were feasible, two adverse decisions that followed her transfer across the border: her defeat for the Republican nomination for representative from Connecticut in 1942 and a similar defeat for the Republican senatorial nomination in 1950. Her failure to become the candidate in either election was probably unrelated to the fact that although she has always maintained a residence, for other than tax purposes, in New York City, she devoted a number of speeches during the campaigns to denouncing her two principal opponents—first Clare Boothe Luce and then Prescott S. Bush—as interlopers in the Connecticut political arena, on the ground that they had occasionally been seen as far south of the Connecticut line as the Waldorf Towers and Wall Street, respectively.

In selecting the town of Westport as the new site for her factory, Miss Kellems—unwittingly, she has since stoutly maintained—was also paving the way for another of her acts of publicly, and at considerable expense to herself, flying in the face of law and order, although in this instance she operated at the township, rather than the national, level and the resultant personal notoriety was therefore less far-reaching. Miss Kellems, a pert, slight, rather pretty woman, only five feet two inches tall, with a rather more winning manner than is often found in maiden ladies of unusual business acumen or political belligerence, had been a commuting resident of Westport for five years when, in 1941, the Westport Zoning Commission learned that the Kellems Company was about to set up in the town a small laboratory for research in electrical engineering. The zoning regulations of Westport, a largely residential community, forbid the establishment of new industrial plants within the township limits, but have nothing against laboratories. By the end of the following year, however, the entire Kellems Company—every last ledger and bolt of it—had been moved from New York to Westport. Early in 1944, the Zoning Commission, contending that the factory equipment had been sneaked into the town over a period of months, advised Miss Kellems that she was violating its zoning regulations, but because the company was by

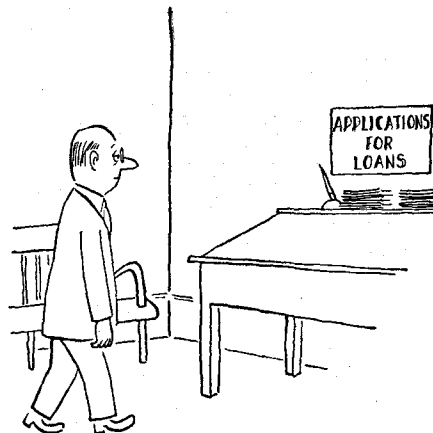
then engaged in war work, the commission took no immediate action on the matter. In the summer of 1945, however, it sent her a second notice. Eventually, after a good bit of miffy correspondence between Miss Kellems and the commission, the latter issued a cease-and-desist order, with the suggestion that she bring her case before the town's Zoning Board of Appeals.

A number of Westport officials say today that if Miss Kellems had appealed to the board, an exception to the zoning laws would very likely have been made in her case, in view of the fact that her manufacturing was being done in two small, neat buildings near the railway station in the relatively unfashionable section of the town known as Saugatuck. Miss Kellems, however, declined to appeal, maintaining that no zoning commission had any power over her. Besides, she felt that the people of Westport would not tolerate the commission's driving her away. She countered by demanding that a hundred acres—a figure she later reduced to ten—be at once set aside for light manufacturing in Saugatuck. "We have a right to manufacture in Saugatuck and we can do it in a pleasant manner—or otherwise," she said at a Westport town meeting. This outright flaunting of civil decree didn't lead to her being canonized by her neighbors, any more than have several similar positions she has taken, and the town went to court for an injunction against the operation of the factory. During the proceedings, which were held in Bridgeport in February, 1948, Miss Kellems, wearing a large gardenia corsage, testified that until she was called down by the commission, she had never heard of such a thing as town zoning laws. The brief for the plaintiff read, in part: "Though the defendants [Miss Kellems and her brother David] have strenuously ob-

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jected to the zoning act of the Town of Westport as unreasonable and arbitrary, they seek, by their action, to impose their will upon an entire community." The injunction was granted six months later, Miss Kellems paid a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fine and, she says, seven thousand dollars in attorney's fees—deductible, however, as a business expense—and by the following spring she had moved her business and her home a hundred miles up the Sound to Stonington, Connecticut, her present headquarters. Miss Kellems hasn't given any indication that she considers the outcome of this fracas a defeat. "You know Vivien," the attorney who represented Westport in the case remarked not long ago. "She said to me the other day, 'I can't help thinking you really did me the best turn of my life in driving me up to Stonington. I'm a lucky woman to be where I am now, where people love me so.'"

THE temperament that prompts Miss Kellems to wage her often solitary but always highly vocal crusades against what she considers the forces of evil is, she believes, the result of honest

inheritance, but the wherewithal that permits her to engage in them is strictly self-made. (Besides the seven thousand dollars in attorneys' fees that the 1948 Westport dispute cost her, she has been risking around eight thousand dollars a year opposing the Bureau of Internal Revenue, collection of an additional fifteen thousand dollars in penalties having been held in abeyance pending the outcome of the New Haven suit.) Her father, David Clinton Kellems, started out as a revival-stumping evangelist in the West and later became an ordained minister, as did her mother. "I suppose in my case shouting about all that stinking, rotten business going on in Washington simply takes the place of shouting at the Devil," Miss Kellems says, and she rarely makes a speech without throwing in a quotation from the Bible to indicate which side of the argument—over the withholding tax or zoning laws or whatever—the good Lord is clearly on. In 1894, two years before her birth, the Kellemses moved to Des Moines, so that Mr. Kellems could study for a B.A. at Drake University. "He had a wife and two children to support when he started as a freshman, and,

working like a dog, put himself all the way through," Miss Kellems says now. "None of this G.I. Bill of Rights paternalism rot for him." In addition to concentrating on his college studies, Mr. Kellems was serving as the minister of a small church of the Disciples of Christ, or Campbellite, sect, in Des Moines, when she was born there, on June 7, 1896, the third of his seven children and the only daughter. This disparity between the sexes in the family may well explain certain militant convictions she has long held about the rights of women and the male conspiracy to underrate their abilities. It may even be possible that she was further conditioned to this antagonism by the fact that her name, Vivien, with an "e," came from the Vivien in "The Idylls of the King"—that wily lady who "hated all the Knights" and finally did in the Wizard Merlin after having "overtalked and overworn" him.

Diploma in hand, Mr. Kellems returned to the West with his family when his daughter was two years old, and settled down in Eugene, Oregon, where he and, after his death in 1922, his wife taught homiletics (the art of preach-

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at my age

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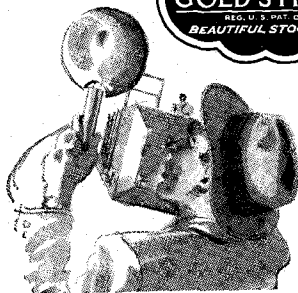
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ing), exegesis (the exposition of the Scriptures), and other subjects vital to the gospel-spreading life, at Eugene Bible University, now renamed Northwest Christian College. Eventually, not only five of the children but their energetic mother attended the University of Oregon, also in Eugene, from which Miss Kellems graduated in the Class of 1918. By that time, the two oldest Kellems boys had followed their parents into the first estate. One of these, Jesse, spent a number of years doing church work in Africa and then in the Antipodes, where, according to his sister, he converted forty thousand Australians to the Campbellite way of life. He later became a state assemblyman in California, then had a fling at running for Congress in 1944, and is now the minister of a prosperous church in Los Angeles. During the mid-thirties, the second clergyman brother, Homer, gained some of the kind of public attention on which at least one other member of the family seems to have put such a high value when he piloted a converted tuna-fish schooner up the West Coast to Point Barrow, Alaska, and built a small monument there to Wiley Post. He was rewarded with even more newspaper attention a couple of years later, when he set out in the same boat on an expedition that was intended to reach the Northwest Passage but was shipwrecked off Seward, Alaska. During the past couple of years, he has been on leave from both the surplise and the sea, first as a colonel in Japan and, since his return a few months ago, as a lecturer on Korea, illustrating his message with some motion pictures of that country which he opportunely made shortly before the fighting there started. Of the other Kellems brothers, one died as a child, another was the first Oregon boy killed in the First World War, and the two remaining ones, Edgar and David, have at one time or another been associated with their sister in her improbable career as a lady who makes cable grips.

Miss Kellems finished up her college course in December, 1917 (she returned six months later to graduate with her mother), and took a job, at which she averaged fifty dollars a week in commissions, as a travelling booker of programs for a western Chautauqua circuit. During a professional stopover in Salt Lake City, she met a young naval doctor who had just been assigned to transatlantic duty, became engaged to him, and spent the summer before the war ended working as a typist in the ordnance division of the War Depart-

ment in Washington, so that she could keep in touch with his family, who lived nearby. On September 26, 1918, the doctor's ship, the Tampa, was torpedoed in the Atlantic, with the loss of a hundred and fifteen lives, including his own, and Miss Kellems thereupon went back to booking for Chautauqua, this time on a southern circuit, and in her spare hours arranged dates for the United States Marine Band. During this period, according to some reports, she was married briefly and divorced. "We don't talk about this matter, even in the family—never mention it at all," Miss Kellems, a gray-haired, blue-eyed woman whom men find attractive, says briskly if anyone brings up the subject. "Officially, I am a spinster."

In any case, Miss Kellems was back home with Mother by the fall of 1919 and spent the next year earning a Master's degree in economics at the university. The following September, she came East again, and, helped out financially by her brother Jesse, she completed all the courses necessary for a Ph.D. in economics at Columbia. Before she had written her thesis and got the degree, however, someone took her to see Channing Pollock's inspirational play "The Fool," which gave her an inspiration of her own, in the field of practical economics. A few days later, she turned up in Pollock's office and persuaded him that it would be worth two hundred dollars of his money every week to hire her to deliver thinly disguised promotional lectures about the play to businessmen's clubs around town. As Miss Kellems doesn't need to point out, this was a sizable amount of money



for a young woman to make then, and, as she never fails to point out, "in those days, the government wasn't full of bullying, bloodsucking parasites who thought they had a God-given right to take it away from me." A year later, when "The Fool" took to the road, so did Miss Kellems, with a set lecture that was advertised by Pollock's booking agent, travelling four or five Rotaries ahead of her, as being "full of what Oliver Goldsmith, the English poet, called 'that delightful fooling that smuggles instruction.'" The lecture was entitled "A Better Theatre and How to Get It." ("To get a better theatre, patronize only clean plays, and soon there will be only clean plays for you to patronize.") It was primarily concerned, of course, with "The Fool," which it represented as the ultimate in antiseptic drama. After the booking agent came Miss Kellems, a pretty, lively-mannered, brown-haired girl in



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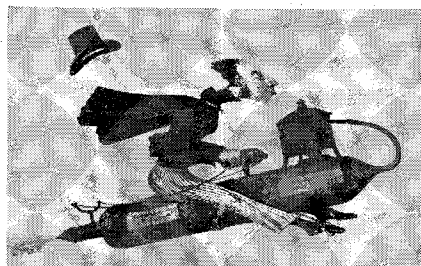
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her mid-twenties, travelling ahead of "The Fool." She gave the lecture four or five times a week during most of 1923 and in the early part of 1924, and was rewarded by excellent notices ("Miss Kellems' message ought to reach to the farthest corners of the earth"—Cincinnati *Times-Star*) and by word from Pollock's office of gratifying ticket sales.

When "The Fool" called it a day, Miss Kellems, now a recognized authority on the theatre, began working both the subway and the Pullman circuits, plugging productions that were either on Broadway or on the road, with a lecture called "A Travelogue Through the Plays." The plays considered worthy of tourism were those, sacred or profane, whose producers came through with a weekly subsidy of twenty-five dollars apiece. This arrangement sometimes brought Miss Kellems as much as a thousand dollars a month and rarely less than five hundred. Her audiences included the Coney Island Men's Club, the Philadelphia Knights of Columbus, the Toledo Zontians, the Cincinnati Civitans, the Peoria Lions, the St. Louis Quotarians, and the Indianapolis Rotarians, who had a song printed up in her honor, to be sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body." The chorus of this ran:

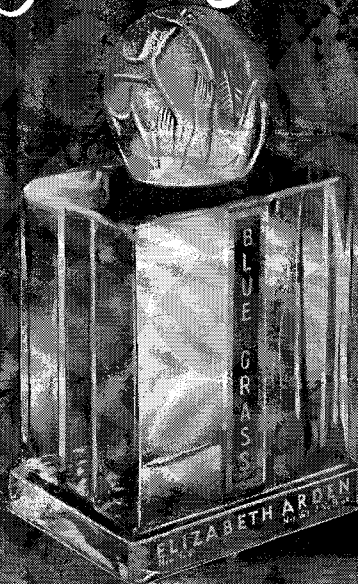
Lady, lady, you've bewitched us,
Lady, lady, just betwixt us,
We'll follow every precept that
you left us,
But we'd rather follow *you*.

THE metamorphosis of Miss Kellems from a glib young lady with an apparent flair for the arts into the nation's leading manufacturer of electric-cable grips resulted more or less directly from a sightseeing stroll taken by an American Telephone & Telegraph Co. engineer named George Wood, of Skaneateles, New York, during a visit he made to Tokyo some forty-five years ago. In the course of his walk, he noticed a small Japanese girl playing with a tube-shaped toy known as a finger trap, which he seemed to remember from his own childhood and whose principle, he later discovered, goes back to the days of the Egyptians. Made of straw mesh, it slid easily onto the child's finger, but when she tried to pull it off, the mesh contracted, and with each tug the tube grew tighter. When she pushed it further down on her finger, however, the mesh loosened and it could then be readily removed. Mr. Wood was struck by the thought that the principle back of the toy might have a highly useful application to the laying of underground electric cables, which

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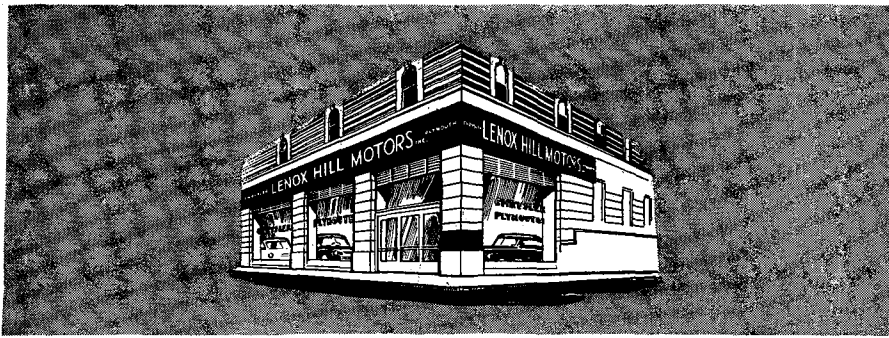
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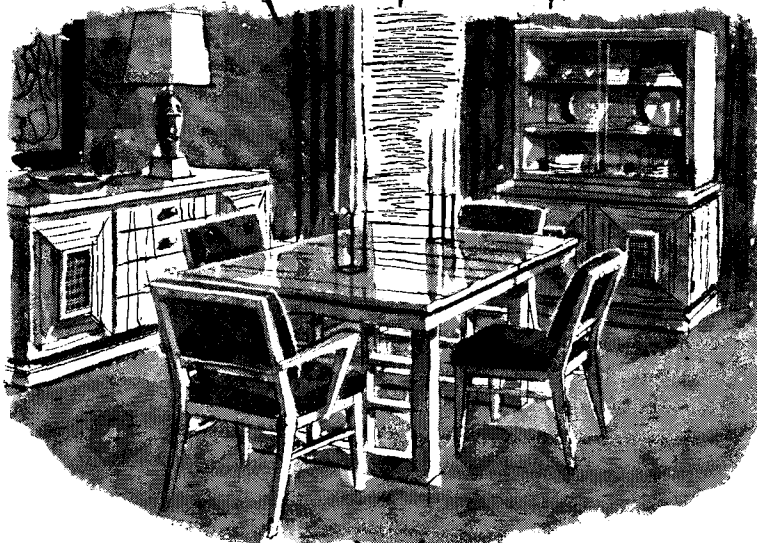
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was just then beginning to be of widespread municipal concern in the United States. At that time, the standard method of pulling a cable through a conduit began with twisting a heavy wire around and around one end of the cable and then tugging on the wire, which might or might not retain its grip. It seemed to Wood that a large, steel-wire version of the finger trap would provide a simple way of gripping a cable and would also be easy to detach when the cable was in place. With a pocketful of the toys, he returned to the United States, took out some patents, and eventually founded the Universal Cable Grip Company, in Skaneateles.

The name of Kellems didn't become associated with cable grips until 1927, when brother Edgar, who, as an engineer, had become a tractor demonstrator, happened to be doing some demonstrating near a cable-laying operation in Syracuse in which Universal grips were being employed. It seemed to him that the grips weren't properly finished at the gripping end, where there were jagged strands of wire that often cut both the workmen's hands and the cable coverings. After getting home from work a couple of nights later, Kellems designed a new type of grip by turning the Universal one around, forming the strands into an eye for hauling it through the conduit, and putting a protective sheath over the pulling end. He patented the new grip, and since by this time Wood was dead and the patents of the Universal Cable Grip Company had run out, Kellems was in a position to start making grips under his own patents. (A few years afterward, the Kellems Company settled matters with Wood's widow. Subsequently discussing this with a writer for *Nation's Business*, Miss Kellems said, "When I saw what my grip might do to that widow, who, I found, was a lovable person, I bought her out, paid thirty-five thousand dollars for her factory, and scrapped it. My friends told me that I was a fool, but you know how women are.")

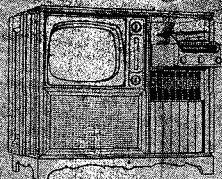
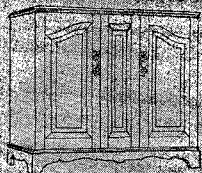
At about the time Edgar Kellems got his patents into the pending stage, his sister stopped off in Syracuse to visit him for a weekend during one of her theatre-proselytizing tours. "Until Edgar told me about this new trick thing he'd worked out, I didn't know there was such a thing as a cable grip," Miss Kellems says now. "I didn't even know there was such a thing as an underground cable. Thought it was all in the light switch." She caught on fast, though, and when her brother, more the scientific than the commercial type,

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indicated that he didn't feel up to the chore of manufacturing his grip, she abandoned the civic clubs and the admirable qualities of such hits as "The Constant Wife" and "The Show-Off" in mid-spiel and returned to New York, where, with a thousand dollars of her Broadway-begotten savings, another thousand lent to her by a bank on the strength of an order for ten grips from a friendly purchasing agent for the New York and Queens Electric Light & Power Co., and a lone grip-weaving employee, she set up shop in a fifty-dollar-a-month loft on Varick Street. For a good many months, after her one-man staff went home at night Miss Kellems put in four or five overtime hours plaiting grips on the mandrels—the narrow steel pipes with protruding hooks on which grips are braided. After gradually building up a stockpile while selling on a hand-to-mouth basis to light-and-power firms in the metropolitan area, she returned to the road, no longer as a lecturer on the theatre but as a travelling salesman for her product, here and abroad—a job that occupied most of her time during the next decade. "The story's been spread all over the world how I built up my business by batting my eyelashes at purchasing agents," she says. "Whatever darn fool started that fairy tale never looked into the cold eye of the average purchasing agent, though I'll admit that I never thought it would hurt anything to wear a hat with some flowers on it."

By the end of 1928, the Kellems Company's first full year of operation, the new grip, if not the hat, had made enough converts to give the firm a gross income of forty thousand dollars. The following year, Miss Kellems invaded the building-construction industry by bringing out some small grips, which could be used for pulling individual strands of wire through the walls of skyscrapers, and then, to get herself in solid in that field, donated to the contractor of the Chrysler Building, which was going up at the time, enough of the small grips to install all the service wiring in the structure—a million and a half feet of it. The grip proved as valuable in skyscrapers as it had underground. It has since simplified almost all cable-laying activity in this country, including the wiring of the Hoover and Bonneville Dams and the George Washington and Golden Gate Bridges, and the rewiring of the Statue of Liberty's torch. Abroad, it has been used to install the underground electrification systems of Barcelona, Shanghai, and Rio de Janeiro, among many other cities, and to wire the Grid, the na-

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In 1931, Miss Kellems, in need of more space, moved her plant from the loft to larger quarters on Lafayette Street, near Canal, and four years later to a still larger building at 1911 Park Avenue, at 130th Street. Then, nine years ago, came the move to Westport. During the early years of the firm's existence, Edgar worked out and patented a few improvements on the grip—attachments, for instance, that made it useful as a permanent support for exceptionally heavy cables, and a mesh of varying size to provide more pressure at points where it was needed—and he still occasionally advises the company in connection with its engineering problems. He has always received annual royalties on his patent contributions to the firm but has never taken a formal part in the conduct of its affairs. In 1932, he moved to Pasadena, where he is now a successful consulting engineer, busy about matters that have nothing to do with cable grips. Since 1940, the company has been a partnership, consisting of Miss Kellems and her youngest brother, David, whom she put through the Sheffield Scientific School, at Yale, and who now handles practically all of the engineering end of things. Shortly after David became a partner, he found himself the central figure in his sister's first brush with income-tax collectors, the disagreement with the New York State Tax Commission. Representing her brother, Miss Kellems complained about a twelve-hundred-dollar levy the state sought to collect on his 1941 income—the sum is still triumphantly unpaid—arguing that the young man, then, as now, a resident of Connecticut, had never worked in New York and that it was irrelevant that the income in question was derived from the Kellems Company, in which he was a partner and which at that time did all its manufacturing within the borders of New York State.

The Kellems Company's original patents, like Universal's, have now expired, but there are enough later ones, covering changes and new machinery for turning out the grip economically, to give it a solid advantage over any *arrivistes* in the field. Nevertheless, Miss Kellems is taking no chances, and she is currently in the process of suing a man who was for twenty-one years her foreman and who eighteen months ago set up the Economy Cable Grip Company, in Norwalk, on the assumption that the United States law under which patents fall into the public domain after seven-

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teen years applies to the Kellems Company just as much as to any other outfit. Moreover, the two engineering Kellems brothers are at work developing a grip-braiding machine that, their sister believes, will establish the company's supremacy in the field more firmly than ever. In recent years, the Kellems Company has branched out into the manufacture of grips for use as broom- and candleholders and to provide traction for splints in hospitals, and it has also been filling orders from a New York chiropodist who has found a Kellems grip effective in the treatment of bunions. During the war, the government bought two and a quarter million grips, for from twenty-five cents to thirty-nine dollars apiece, many of them as equipment for minesweepers and battleships and to help lift giant shells. The bulk of the company's peacetime business is with the telephone and big light-and-power companies, oil-field operators, and electrical contractors, whose cable-laying needs provide a steady and dependable income. Now that there is a renewed interest in things like minesweepers, the company is again shifting into high gear, and just since last summer its normal payroll of thirty-five has swollen to forty-nine. A partnership is not required by law to make annual public financial statements, and Miss Kellems says that because of her difficulties with the revenue men, she prefers to maintain a certain reticence about how much cash the company brings in. Before her major tax quarrels arose, however, and also before the wartime bonanza, she didn't deny press reports that her own income from the company was around fifty thousand dollars a year. Whatever the case, the income she receives, as the senior and dominant partner of the firm, along with cash left over from the earlier years, when taxes more nearly approached her ideal of zero, clearly allows her leeway for a few personal extravagances, such as getting into the civil-disobedience jams she so dearly loves.

IN the twenty-four years since a youthful Vivien Kellems, wearing a rose satin gown, and a beaded hat pulled down to her eyebrows, last represented Broadway to Coney Island and points west, she has shown little interest in the drama (she hasn't averaged more than one trip a year to the theatre) but she has never let go her foothold on the lecture rostrum. She had no sooner set about making a better cable grip than she was back haranguing audiences in an effort to induce them to beat a path to her door. It occurred to her that among her Ro-

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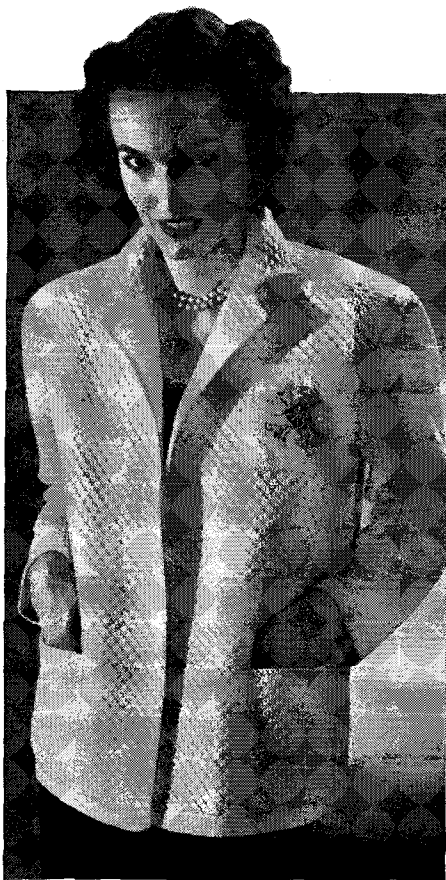
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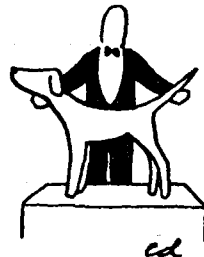
tarian listeners of an earlier day there must surely be a number of utility magnates, and she set about reestablishing relations, explaining to several undoubtedly bewildered program chairmen that whereas she had formerly spoken as an expert on the current drama, she was now, two years later, available as a well-informed lecturer on problems of electrical engineering. (She is at present one of the eight women who are full members of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and she believes that, with the possible exception of one or two interlopers who got into the field by inheritance, she is the only woman manufacturer of electrical-engineering equipment in the world.) Once booked in this role and up to her old tricks, she could work in the Kellems Company's product as the acme of superior cable-gripping. Making thirty or forty speeches a year in addition to her routine personal calls as the company's chief salesman, she had the cable-grip situation sufficiently well in hand by the mid-thirties to permit her to devote more and more of her speaking time to the advantages of the free-enterprise system, so manifestly symbolized by herself, and to Mr. Roosevelt's threats thereto. From this sort of thing to a downright political speech was an easy glide.

The Kellems platform voice is high, clear, and, although nasal, not shrill, and her sense of timing is so acute that an actor once insisted he'd heard it excelled only by Lynn Fontanne. According to one loyal associate's recollection, Miss Kellems' presentation of what she regards as the horrors being perpetrated on this country by the federal administration has reduced listeners to tears in at least three cities—Chicago, Los Angeles, and Bridgeport. With her gaudy gibes at sticky-fingered bureaucrats, boon-doggling, High Tax Harry, and the like, she is also widely admired as a comedienne. "She is the only person with-in memory," the same associate said not long ago, "who has brought the Bridgeport Chamber of Commerce to its feet for a rising vote of thanks without the president first having to give the signal." "I don't always agree with everything Miss Kellems tells her audiences," Clare Yuchtman, Miss Kellems' secretary, said the other day (Miss Yuchtman voted three times for Franklin D. Roosevelt), "but I can't recall a place she's gone where people haven't lost their minds clapping before she was through.

It must mean *something*, don't you think?"

In the course of the past five years, now hauling in the subject of the cable grip hardly any oftener than she does that of "The Fool," Miss Kellems has made some three hundred speeches, about two-thirds of them without fee. During most of this time, she has been a highly peripatetic lecturer, addressing, among many other gatherings, the Abraham Lincoln National Republican Club of Chicago; the centennial celebration of the Cowles newspapers, in Des Moines; the Los Angeles Rotarians; and the Women's Advertising Club of Pittsburgh. For a while, much of her speaking was arranged for her, at from three hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars a lecture, by an agent, Clark Getts, whose roster of clients then also included Joe E. Brown, Igor (Cholly Knickerbocker) Cassini, and Harold Stassen, and who says he received four or five times as many requests for her services as for those of the average speaker he books. Miss Kellems, with her mind's eye on the Senate chamber, left the Getts bureau in late 1949, in order to be free to "concentrate on Connecticut," as she put it. Since Connecticut, or its overlord Republicans, pointedly failed to return the compliment, she has resumed her far-flung public appearances, now gratis. "I know it may sound corny," she said the other day, "but the truth is they love me—just love me—in Texas."

MISS KELLEMS' new home base, the town of Stonington, where, according to her own testimony, she is also lovingly regarded, is an attractive community of twenty-five hundred people, three hours by train from New York. During most of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, whaling captains and their families made up the backbone of its population, and they have left behind as souvenirs of their time houses decorated with some



of the handsomest widow's walks in New England. Many of its present-day citizens are prosperous fishermen. Here Miss Kellems has invested about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars in two pieces of property. She paid cash for them (as is her primitive custom), the money coming from a bank account that she, her brother David, and the Kellems Company maintain and draw on jointly for everything they need, from the firm's annual supply of tinned-bronze wire to a new



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pair of nylons, a practice that may well add to the complexity of Miss Kellems' tax situation. One of the Stonington acquisitions is a ten-room, sixty-thousand-dollar residence, built on a rock jutting out into the Sound, which Miss Kellems shares with David, a heavy, mild-eyed, amiable man of thirty-nine, and his pretty young wife and their two sons, aged eight and eleven. These days, the care of this house, whose predominant interior color is a misty blue, becoming to a gray-haired lady with blue eyes, is mainly the concern of Mrs. David Kellems, since much of the time her sister-in-law is out on the road spreading the gospel.

Five miles west of the house is Miss Kellems' other Stonington purchase, a two-story building, formerly a wire-manufacturing plant, which she has fitted out with glass-brick partitions, indirect lighting, and, again, a powder-blue color scheme, and which she uses as a combination office-and-factory. Over this establishment, with its forty-nine employees, seven of whom migrated with her from Westport and all of whom are non-union, Miss Kellems exercises direct control of a variety that is, in most cases, kind, generous, and unwaveringly maternalistic. If some of the twenty-eight men and twenty-one women workers—grip makers, steel-eye makers, machinists, filing clerks, salesmen, and so on—are not in full agreement with her stand against the withholding tax, they at least could not complain, during the interlude when she was not withholding from their wages, that her revolutionary activity caused them the financial shock that they, along with millions of others, experienced four times a year before the withholding law became effective. Miss Kellems spared them this anguish by having her office staff compute the amount of tax due on each employee's weekly wage and type it on every pay check, in order to facilitate its being deposited in the special bank account that each employee was urged to open for tax purposes. Some realists have patronizingly pointed out that in this way Miss Kellems, one of whose noisiest reasons for denouncing the withholding-tax law has been that it adds to an employer's bookkeeping burdens, succeeded only in adding to *hers*, but she feels that if she was put to more trouble than other, more docile industrialists, it can be written off as having been all in a worthy cause.

In the office of Miss Kellems' plant, piled into folders and filed away in cardboard boxes, are stored many of the thousands of clippings about her that

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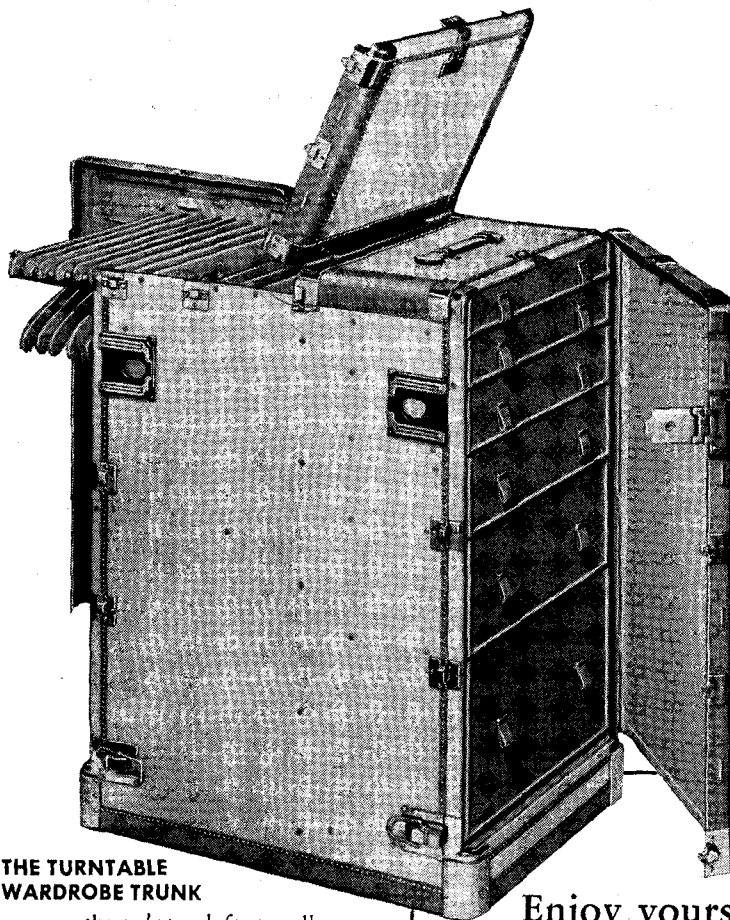
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Burrelle's Press Clipping Bureau has culled for her from the nation's newspapers. One of her favorite forms of relaxation is sitting down and reading over the latest returns, beginning with the editorials and letters-to-the-editor. The folders containing the clippings are separated for her into categories marked "For" and "Against." In the course of the past ten years, nearly five hundred "For" editorials have been published about her, in such geographically scattered papers as the *Los Angeles Times*, the *Binghamton (New York) Press*, the *Chanute (Kansas) Tribune*, the *Xenia (Ohio) Gazette*, and the *Provo (Utah) Herald*. From the "For" folders, she has been gratified to learn that, according to the *Wilson (North Carolina) Times*, "what this country needs are a few more Vivien Kellems;" that if anybody should ask the *Columbus (Georgia) Ledger*, "this woman's stand is a glimmer of light in the darkening epoch of personal liberty all over the world;" and that, in the opinion of the *San Diego weekly Broom*, "were there a few more Vivien Kellems in this country this would again be the land of the free." "I give you my word, she is a petite firebrand," Austin Kiplinger wrote in the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* a year or so ago. "I went to hear her, fully expecting to dislike her. I expected to hear a single-minded, self-righteous, humorless crusader who was more interested in martyrdom than in accomplishing her objective. I came away convinced that she is single-minded and self-righteous, but not humorless, and she is intensely interested in accomplishing her objective." "Wish we had a thousand like her," wrote one B.C.C. in a letter to the *Detroit Free Press*. "Our government is getting bigger and balmier every day in every way. We need someone to lead us back to sanity." As someone to lead the way back to sanity, Miss Kellems has been recommended for the Presidency by the *Elmsford (New York) Herald*, and by a lady named Shirley DeConley, in a letter to the *Hollywood Citizen-News*. People who recommend Miss Kellems for the Presidency and papers printing commendatory editorials about her usually receive from her a gracious thank-you note.

Miss Kellems engages in no undignified correspondence with the editors of the some three hundred and fifty other papers, among them the *Kewanee (Illinois) Star-Courier*, the *Bangor (Maine) Commercial*, the *Mason City (Iowa) Globe-Gazette*, and the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, that have contributed editorially to her "Against" file,



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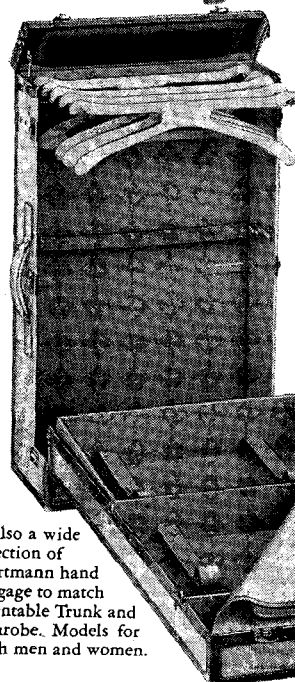
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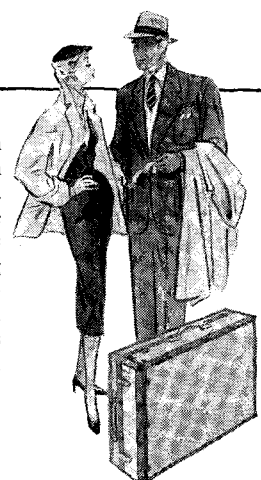
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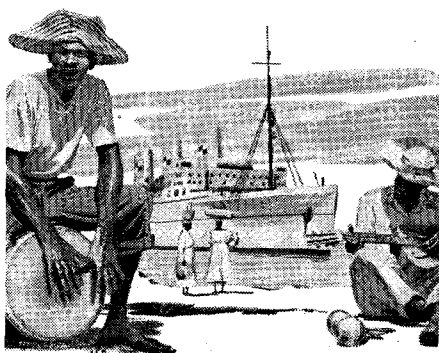
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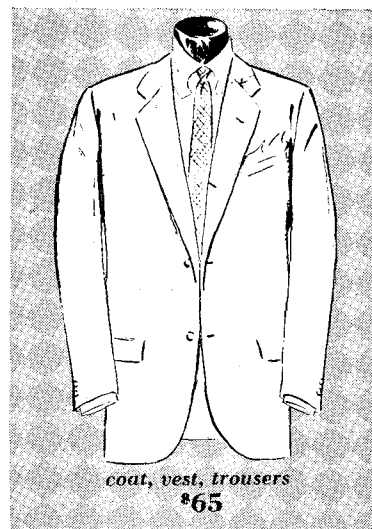
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but she has read enough of their product to be aware that much of the space they expend on her is devoted to spelling out for her some elementary economic facts of life—announcing that, in case she doesn't realize it, what she has really been practicing is anarchy, and warning her that if all employers followed her example and refused to withhold their employees' taxes, a vast amount of the money due the government would never be forked over at all, millions of people would wish they were dead on each March 15th, the present regiment of Internal Revenue men would have to be expanded many times over, and the net result would be that tax rates would almost certainly go up for people like Miss Kellems. She also knows that some of the editors did not conceal their delight over her predicament when the government took what she owed in taxes, as well as stiff penalties, directly out of her bank account. "Kellems tried to make a monkey out of the United States government," crowed the Ogden (Utah) *Standard-Examiner* a couple of years ago, indulging in what it now appears may have been premature exuberance. "The Treasury Department has made a monkey out of her." After a session with the "Against" file, Miss Kellems, who neither smokes nor drinks, usually turns for a pick-me-up to her favorite clipping. This is an editorial, entitled "She Licked the New Deal," that appeared on the front page of the *Chicago Tribune* in 1948. "I guess that's the exact paper whose writeup people would expect me to like best, isn't it?" Miss Kellems says. "Well, there's no getting around it, I do, you know."

On occasions when Miss Kellems shows signs of swallowing whole, without seasoning, the *Tribune's* congratulatory adjectives or those of any of the three thousand heartily admiring personal letters she pulled in during one of her more civilly disobedient months, there is always a chance that someone may call to her attention the fact that no other employer, in or out of her correspondence file, has felt sufficiently admiring to follow her lead in flouting the withholding-tax law, and that the office of the Collector of Internal Revenue in Hartford reported a total of only three communications protesting its cavalier treatment of her bank account—an enraged note from a gentleman resident of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, a milder communication from California, and an anonymous letter mailed in Bridgeport, enclosing an editorial from the Bridgeport *Post* that warned the government to "Look Out. Beware. Take it easy. Making war on

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a woman isn't popular." This editorial was the loyal contribution of George Waldo, a friend of Miss Kellems' and the editor of the *Post*, who recently assured her in a poetic letter that "Who comes to grips with Vivien/ Is headed for oblivion." Miss Kellems may also be reminded now and then that since the withholding-tax law was passed, she has not been able to persuade even the National Association of Manufacturers, of which she is a member and which has in the past honored her on some of its radio programs as an outstanding woman industrialist, to come out against the statute. In fact, last winter, for the second time, the Association politely pigeonholed her proposal that she address it on the subject, although she threatened that if it didn't give her the opportunity to do so, she would turn all the details of the organization's spineless behavior over to her friend and ally Westbrook Pegler. The impressive enthusiasm of her audiences, a largely conservative lot, has even been deprecated by a fellow N.A.M. member, who happens to be one of her loudest luncheon-meeting applauders. "I think the thing is, she reminds us of our grandmothers," he said the other day. "She's the fiery little pioneer woman, swinging axes around and tearing her heart out for something she loves. A good, nostalgic spectacle, in other words. And she's a damn good speaker, too—says all the things about the government that inhibitions of some kind keep the rest of us from saying most of the time, so naturally we get a big kick out of it. But when it comes to actual political influence and real, live elections—why, Vivien reacts so far back that even we so-called reactionaries don't pay her much mind. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if, in the long run, she goes so far out on a limb to the right that instead of following her, the first thing we know, we've clamped onto those inhibitions a little tighter and moved over quite a bit the other way." When this version of Miss Kellems' role in contemporary affairs was relayed to her, she gave a ladylike snort. "See what I mean about all those dear, sweet men being too baffled and defeated to do anything about this ghastly situation that's destroying this country?" she said. "Why listen to them? They admit it themselves! I tell you it's just got to be up to us women."

THE three lower floors of a five-story, sixteen-room town house on East Sixty-fourth Street, which she bought last year for sixty-seven thou-

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sand dollars, serve as Miss Kellems' headquarters when her schedule makes it impracticable for her to operate out of Stonington. While in the city, she spends much of her time working on a book about taxes, commissioned by a local publisher, which she is going to call "Toil, Taxes, and Trouble." She is also on the telephone a great deal, directing her affairs in Stonington, keeping up with the internal politics of a new women's party, called the Minute Women, which she founded, in Connecticut, a year or so ago and which has yet to throw a scare into either of the major parties, and supervising the various legal imbroglios in which she seems to be perpetually involved. In addition to preparing for the likely appeal by the government from the jury's decision in her withholding-tax case, she is at the moment embroiled in a suit filed against her by a former landlord of hers in Westport for non-payment of rent on an office building under the terms of a two-year lease she signed in July, 1948, at a time when she was apparently unable to believe that any judge would possibly decide against her in favor of the lunatic zoning laws of that community, and the legal altercation with her former employee who a year and a half ago set up some mandrels on his own. While attempting to thwart this upstart operation, Miss Kellems didn't hesitate to invoke a Connecticut law that provides for the immediate attachment of all property of a defendant in a suit for damages, and she went to the extreme lengths of having all her competitor's machinery moved to a Bridgeport warehouse, instructing her lawyer to refuse to accept bond, and returning the subversive mandrels only when forced to do so by a court order. This performance was considered especially interesting by those who only a few weeks before had heard Miss Kellems' imperious testimony before a special session of the state legislature on the necessity of repealing the attachment law, which she described as Communistic, her indignation having been aroused by the hardship the law had caused her friend and fellow Minute Woman, Mrs. Hester McCullough, after the latter lady had been sued for libel for calling Paul Draper and Larry Adler Communist sympathizers.

While in New York, Miss Kellems usually has a date to go over specifications with the John A. Roebling people, from whom she has bought all her bronze, tinned-bronze, and heavy steel wire for twenty years, and she is likely also to have appointments with the purchasing agents of Electric Bond & Share



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and Western Electric, which have been buying her cable grips for even longer. On the days she is feeling strongest, she may take time out to ponder the spreading use of the coaxial cable, the microwave transmission of electricity, and the habit some cable-manufacturing companies have fallen into of attaching their own grips to their product before it leaves the factory—any of which developments, given time, might turn the Kellem's grip into the same kind of relic of a vanished civilization that Miss Kellem's herself is occasionally accused of being.

Between chapters and appointments, on days when Miss Kellem's is in New York and isn't lunching or dining with one of her numerous gentlemen admirers, she usually takes her meals alone in the coeducational dining room on the roof of the Yale Club, where she is a great favorite. One recent afternoon there, the headwaiter and three assistants hurried up to congratulate her on the outcome of her war with the United States, only to look suitably sympathetic when she explained a few minutes later that the trouble was, those grasping Washington characters were probably going to appeal. "But don't you worry about me, Alfred," she said, patting the headwaiter affectionately on the arm. "I'll take this case to the Supreme Court, if I have to. And, you know, even if I lose my case there, I'll win. Since I made all those speeches, the whole country's been fermenting like yeast on the subject of taxes, so if in the end I lose my case"—here her voice ascended effortlessly in the fervid crescendo of the practiced evangelist—"it will be a sign to the people. They will see the terrible truth for what it is and rise up against their tyrants. How's that famous black-bean soup today, Alfred?" She picked up a menu and, holding it at arm's length from her farsighted eyes, went on, "Of course, if they don't, if the people of this country, even the *women* of this country, don't have that much covered-wagon spirit left after all these years of claptrap paternalism—why, I'll just have to work out some other way to bring them to their senses. Don't you worry your head about it, Alfred," she said, baring her pearl-like teeth in a bright smile. "I'll think of something."

—ANDY LOGAN

(This is the second of two articles on Miss Kellem's.)

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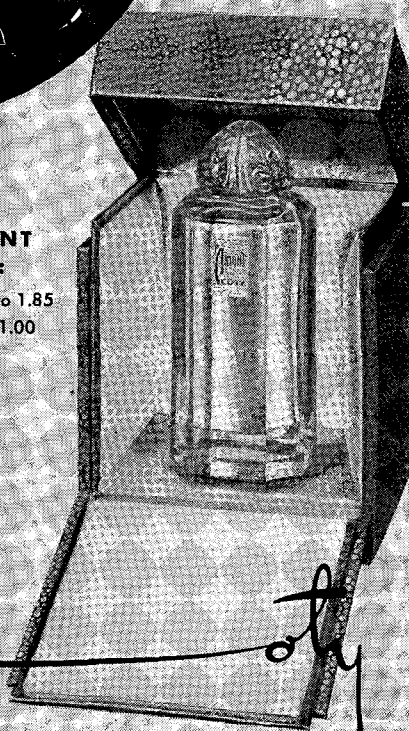
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THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF TENNESSEE

IN "The Rose Tattoo," at the Martin Beck, Tennessee Williams has abandoned the doomed, exhausted, and melancholy survivors of the Southern aristocracy to write about a lively colony of Sicilians residing on the Gulf Coast somewhere between New Orleans and Mobile. He has also given up his old preoccupation with remorseless decay for what it is customary to describe as a note of hope. The result is a generally satisfactory, if somewhat uneven, play—often very funny and touching, and occasionally, when the author feels obliged to demonstrate his gift for lyric expression and his contempt for conventional plot structure, a little pretentious and shapeless.

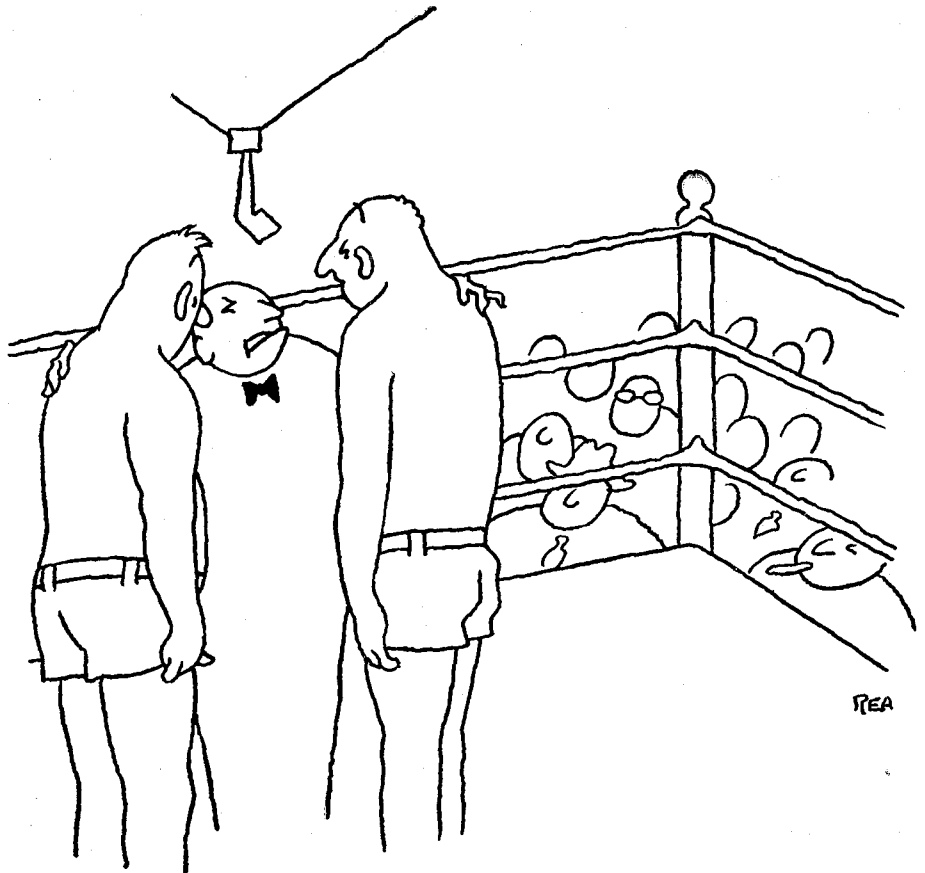
The heroine of Mr. Williams' work is a woman named Serafina Delle Rose, who thinks she has achieved a perfect union with her husband, whom she admires as a putative baron (apparently practically everybody in Sicily has a title of one kind or another), as a successful dope smuggler, and especially as a lover. (It is a symbol of their extraordinary felicity, and perhaps of Mr. Williams' rich and dangerously fertile imagination, that a rose tattooed on his breast is reproduced on hers in one moment of ecstasy.) Presently, this man is shot down in the pursuit of his trade. She enshrines his ashes in an urn in her living room, beside an image of the Virgin, and for three years dedicates herself to his memory, to the extent that she refuses to leave her house or even to put on much in the way of clothes. This period of intense but somehow triumphant mourning might have gone on forever if it hadn't been for the fact that the baron had devoted several of the last months of his life to an affair with the girl who operated the blackjack game at a nearby sporting establishment, and rumors of this attachment finally come to Serafina's ears. At first she refuses to accept the intolerable idea that he could have been unfaithful to her, but at last, through information supplied her by a truck driver who happens to be passing that way, she is forced to, and she smashes the urn and returns, in a manner of speaking, to life. There is a subplot involved, in the shape of a ro-

mance between Serafina's fifteen-year-old daughter and a sailor, the consummation of which is threatened by the heroine's fierce determination to preserve the girl's chastity (if I am not entirely clear here, I doubt whether Mr. Williams is either), and there is an abundance of picturesque but rather carelessly defined subordinate characters, including a great many highly vocal women and children of the neighborhood, a salesman of gadgets, and a goat that, even on opening night, gave every evidence of incipient nervous collapse.

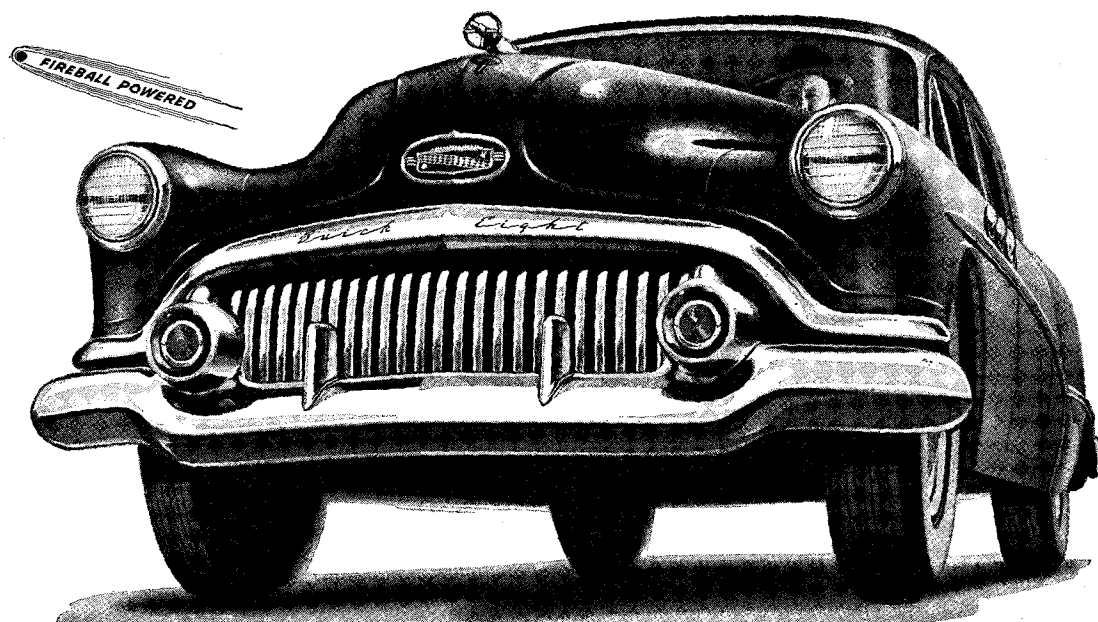
I am aware that this is a frivolous and inadequate survey of Mr. Williams' plot, but it is the best I can do with it, the wealth of incident presented on the stage being too much for a reasonably brief synopsis. In any case, I can't believe that the really interesting

thing about "The Rose Tattoo" is the fate of the people in it, or any large message its author may have for the world; to me, the interest lies simply in his gift for handling individual scenes. Serafina's courtship by the truck driver, a desperate man saddled with three "dependents," who just sit around playing parcheesi and the numbers game and drinking beer, has moments of great gaiety, and it is also an excellent example of Mr. Williams' unusual ingenuity in the manipulation of clichés for humorous purposes. The sequences between the girl and the sailor, though overlong, are written with real feeling and delicacy, and there is an interlude in which Serafina gets mixed up with two Southern belles on their way to assault an American Legion Convention that is executed with admirable skill and wit. On the whole, to paraphrase a sentence I believe originated with Miss Tallulah Bankhead, I suspect that there is a good deal less in "The Rose Tattoo" than meets the eye. Nevertheless, I was happy with it much more than half the time, and I have a feeling that you will be, too.

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Mann's direction of the minor parts, the production is first-rate. Maureen Stapleton, as Serafina, displays notable humor and authority, and may easily be the most promising of our younger actresses; Eli Wallach is enormously engaging as the truck driver; and they are given charming and intelligent assistance by Phyllis Love and Don Murray, as the daughter and her nautical beau. Boris Aronson's set, showing the interior and exterior of the heroine's wonderfully dishevelled home, is a work of distinguished taste and imagination.

"THE GREEN BAY TREE," by the late Mordaunt Shairp, was first seen here in 1933 at the Cort, where it had a run of twenty weeks. Jed Harris, a man of impressive, if sometimes rather peculiar and disturbing, talent, was the producer and director; Robert Edmond Jones designed the scenery; and the cast was composed of James Dale, Laurence Olivier, Jill Esmond, Leo G. Carroll, and O. P. Heggie. The play was revived last week at the John Golden by Shepard Traube, who also directed it; the sets were the work of Raymond Sovey; and Joseph Schildkraut, Denholm Elliott, Anne Crawford, Francis Compton, and Mercer McLeod made up the company. The story, as you doubtless know, has to do with the struggle between an elderly aesthete—to employ the handiest euphemism for him—and a female veterinarian to control and possess a young man. The choice the hero is given—between a character who seems to have come directly out of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and an animal doctor—is obviously an unusual one, and only a very skillful production can save it from absurdity. I think that Mr. Harris succeeded brilliantly with his rendition, which had, in both acting and background, a quality of style that disguised the fundamental naïveté of Mr. Shairp's treatment of his difficult theme, and somehow made the boy's odd predicament seem plausible and moving, and even gave the quaintly stilted dialogue in which it is expressed a sort of sinister elegance. Mr. Traube's production, I'm afraid, is far less effective, having at many times a strong flavor of unconscious humor.

A large part of the blame for this can be laid to Mr. Sovey, whose principal set, intended to represent the London lair of a gentleman of exquisite taste, suggested to me nothing quite so much as an apartment on the upper West Side of New York conscientiously decorated by a lady from a large department store. It is the wrong kind of room for



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daintily contrived epigrams, and they ring hollowly in it, and as a symbol of a life of fashionable decadence as opposed to a career in animal husbandry it struck me as highly inadequate. The other scene—the living room of a suburban villa—is obviously meant to be in hideous contrast to this wickedly luxurious abode, but in my opinion they were about equally appalling, and the point that the aesthetic attractions of vice were overwhelmingly superior to those of virtue was never made to my complete satisfaction. The acting is also far inferior to that in the original version. Joseph Schildkraut, as the unspeakable Mr. Dulcimer, plays his role with a mixture of petulance and hysteria far removed from the fine, murderous urbanity I remember in Mr. Dale's portrayal; Anne Crawford, in the fundamentally ludicrous part of the veterinary, doesn't improve things by giving the sort of performance that would not seem out of place in a revival of "East Lynne;" Denholm Elliott, as Dulcimer's sadly tangled protégé, is reasonably effective in the quieter moments of the play but shows a marked and occasionally almost comic lack of restraint in its emotional climaxes; and Mercer McLeod, as the young man's fanatical father, who eventually shoots Dulcimer, never manages to give that mad antique any semblance of reality. In fact, I was impressed only by Francis Compton, who appears as a spinsterish butler and is always clearly far too good for the establishment in which he is employed.

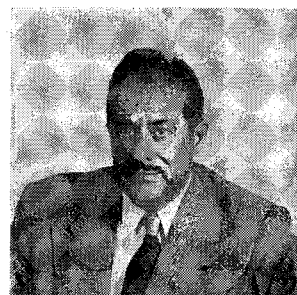
"**PEER GYNT**," Paul Green's version of Ibsen's fantasy, turned up last week at the ANTA Playhouse, which, in its usual mysterious fashion, smelled powerfully of disinfectant. This piece defeated me years ago in print and it did so again in the theatre, causing me to withdraw nervously at the end of the first of its two dark and violent acts. I can only report that John Garfield's interpretation of the leading role features such incredible leaps and bounds about the stage that I began to suspect he was suspended on wires, like Miss Jean Arthur in "Peter Pan;" that the rest of the cast, which includes Mildred Dunnoek, Karl Malden, Sono Osato, John Randolph, and Pearl Lang, seems almost as baffled by the odd Scandinavian goings on as I was; that the scenery and dancing, while elaborate, are rather too stylized for my innocent taste; and that, altogether, I had as artistically gruelling an evening as I have had this year.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 1

FOR months now, the British have been wishing uneasily that the Government would stop tiptoeing around the subject of defense and kick it right out into the open. This week, they got their wish. As a curtain-raiser to Monday's big statement in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister last Friday evening journeyed down to Forest Hill, a not particularly arboraceous suburb, to make what had been heavily tipped off in the press as an important speech on the subject of rearmament. The occasion was a small "shilling social,"

or hop, held by the local Labour Party members. (Conservatives amused themselves trying to imagine *their* leader choosing to deliver a grave message to the nation in such an offhand way.) For their bobs, the fluttered revellers got, besides the social, the Prime Minister and a raft of quipping journalists, who sardonically expected to see the grim future unveiled to the tune of "I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Cocoanuts." As a matter of fact, Mr. Attlee unveiled nothing much that evening. The partygoers listened to him very quietly, looking worried and puzzled, the children perched on their fathers' laps, the girls leaning against the shoulders of their young men. They still looked that way after he had wound up possibly the strangest remarks ever heard at a jolly get-together, by quoting what the Swiss philosopher Amiel had said, almost a hundred years ago, about the Russians and their threat of "a polar despotism." At no time, however, was he as explicit on what the British were expected to do about it as the public waiting beyond Forest Hill had hoped he would be.

On the whole, the first reaction to Monday's House of Commons statement was one of relief, since the cynics had expected a weaker program, and the pessimists a whole lot stiffer one. One of the rumors floating around among Army veterans had been that about two hundred thousand of them would be called up for an indefinite period, to form the trained backbone of the new British divisions for Europe; actually, the statement proposed only that most veterans be called up for two weeks' training. All the same, the Left Wing element, by immediately taking infuriated pot shots at the Prime Minister's statement, showed how far and how firmly the Government has come from its position at the start of the

Korean war. The first critical questions that people are asking themselves and each other seem to be as follows: Has the Government come far enough even now? Does the fortnight's refresher training that reservists will get this summer really amount to anything? Where will those fresh divisions come from? And, since the call for men and money has been progressively stepped up at every dangerous corner of the last six months, isn't it likely that a revised program will be announced almost before the public has got its breath back after this one? The



Opposition is sure to bring up all these questions, though it may approve the new measures in broad outline during the Parliamentary debate starting the week of February 12th.

At the moment, the Conservatives are talking in a highly confident strain. According to recent opinions offered by those who should know, the Party now stands flatly against the idea of any coalition, come hell or high water, for it feels it can get in under its own steam at the next general election, whenever that may be. Certainly the Government has lately suffered a perceptible drop in prestige, owing partly to the average citizen's irritable conviction that up to now he hasn't been given the foggiest notion of what is cooking for himself and his family, and partly to everyday grievances, which women, especially, are likely to tuck away in their shopping bags and bring out at the polls if someone in the Government doesn't take care. Among local irritants, the country has a fuel shortage, a meat shortage (housewives will have eight pennyworth of meat per member of the family to slap on the dinner table next week), and a savage flu epidemic to contend with—the last hardly attributable to the Government but, naturally, not making anyone feel any happier about the other trials. The current burst of Conservative sunshine has been confirmed, for what such weather reports are worth, by the latest public-opinion poll held by the *Liberal News Chronicle*, which found that Labour's popularity has slumped, though Mr. Attlee's personal popularity has risen.

There is rather less than universal confidence in the team around Mr. Attlee. Criticism, both in the newspapers and in ordinary conversation, is growing over the continuing presence of John Strachey as War Minister—not least, at this juncture, because the East African groundnuts scheme



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that he sponsored when he was Minister of Food has finally been written off at a loss. The critics complain that it is hard to feel comfortable about a Minister, now one of those responsible for efficient preparations for their greater safety, who rigidly defended a costly blunder through every stage of Parliamentary uproar. The *Times* has lately been thundering editorially for his departure. Most of the newspapers have also delivered a few terse opinions about the tenancy of another key spot in Mr. Attlee's Cabinet—to the effect that this country has had a more or less shadow Foreign Secretary for far too long, that the Prime Minister now has too heavy a part of his own to do any more emergency doubling in the role, and that he ought to immediately appoint a successor to the sick Ernest Bevin.

The Cabinet changes that Mr. Attlee has already made have not met with absolutely unqualified approval, come to that. Aneurin Bevan's appointment to the Ministry of Labour, which pleased those who point out, reasonably enough, that the job needs the strongest man in the Cabinet, has apparently aroused misgivings among those who feel that Bevan suffers from the same muscle-bound doctrinaire inflexibility as Strachey. His quitting of the Ministry of Health (one cartoonist depicted it as the occasion for a regular saturnalia of delighted medicos in Harley Street, the specialists' neighborhood) has left his successor the far from enviable job of announcing such prunings of the National Health Service as may now be necessary in order to economize on public spending—four words at which Bevan has invariably shied violently. Some kind of token payment to be exacted for hospital accommodation, and possibly for spectacles, has been mentioned as likely, even though the idea has always been bitterly assailed by Labour objectors, who hold that even the smallest charge (apart from the eightpence a week that goes for such health services out of the individual's national-insurance stamp) would make hash of the whole scheme.

BEVAN's exit has produced a big crop of reports on the state of the service as he started it on its way and as he is leaving it. By all accounts, the principal disappointment the general practitioner has had is the nonappearance of the promised health centers, which were planned to provide neighborhood groups of doctors with the latest thing in equipment, consulting



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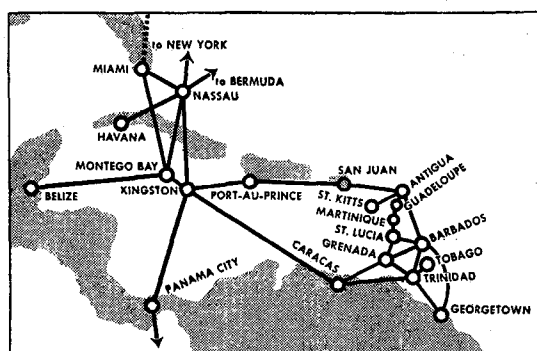
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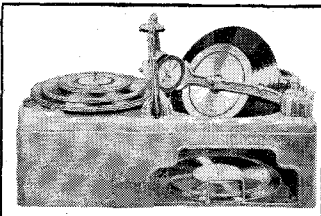
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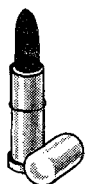
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rooms, and so on. Because Britain needs housing for the people far more urgently than housing for health, these have not gone beyond the planning stage, and now, owing to the jacked-up defense program, they are clearly way out in the blue never-never, at least for a lot of our lifetimes.

Although the general impression is that all branches of the National Health Service have been off on a spending spree, some of those responsible for hospital administration say with deep worry that they are operating on a tighter financial string now than they were in the old days, and that their principal anxiety for the future stems from the fact that capital development has had to slow down almost to a standstill. Among the general practitioners, organized agitation is still going on for an increase in the standardized annual fee that a doctor receives for each patient on his list. At present, it's around sixteen shillings. Though this works out fine in industrial areas, where a doctor is likely to have the permitted maximum of four thousand patients in his books, the general practitioners in rural districts, with, say, less than a thousand patients (who formerly included a sufficient number of well-to-do local residents to balance things up), are feeling the pinch. Around ninety-five per cent of the population have now signed up for free medical care—the majority because they can't afford to stay out, the minority because they are damned if they're not going to get *something* out of this Government—and the numbers of the comfortably placed who have preferred to stay put under the old private system are dwindling. In one spa of the elderly rich, a glum practitioner recently told a friend that he had just lost one of his wealthy patients. When he was offered a few bracing observations on the frailty of mortal flesh, he gloomily replied, "But, my dear boy, after them there are no replacements."

In all the sharp differences of opinion, financial and otherwise, between the Ministry of Health and the medical profession, the Government has been able to count on one thing (and Aneurin Bevan may not be able to count on its equivalent so confidently in his new job): that the doctors will go right on delivering the service, no matter how much sparring there may be on the sidelines. Though Bevan will certainly go down in the books as the man who was there when the big experiment started, Hippocrates ought to be mentioned as junior partner.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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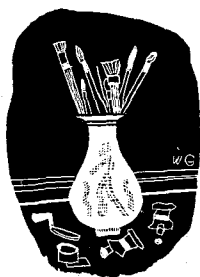
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THE ART GALLERIES

Audubon and Some Moderns



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON died in 1851, and so the National Audubon Society, a group interested primarily in the preservation of wild-life in America and the perpetuation of its namesake's memory, is holding a centennial exhibition in his honor at its headquarters, at 1000 Fifth Avenue. Though sketchily organized (it almost seems as if the Society didn't quite realize what a many-sided personage it was dealing with), the show is still a curiously interesting one. Audubon was, of course, as much an artist as he was a naturalist. Born in Haiti in 1785, the son of a French naval officer turned planter, he was set to studying for a military career. He soon gave that up, though, in favor of music and painting, and when he came to America, shortly after the beginning of the nineteenth century, he was well enough equipped in both to be able to earn his living ambidextrously, teaching music and dancing, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, painting portraits and occasional landscapes to help defray the expenses of his travels. He had since childhood, apparently, been something of a naturalist. But it was not till he had been in this country for some time that he decided to make a career of it, and here again his artistic abilities aided him, for he was not only the first man to make a really comprehensive study of the wildlife of North America, he was also the first one of any consequence to portray his subjects in their habitat and typical attitudes. Other naturalists had been content with what amounted to drawing-board renditions, exact in detail but entirely devoid of living suggestion. Audubon strove not only for accuracy but for animation, and while it's possible that others had the scientific ability to equal, if not surpass, his work as a naturalist, there was no one around at the time who could bring to bear the same qualities as an artist, not to mention the spirit of light-hearted venturesomeness that carried him along on his frequently arduous journeyings.

I'm an Audubon fan myself, and since I am almost as fond of the man and his legendary jaunts—painting,

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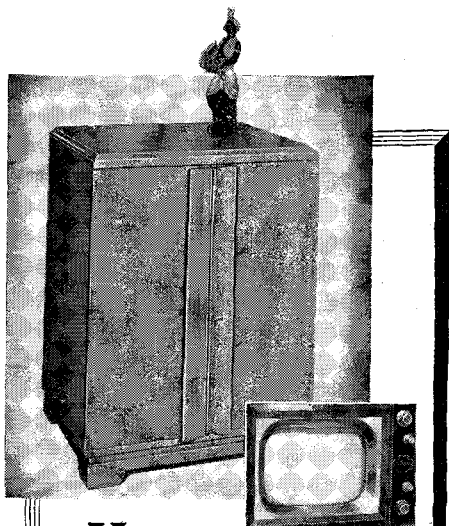
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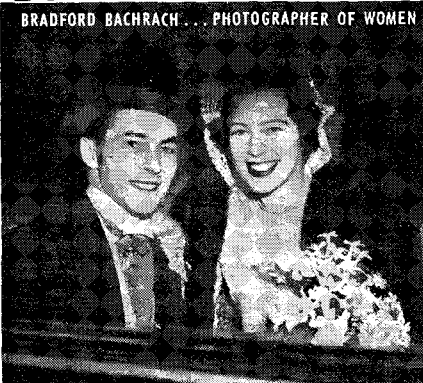


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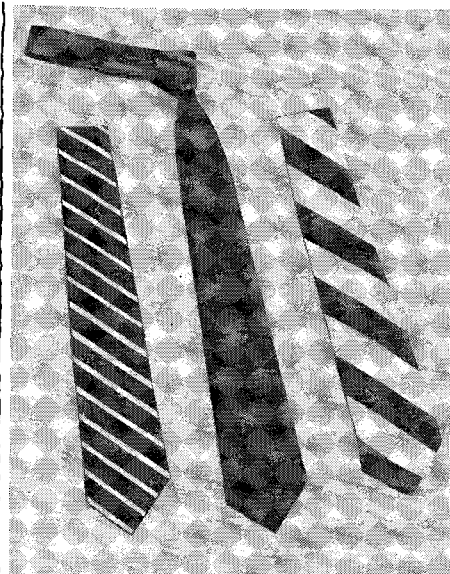
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gunning, and violin-playing up and down the Mississippi—as I am of his work, it may be that the collection will not prove as interesting to everyone as it was to me. It's a small show, too, one that hints at rather than expresses completely the capacities of the man. Yet of the twenty-odd items included—mainly studies, in oil or water color, for the prints—nearly all are excellent examples, and in his best work Audubon had an ability to catch and convey the feeling of animal wildness that is commanding. In "The Golden-Crested Wren," a bird singing on a twig of an apple tree in blossom, the feeling is innocent and poetic, as it is in "The Passenger Pigeon" and the spirited "Blue Jay." He could, nevertheless, express with equal facility the slight lumberingness of all waterfowl in "Mallard Duck" and the fierceness of the predator in "The Night Hawk," while in "The Canada Lynx" he practically makes you feel the clutch of the animal's claws as it crouches on the bough, and its hunched hostility as it prepares itself for the spring. Audubon had a mixed and a highly specialized talent, but in his way he was one of the great ones of this country in his period.

AT the Durlacher Gallery, there is a showing of new paintings by the English abstractionist Ben Nicholson. Nicholson, now in his middle fifties, has been a slow and rather cautious developer, and while the line of his progress has been on the whole remarkably consistent—from an early post-Impressionist phase, on through Mondrian, to his present effort to temper the non-objective with a trace of the representational—one result of his deliberateness has been that he is still not well known over here. He deserves to be, though, for he is an artist of obvious integrity and, despite a surface air of almost overpowering austerity in his work, a man of considerable sensitivity as well.

The show, I think, is an especially good one, and it reveals Nicholson's technical command and his compositional dexterity about as impressively as this could be done. Restraint, as usual, is the keynote. Nicholson never uses two lines where one will suffice to make his point, or a broad one where a light one will do, and if this means that at times a whole canvas will hang by a single thread of design, the thread always seems to sustain the weight required of it, and the picture gains in clarity and force by the economy of effort that went into it. The majority of the pieces in the collection are variations on a theme—



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of a carafe or pitcher and some goblets on a table—and of these I noted particularly the big “Still Life (West Pen-with),” “Still Life (Blue),” and the slightly smaller “Still Life (Linear).” I liked, too, the “Still Life (Arezzo),” with its suggestion of landscape in the background and its warm Italian coloring, as well as the very small but also very charming “Painting (Slate)” and “Still Life (Boquet).”

MORE and more, artists are essaying mixtures of the abstract and the representational, and though some of these experiments are far from successful, they're all worth watching. At the Downtown Gallery, George L. K. Morris has a set of new oils in which, although the design itself is abstract, a sense of depth (and thus a hint of the representational) is added by an arrangement of converging lines and diminishing forms, while—reversing the process—Edward John Stevens, at the Weyhe, and Vincent Campanella, at the Rehn, are showing paintings, primarily representational, which make considerable use of the flat-pattern style of the abstractionists.

Morris's method has possibilities, but I didn't think much of his experiments to date, for they smack too much of sheer optical illusion. The Campanella pieces, however, mainly based on Wyoming subjects, have an urgency and earnestness that make up for their occasional unevennesses. I especially enjoyed “Windy Afternoon,” “Dawn in Wyoming,” and “Reflections on Poker.” The Stevens paintings are Mexican in theme and, in spite of a slight feeling of superficiality now and then, are for the most part extremely engaging. The vivid “Voyage of the Gods” and “Mexican Pastoral” are perhaps the best, but I also liked the more muted “Ancient King” and “Still-Life with Mask.” —ROBERT M. COATES

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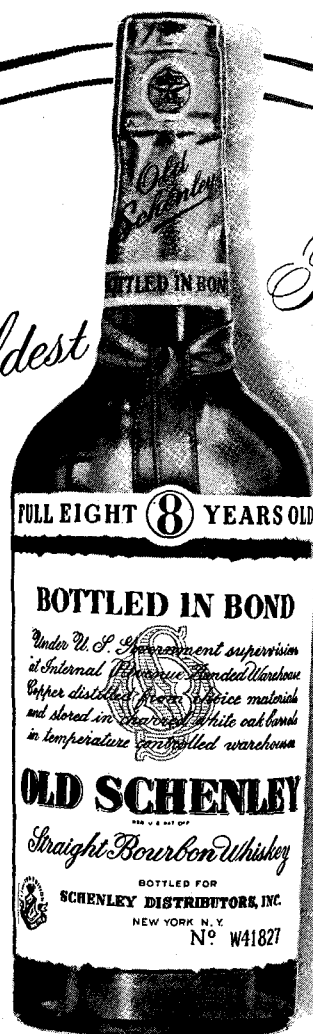
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



IF anyone wants to be assured that there'll be another coming of spring, proof is at hand in the new collection in the Suit Shop, on the third floor of Lord & Taylor. The suits, by some of the ablest designers in the business, are mostly of linen or creamy silk, are rather tailored, and are nearly all equipped with straight skirts. One by Vera Maxwell is a very soignée concoction of French-blue, natural, or black linen. It has a hip-length jacket with set-in sleeves, a black rayon velvet collar, and small pearl buttons. The silhouette, an elegant tube from shoulder to hemline, suggests that this suit would look its best on tallish women. Monte Sano's suit, of a black-flecked natural linen resembling tweed, has a peg-top skirt and is piped with black rayon velvet around the collar and lapels, giving it a brisk, well-turned-out air. Dior, always the innovator, has a three-piece arrangement of natural linen—a cutaway jacket, a straight skirt with pleats front and back, and a sleeveless cardigan. The jacket, a close fit, flares at the hips but is nipped in tight with a single large pearl button at the waist. The cardigan would be nice with any skirt or shorts or slacks. The classic, feminine-though-tailored suit is here, too. Irene of California has done it in cream Swiss silk sharkskin, which is commonly used for men's dinner coats. It has a hip-length jacket with tab lapels and a sleek, straight skirt with a certain amount of center fullness at the front. Sizes in the Suit Shop run from 10 to 16, prices from \$79.95 to \$250.

The sports-and-country-clothes department, two floors above, has good-looking Handmacher suits at from \$50 to \$75. One, the sort of thing every woman can wear, has a club collar and flap pockets. It appears in gray flannel, in multicolored checked wool, or in gabardine in solid black, brown, or other dark colors. Then, there's a two-tone gray flannel with a long, fitted jacket—ideal for a lady of some height. A short-girl version has a chopped-off jacket and triple, tabbed hip pockets. This last one also shows up in navy wool crêpe, which is a touch dressier.

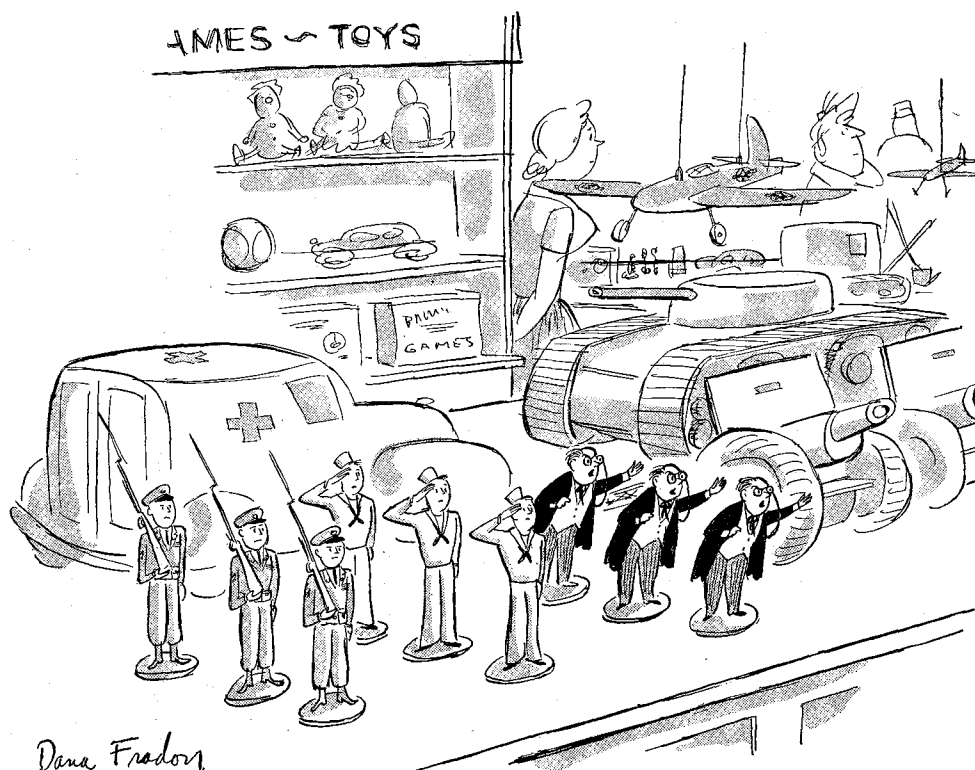
ZOË DE SALLE, 18 East 53rd Street, who is known and respected (oh, well, even *loved*) for her custom clothes, has designed a small group of

ready-to-wear coats and capes, in sizes 14 to 20 and priced at \$165. A typical topcoat, as appropriate by night as it is by day, is collarless and yoked, and has wide skirts and flowing sleeves that turn back to make deep cuffs. Another, this one with a tiny, folded collar, is slim all the way down to a sudden but graceful flare at the hemline. A cape, collarless and slightly square at the shoulders, fastens with three buttons, but there are no slits for the arms to anchor it, so the owner had better keep her hands unencumbered while she wears it. All these coats and capes are of smooth, silk-lined French wool in royal blue, turquoise, coral, pink, cinnamon, yellow, or beige. Those who are contemplating them for the city can have them made up in black, navy, or dark brown, but should be prepared to wait two weeks.

THERE is badly concealed enthusiasm around Jay Thorpe's Bride's Room over some new and beautiful wedding dresses, white over pastel, all of them with layers of skirt, long trains, and a generally fairy-tale look. The most colorful one, which is practically a rainbow, uses up ninety yards of eight shades of silk illusion in the skirt, and its bodice of white Chantilly lace has a de' Medici collar and is sprinkled with pale sequins. Another, less flamboyant, has a redingote of white English net on

which pale-blue organdie flowers have been appliquéd, and there is an accordion-pleated underskirt. White satin flowers and leaves are scattered over a white organdie with a slip of ice-blue rayon satin. A Victorian dress of frothy white *peau-d'ange* lace has forget-me-nots of pink-and-blue-sequined velvet all over it, and four tiers of accordion-pleated white tulle cascade below the polonaise drapery at the back. This has a slip of lilac tulle. A traditional ivory satin dress is trimmed with Bronti *point de Lyon* incrustated with pink imitation seed pearls and has two huge bows at the back to hold the train in place. Most of these dresses are meant to be worn over crinolines. All are custom, take five weeks to two months to produce, and cost a very fair packet of money. Jay Thorpe promise any bride that they will snip her train off after the ceremony and air-mail the dress to her so that she can wear it as an evening dress on her honeymoon.

A collection of handsome ready-to-wear wedding dresses is also ensconced in the Bride's Room. These are in sizes 7 to 20, and are of the firm's design. An angelic and ethereal white Swiss organdie has long sleeves, a Venise-type lace yoke that tapers to the waistline, and an eight-foot train. It costs \$69.95, which is as low as the prices go in this shop. (The ready-to-wears go as high as \$295.) A fitted



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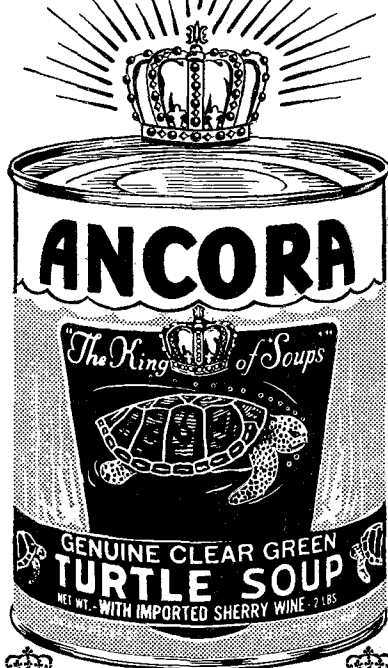
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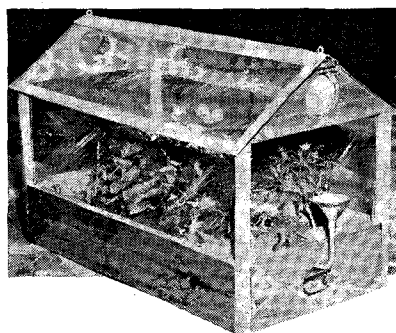
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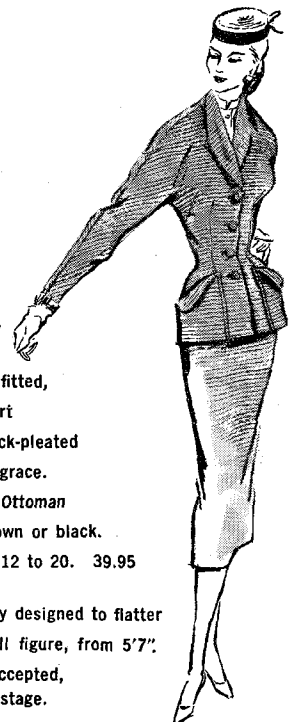
princesse dress, in ivory, pink, or ice-blue rayon satin, has a high, flesh-colored tulle yoke on which imitation seed pearls have been appliquéd over the chest, and a whopping big train; \$89.95. Any of these dresses requires three or four weeks.

THERE are dashing separates to wear anywhere, at any time from dawn to dawn, in the cheerful little shop of D. D. and Leslie Tillett, at 72 East 56th Street. Slipover blouses of silk broadcloth, mostly tiger- or wave-striped, have high, square necks and cape sleeves. One is in a combination of mauve, turquoise, charcoal, and dark red. There's a choice of fifty-two combinations in all, each at \$25. Batiste shirts, plainly cut, are \$15 in Shocking pink, blue, or gold, \$20 in plaids or unusual prints. Matching or contrasting wrap-around skirts are \$25 in cotton and \$35 in silk. For warm weather outdoors, the Tilletts have a great store of attractive shirts, bras, and short shorts with shirred waistbands that should make the customers seem slimmer. For instance, a thin cerise wool, printed with pea-green-and-white desert scenes, that looks like silk at first glance makes a shirt, bra, and shorts; \$25, \$7.50, and \$15, respectively. Similar sets in faded-blue denim, printed with ship's hardware in navy, are around the same price. Crew caps for these last are \$10. A short-sleeved terry-cloth pullover, in white brushed with a mottled bright blue, is \$20. Everything here is washable, and the buttons, even on the denim goodies, are of sterling silver.

FILETTE'S KNITTING STUDIO, on the second floor of 1128 Madison Avenue (84th), is bursting with clever and original ideas, but the people here are willing to help women work out their own clever and original ideas for clothes, using the firm's wools, naturally. This sort of thing, of course, should be tackled only by expert and patient knitters. The instruction is thrown in free. A favorite Filette yarn is a nubbly imported rayon that can be worked up into a semblance of a loose Irish crochet. This makes a blouse with a Peter Pan collar, short, set-in sleeves, and elastic at the waist to anchor it. It will stand you about \$10 for the material. If the Studio does the finishing and blocking, add \$10. (This can be a much more expensive process for some clothes.) Enough of the same yarn to make a cocktail dress with a folded, off-shoulder décolletage, slim hips, and a flaring hemline stiffened

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with horsehair costs \$27.50. The material for a tailored suit of bouclé and rayon ribbon with a fitted peplum jacket and a slender skirt comes to around \$40. Or the shop will hand-loom a skirt, the world's most tedious job of knitting, for \$27.50, plus the cost of the wool.

BEST is showing a blithe collection of Sally Victor's ready-to-wear hats. They are young but not childish, and can be tilted to suit the age and state of mind of the wearer. Most are of a straw that looks something like Milan. They come in black, white, hyacinth, and other colors. One small beret, ridged like a melon, has a flame of straw springing out of its middle; another has a short, perky quill to make it noticeable. What Victor calls a Bumper pillbox, quite springtime in mood, has grosgrain looping across the front, and a double-brimmed bonnet sports a contrasting band of rayon velvet at the center front. Then, there are caps in black or navy Moygashel linen or in white piqué, with turned-up brims of black or navy rayon velvet. The whole collection is fresh and Easterish, and prices are \$10 and \$10.95.

LITTLE girls of two to six will find a collection of copies of French youngsters' clothes at Saks Fifth Avenue. The things, which are enchanting, run from \$4.95 to \$8.95. There are dozens of jumpers—in rainbow-checked cotton with round necks, ruffled shoulders, and patch pockets; in navy or red starched lawn with laced milkmaid bodices; in chartreuse, deep-pink, or turquoise cotton broadcloth with suspenders and separate ruffled pants. The accompanying blouses, which have Peter Pan collars and tiny puffed sleeves, are of white dotted swiss, sheer, or lawn. A dress of blue, pink, or green cotton with white checks and sprinkled with stars has a yoke and sleeves of white lawn. Another, of tablecloth-checked cotton in pink and white or aquamarine and white, has an attached cape edged with diminutive white tassels. And for tailored moments there are chambrays in cocoa, purple, or copenhagen blue, whose front panels are bordered with white tassels and rick-rack. All of these gay productions have perky, wide skirts and sashes across the back.

BERGDORF GOODMAN's new beauty salon, on the fourth floor, has black-and-gold antiqued-mirror walls, walnut partitions, and touches of silver,



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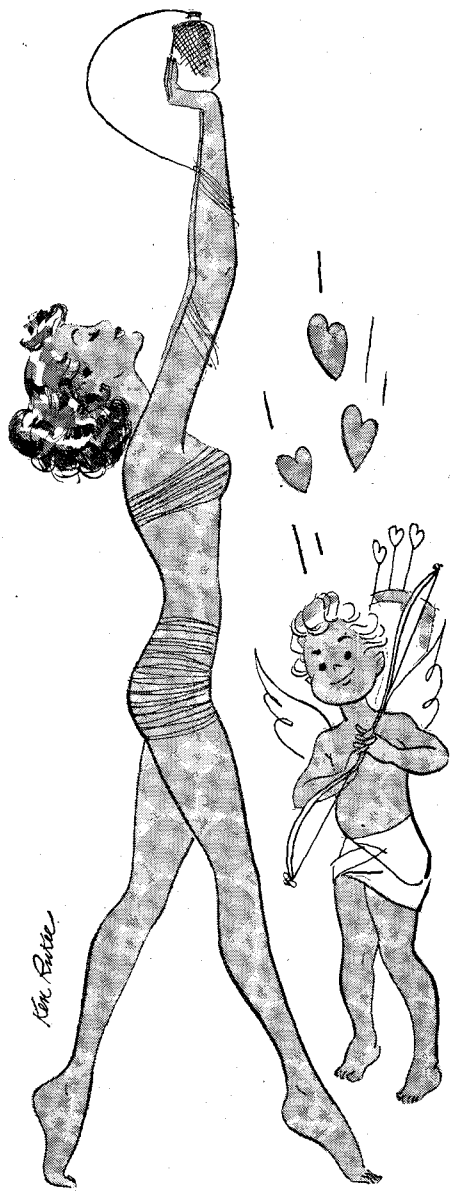
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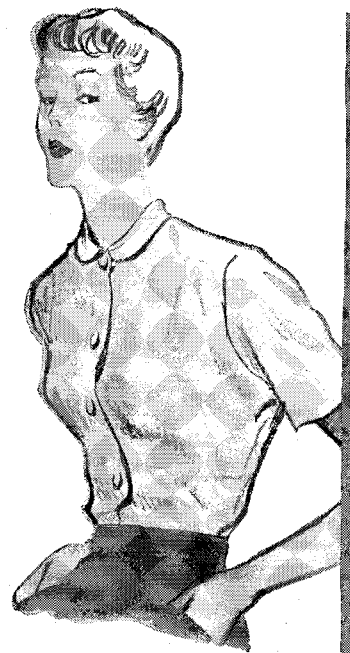
beige, and chartreuse. They tie visitors into the color scheme by wrapping them in a chartreuse or maroon cotton peignoir, then go to work on them. The frosted-cream shampoo is one of the pleasanter ways of washing the hair. The shampoo is whipped up in an electric mixer behind the scenes and arrives in a hammered copper bowl on a tray, I forget just why. The fluffy stuff is massaged into the scalp, hot towels are applied, and the patient simmers peacefully for ten minutes while her hair is shampooed. Bergdorf favors setting in soft waves that cover or almost cover the ears and end two or three inches below the nape of the neck. Opus 51 calls for a center part with deep waves over the ears, and is brushed up at the back of the neck. Spring Song is parted on the left, clings to the head but is softly swirled to show the lobes of the ears, and ends in a double wave low at the center back. Manicures start at \$1.50, and fifty cents more will get you a finger, hand, and arm massage that's so relaxing it's hard to stay awake.

SPRING has got to the perfume counters, too. Ciro's new perfume, Acclaim, suggests a great bouquet of sweet, tantalizing garden flowers. Georg Jensen's So Gaie, another flower scent, is unusually sharp but merry. It also appears in Jensen's Sachet Spray, which is stronger than cologne but retiring enough to use at the office. Yardley of London's Trio Box holds an ounce and a quarter of each of the firm's three excellent flower colognes—Lotus (lavender), Fragrance (mixed flowers), and April Violets; \$3.30. Molyneux's Connu, which is included for women who refuse to use anything but an Oriental fragrance, no matter what the season, is around in a bath oil. Two dropperfuls are plenty for a bath; three will really make one's presence felt. An ounce is \$5.70. All prices include federal tax. As for the new soaps, there's Patou's Savon Joy, which is shaped to fit your palm and leaves the skin (and the room) smelling of roses; \$2.50 a cake. There's also Guerlain's bath-size soap, flavored with Fleur des Alpes, Geranium, Jasmin, or Iris; \$3 to \$6 for a box of three cakes. —G. J.

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WHO'S A WHELK?

WHEN I announced to my friend Jennifer, recently, that I had been invited to spend a few weeks this winter on the Gulf coast of Florida, she urged me to take up shell-collecting. She said she had started a collection last summer, during a stay in California, and showed me two specimens—big, shiny, black-and-white shells, zebra-striped—that were quite handsome, in a Daliesque way. I have never collected anything, and have always thought of shell-collecting as a hobby for children and old ladies who can still stoop, but Jennifer is a persuasively enthusiastic woman and I am an easily persuaded one, so I was soon offering to bring back a bagful for her. In fact, I began to have a pretty picture of myself strolling along the white Florida sands and stopping occasionally to pick up some rare, iridescent beauty that would shimmer in my hand like a jewel. In only a few days, however, that picture was smashed to bits. I received in the mail a package from a Doubleday bookshop, and, in the same mail, a note from Jennifer, saying, "Am sending you a book that will tell you where to hunt the best specimens. If you take one alive, just drop it into a pan of boiling water, and when the animal is dead, you can poke it out with a bobby pin. Author says bent hairpin, but bobby pin works fine."

My first instinct was to drop the package itself into anything handy, unopened, but instead I cautiously penetrated the gummed wrappings and discovered a small, harmless-looking volume, its sea-blue jacket bearing the title "A Field Guide to the Shells of Our Atlantic and Gulf Coasts." I found the author, Percy A. Morris, described on the back flap of the jacket as "chief preparator [which looked to me, and still does, like "perpetrator"] of the Peabody Museum of Natural History of Yale University. . . . He is president of the New Haven Conchological Club." I next read the author's brief preface, learning that the book "is an attempt to present, in non-technical language, descriptions of the marine shells that may be collected along the East Coast from Maine to Florida."

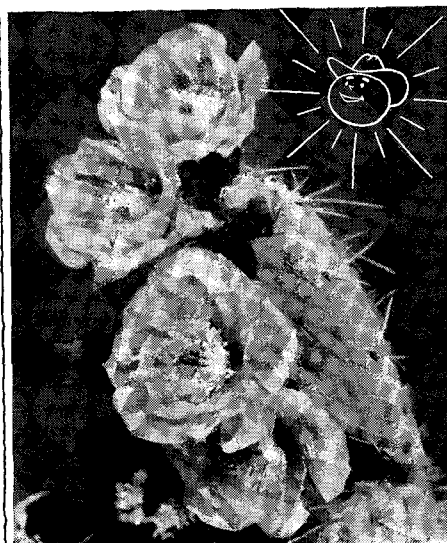
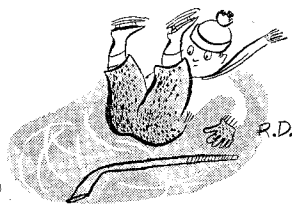
I sat down to read the introduction, which followed the preface, but by the third paragraph, I knew that the preparator of the Peabody Museum had a conception of non-technical language

staggeringly different from mine. After struggling with Amphineura, Scaphopoda, Pelecypoda, Gastropoda, and Cephalopoda—five classes of phylum Mollusca, which are broken down from class to order to family to genus to species to subspecies—I felt so broken down myself that I gave up reading and tried looking only at the illustrations. There are four hundred and two pictures of shells in the book, each with so many lines swirling, sworling, and whorling, or so many cornucopia shapes uncoping and uncurling, that I shut the book and hung on to my chair to keep it from going around. I should have hung on to the book instead, because, left to its own devices, it suddenly popped open at page 149, in the midst of the whelk family, and from that moment on I was prey to Mr. Morris's weird shell game.

TAKE the paragraph on the waved whelk, for instance. According to Mr. Morris, this whelk has a reddish-brown shell three or four inches in height and is a voracious scavenger. "Most of the empty shells found on the beach are likely to be badly worn or broken," Mr. Morris explains, "but living specimens are easily obtained by tying up a dead fish in a bag of loose netting and anchoring it among the rocks." It occurred to me that if my hostess-to-be in Florida should catch me sneaking out of the house with a dead fish and some loose netting, and should ask what I was up to, I would hate to have to look her in the eye and mumble, "Oh, I'm just setting a trap for a whelk."

Having decided against whelk-collecting, I advanced trustingly toward the baby-bonnet shell, more formally known as *Cypraea testiculus*. Mr. Morris describes this as one of the smaller helmet shells, averaging from two to three inches in length.

It is of a pinkish-buff color. The idea of a pinkish-buff baby bonnet seemed so adorable, at first glance, that I had about decided to get one, not only for Jennifer but for every little girl I know. Fortunately, I had the wit to read the rest of the paragraph. There I learned that the baby bonnet is a predaceous mollusk, and that its "inner lip is plicate for its entire length, and the outer lip is rolled back and strongly toothed within." As a once-gullible aunt who has often stuck a finger into a rose-



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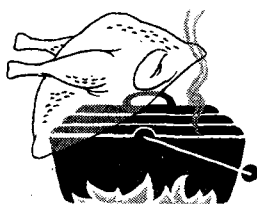
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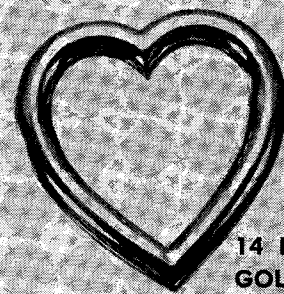
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bud mouth to extract cigarette butts, only to retreat moaning for a Band-Aid, I refuse to be bitten by a baby bonnet.

The teeth of the *Yoldia limulata* are equally prominent. The "Field Guide" explains that it is known as the file yoldia, "so called for the filelike arrangement of teeth... numbering about twenty on each side." It is distinguished "by its snoutlike posterior end and is an active, muscular mollusk capable of leaping to an astonishing height." Well, given the right provocation, I, too, am capable of leaping to an astonishing height, and if I reach for a shell that gnashes its teeth and starts jumping, I'll outleap it twenty to one.

There is a less threatening tooth-and-snout arrangement in *Tegula fasciata*, a three-quarter-inch-high herbivorous snail that attacks helpless seaweed. Mr. Morris describes it as "feebly toothed within." He says there are "two teeth at the base of the columella," that there is "a white callus that may extend partially over the umbilicus," and that "the operculum is thin and corneous." After making this report of *Tegula's* physical charms, the author adds enthusiastically, "This is a very pretty little shell, quite colorful when freshly taken." Just how *Tegula* may be freshly taken isn't made clear, but for all I know she's the same sporting proposition as her sister *Calliostoma jujubinum*, about whom the author says, "May be taken alive by dredging in fifteen to thirty feet of water, particularly on weedy bottoms."

Going on, I came to *Jujubinum's* cousin *Calliostoma euglyptum*, who, Mr. Morris remarks hurriedly, is "easily distinguished from... *Jujubinum* by gently rounded shoulders." That's a Southern girl for you—gently rounded shoulders, and probably as soft-toothed as her cousins. Backing away from this belle before being too tempted to give her a poke with a bobby pin, I stopped to read about thorny oysters, which thrive along the Gulf and may be found snuggled in chunks of coral. The "Field Guide" says, "The surface [of the shell] has many radiating ribs, and numerous scattered spines, some short and needlelike, some long and blunt." Reading this, I shudderingly remembered the thorniest experience I ever had with oysters. It happened twenty years ago, when the father of my then best beau took us both to dinner at the Lafayette and insisted we each start our gala meal with a dozen oysters on the half shell, because, he said, the Lafayette had the best oysters in New York. I had always loathed oysters, but I was so quiveringly



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eager to please a beloved, and even a beloved's daddy, that I swallowed eleven of the ghastly things, all the while making plaintive noises intended to express my wonder and delight.

DURING my stay in Florida, I won't so much have to seek out the *Nerita peloronta* as stay out of its way. According to Mr. Morris, this glistening white, orange, red, and black little fellow "is most active at nights, when it roams about the rocks." That information gave me such an uneasy feeling that I raced all the way to page 87, where I stopped to change snails and read about the crowded wentletrap, whose name I liked. It turned out to be a carnivorous mollusk found mainly in the stomachs of fish. "Rest well, little crowded wentletrap," I murmured, and riffled on, past miscellaneous thick-lipped gastropods that may be found in bracken pools, stiff clay, or old, waterlogged timbers. In next to no time, I had compiled quite an impressive list of Conchs I Could Easily Avoid, but it was on page 92 that I found the dream shell for that list—a fragile type with sloping whorls, known as *Janthina janthina*.

Janthina, Mr. Morris says, "is pale violet above and deep purple below. . . . It is a pelagic mollusk, living out its life many miles at sea, fastened to a float of its own making to which eggs are attached. It discharges a purplish fluid when irritated."

This account of *Janthina janthina*'s way of expressing herself has started up so sympathetic a reaction in me that I, too, am about to discharge a purplish fluid—known as ink—to tell my friend Jennifer Jennifer that I received the "Field Guide" and have decided to stay away from beaches, bracken pools, and the New Haven conchological boys indefinitely. —HILDEGARDE DOLSON

The two weddings were in sharp contrast.

Mary Margaret, given in marriage by her father, was attended by six bridesmaids, including two other younger sisters, Lea and Faustine. There were six bridegrooms. At Waco, Glenna Lee and Mr. Pontikes were attended only by his father, Angelos K. Pontikes.—*The Herald Tribune*.

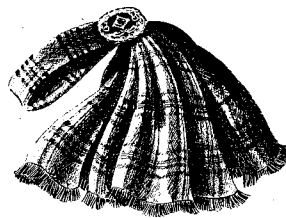
That is a sharp contrast.

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[*Eleanor King in the Journal-American*]

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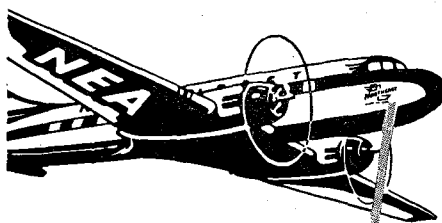
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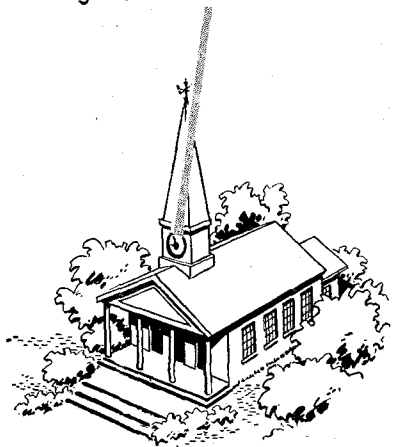
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TABLES FOR TWO

Three in One



THE bicycle act of the late Joe Jackson and the ventriloquism routine of Señor Wences have long seemed to me to be practically perfection in the rather odd art of the vaudeville and night-club world. Like Jackson's sketch, the

Señor's act is a gem that has been only polished, not changed, over the years. I am happy to report that it is currently an ingredient of the show at the Latin Quarter—the only genuine article in the prodigal entertainment with which the management ceremoniously douses the believers twice a night. Ventriloquists are, by and large, a threadbare lot who seem to assume that any unimaginative material sounds better when it comes out of the mouths of defenseless dummies representing children. Wences, too, leans on child appeal, but only slightly, and his embellishments are marvellous. The distinctive thing about his performance is its grotesque charm. He gracefully creates a world composed of three people—himself, a sorry-looking boy (his head is Wences' right fist—thumb and forefinger lined with lipstick, and knuckles adorned with a wig), and a short-spoken, bearded man (an awesome, realistic-looking dummy head sticking out of an outsize cigar box). Wences sets this world in motion and brings suspense into it, in the form of a circular tray that he spins on the end of a long pointer; the boy and the man are both terrified of the tray whirling above them. That's just about all there is to the story, but the approach to it—the artful introduction of the two make-believe characters, and their growing interest in and concern over Wences' behavior—lends it a strange fascination. So dexterous and sure is Wences that when it is all over, you are likely to get the feeling of having been in the presence of a supernaturally gifted illusionist, rather than a ventriloquist, realizing suddenly that, without revealing a thing about himself, he made you believe in a world that wasn't there.

The rest of the Latin Quarter show is a lavish, varied display of mediocrity, brightened somewhat by the expert

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acrobatic work of the Christiani troupe and by the supple dancing girls. It opens with "An Arabian Phantasy," in which Scheherazade, played by an attractive and accomplished soprano named Sara Ann McCabe, sings, "One night at a frivolous party, he met the fair Scheherazade"—the most arresting rhyme I've heard in a long time.

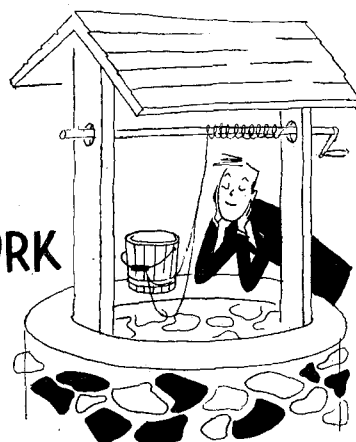
BEN BLUE and an enormously effective stooge-and-straight-man, named Sid Fields, dart through a ramshackle variety show in the gaudy basement called La Martinique. Blue's forte is nonsense—foolish chatter and silly stage business. A slight man with a perpetually startled expression, he moves about like a deer, inquisitive but extremely shy, his characteristic sound a nervous little laugh. He starts an ambitious card trick, confidently enlisting the aid of most of the other performers in the show and several of the customers, but has lost track of the whole thing by the time everybody is participating. Shopworn burlesque sketches and more inventive routines, like his parody of a choral director, all succumb to his talent. He is a true clown, whose personality enriches his material. Only his occasional lapses into vulgarity mar his appeal.

I won't go into any of the supporting acts that appear with Blue, except to say that it was difficult to determine which was more disheartening—a frighteningly restless singing quintet, whose members, obviously aware of the advantages of presenting a moving target, kept shifting their formation, or an unmusical baritone, who stood reasonably still while singing.

HERB SHRINER, a folksy monologist, and Yvette, a forthright blond singer, make up the show in the Persian Room. The characteristics required of the folksy monologist are these: He must keep his hands in his pockets and look at the floor most of the time, glancing up slyly at his audience only on those occasions when he feels he has said something really clever, and though his suit may be neat, his hair must not be slicked down. Shriner cannily follows these precepts, handed on by the late Will Rogers, while he talks at length about his home town, the people in it, and their curious mores. He is personable and mildly diverting. Yvette is bold, brassy, and efficient. She sings show tunes and popular songs vigorously and persuasively. She also had the nice judgment, the night I saw her, to resurrect an engaging song about all the special services provided by "a movie house in



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Manhattan," a number I remember having heard in some revue.

OVER at the Blue Angel, Pearl Bailey is the mightiest of the entertainers. Her halting, easygoing delivery of songs is as enjoyable as ever, and she was sporting a stunning copper-colored makeup on her face and hands the night of my visit. The Page Cavanaugh Trio plays the show and, abetted by two singing girls, has a spot of its own, in which the group gets off some stylish performances of popular songs. Paula Drake, a good-looking singing comedienne with one or two bright ideas in her repertoire, is also on the bill.

—D.W.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[A letter received by *The Nation* from Japan]

DEAR EDITOR:

Here I enclosed with the cartoons and a picture which published in the Japanese papers and the explanations as follow. May be you can use this with the my article that sent out esterday via air mail.

#1. Upper picture is disordering the lower house, where Prime Minister Mr. Yoshida *ma king* the policy speech. Lower's is the steering committee meeting of the upper house.

#2. "A Tiger (the Prime Minister—the order of the power re-organization—) Will goes through." and roaring "groan, groan." and the opposition parties the democrats (front) and the socialists (back).

#3. "The Wrestling." The Prime Minister was holding in his mouth, a paper of the Potsdam Ordinance.

#4. "Jumped like a Kangaroo." The Prime Minister with one's bound from the bank to a boat. And a baby in his back is potadam ordinance and a dog on the bank is opposition party, barking "bow-wow."

#5. "Ignored the rules." The pitcher is Prime Minister, the catcher is suppose to be government party and ball is the power re-organization potadam ordinance. The batter is opposition party and unseen person in background is probabry the occupation authority, its said "strikeout, change."

I wrote the three articles already, how are you likes its. I did not yet received letter from you, so any mean to knowing the your comments.

Sincerely yours,

ROY HOKE IKEDA

"Amber," the cocker-terrier member of the Robert Keller household, Allston St., was a winner last Saturday in the contest held at Leonard's food market. "Amber" won a camera as a prize for the best-dressed dog. She wore her pink satin ballet costume. —*East Los Angeles Tribune*.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Illicit Interlude



THE hero of "September Affair" is a wealthy engineer who meets a comely concert pianist on a Rome-to-New York airliner and winds up living with her in a Florentine villa not much smaller than the Uffizi Palace. Although the engineer has a good wife and a noble son back in the United States, his unsanctified relationship with the musical lady seems fairly secure from outside interference, because both he and the pianist have been listed as dead ever since their plane, which they fortunately failed to reboard after a stopover in Naples, took a header into the Mediterranean. Our boy is not, however, entirely happy. As his sweetheart lines out Rachmaninoff on her baby grand, he keeps brooding about not having a turbine around to tinker with. The heroine isn't too troubled over this. "Don Quixote fought windmills," she points out. "I can fight turbines." But while she is brave in the face of her paramour's lust for machinery, she goes to pieces when his wife and son, acting on a tip, pull into Florence and start making inquiries. After a good deal of emotional backing and filling, the principals decide, as you knew all along they would, to do the decent thing, and presently they are winging home to America, on the same plane but not in adjoining seats.

Besides Rachmaninoff, the sound track includes quite a few renditions of the Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill ballad called "September Song." It's a fine piece, but just how it or the title adapted from it applies here is something I don't understand. "September Song" is the lament of a fellow who is getting on in years, and the fellow in this picture is only supposed to be crowding forty. The notion seems to be that such an elder has only a couple of gasps left before they tuck the winding sheet around him, but, as a devoted reader of actuarial tables, I can assure you that this is nonsense. Furthermore, Joseph Cotten, who plays the hero, doesn't look any more doddering than Kyle Rote, and certainly Joan Fontaine, as the musician involved, doesn't view him as a relic. I suppose that Hal Wallis, who produced this film, had in mind turning

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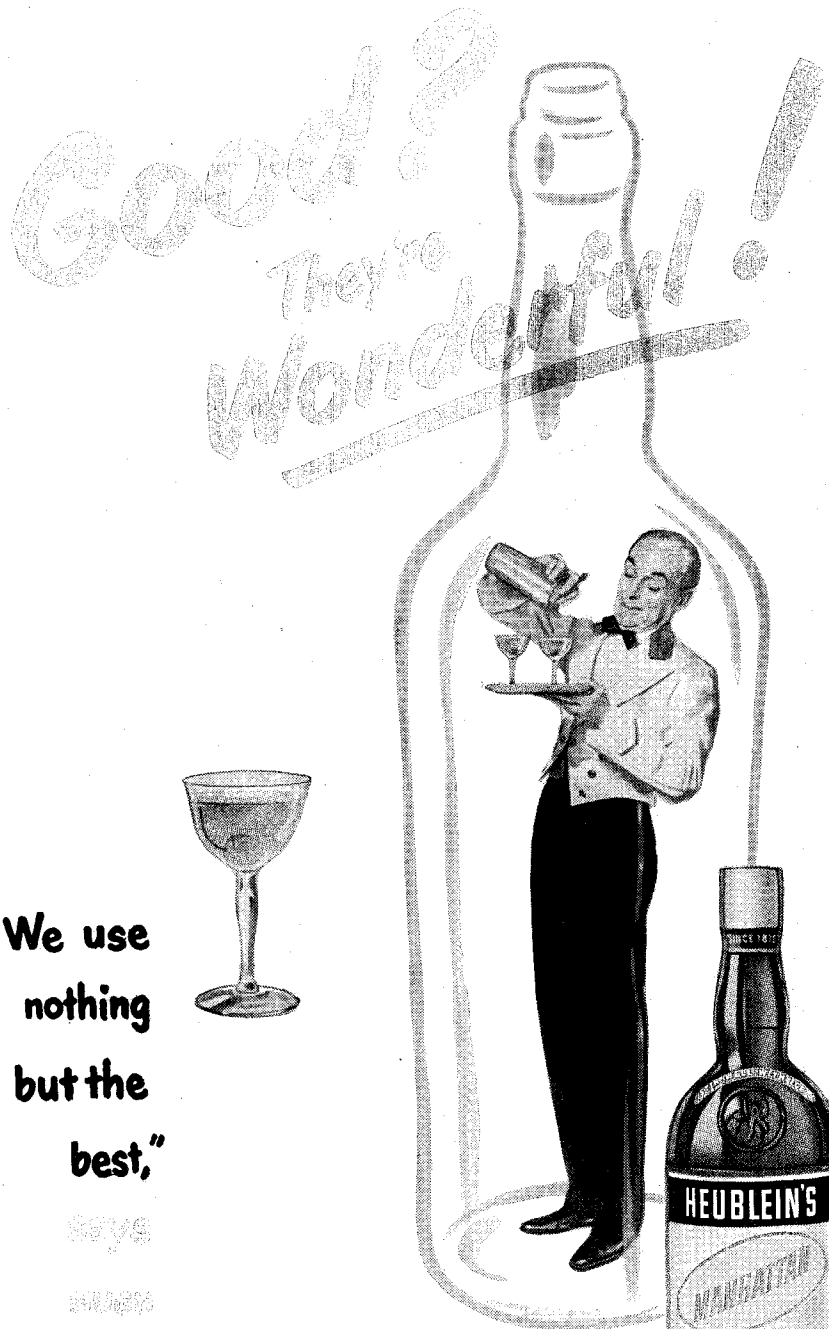
of the

great

barman

in a

bar



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out something like "Brief Encounter," with a bit of "Dodsworth" thrown in for luck. He missed both of them by a mile.

IN "Operation Pacific," John Wayne, who is cast as a submarine officer, grills his estranged wife about another man. "When you kiss him," he asks, "do you get that old zing?" The dialogue goes along like that throughout the film, and the action is almost equally silly. Along with Mr. Wayne, who appears to believe that a submariner is about as rich in emotion as Calvin Coolidge, "Operation Pacific" employs the services of Ward Bond, Philip Carey, and Patricia Neal. I would hesitate to trust the Weehawken ferry to the hands of the gentlemen, and I'm afraid the lady makes an unlikely Lorelei.

ANOTHER estranged wife, so help me, turns up in "Call Me Mister." This one is played by Betty Grable, who helps to hash up a florid Technicolor musical flying under a title that once identified a lively revue. All that remains of the revue is a couple of songs and a brief sketch about the Air Force. The rest is standard Grable foolishness.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

VIVID WRITING DEPARTMENT (DIVISION OF THE SATURATED SIMILE)

[From "Halo in Brass," by John Evans]

... skin filled with thin shallow wrinkles and yellowing a little like the linen in an old maid's hope chest. —Page 1.

His face held all the interest and animation of a butcher's block. —Page 15.

... with a face like a peat bog and the same amount of wavy black hair you find on a lightning rod. —Page 24.

Her smile was as guarded as her eyes and her eyes were as guarded as the Philadelphia Mint. —Page 29.

Her mouth was a wolf trap. —Page 34.

... the kind of a person who looks like mineral oil tastes! —Page 64.

... a thin tubercular face the color of boiled pork. —Page 82.

Her smile was as sharp as the prow of a cruiser and about the same shape. —Page 85.

His round, pink-skinned face was as hard as a jail-house wall. —Page 107.

... it [a face] had all the warmth and mobility of an iceberg off Greenland. —Page 126.

Whitney's face was as white as forgiven sins. —Page 157.

The sergeant's face was as blank as a hermit's appointment book. —Page 194.

... her dark-blue eyes were as deep as the Pacific two hundred miles off the coast of Japan. —Page 207.



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LETTER FROM LAKE SUCCESS

FEBRUARY 2

MOST delegations here find themselves now in the odd, uneasy position of being on record as favoring an action that they don't favor at all and that, indeed, they have said may lead to general war and the ruin of the United Nations. Of the representatives of the forty-four member nations of the General Assembly who voted yesterday for the American resolution characterizing the Chinese Communists' intervention in Korea as unprovoked and unpardonable aggression, not more than half a dozen even pretended to believe that any good would come of what they were doing. Whether any of the rest believed that all the ills they had earlier predicted would come of it is not clear. There were signs that some delegates felt that the case against the American resolution, though strong, had been overstated. That case rested principally, at least in the public debates, on the assumption that the Peiping government would take such offense at being called an aggressor that it would never again listen to peace proposals. As Ambassador Eban, of Israel, pointed out one day last week, in one of the few bursts of candor in the recent proceedings here, that assumption was largely a guess; history is not rich in instances of nations' taking paper declarations as seriously as that. The only evidence supporting that assumption in the present case came from the Indian Ambassador in Peiping, who, according to Sir Benegal Rau, had been given to understand that the Chinese reaction to the American resolution would be grave in the extreme. Mr. Eban, however, said that "the communications which we receive from Peiping do not reveal such a high degree of sensitivity." Mr. Eban,

who was himself critical of the American resolution, but not on the ground that it would wound Peiping's pride, went on to suggest that the circumstance that "the Central People's Government does not hesitate to call certain members of the United Nations 'aggressors' and then invite those very members to a conference in Peiping" might indicate that "the Central People's Govern-

ment therefore implicitly rejects the view that an appeal of this sort rules out subsequent negotiation and agreement." He added, "The Central People's Government, in following these debates, as it must be following them, must have reached the conclusion long ago that a majority of the members of the United Nations do disapprove most strongly of its military intervention in Korea. Therefore, our official finding would only confirm a consensus of opinion already expressed over several weeks."

Actually, there are very few observers here who attach much importance to the public arguments on the various proposals for dealing with the Chinese Communists. It is felt by some people that in the minds of most delegates there is an underlying fear, and that it's the same fear that has been the cause of so much distress in the British Cabinet and Parliament in the last month or two and that is apparently beginning to overtake many Americans; this is the fear that, despite all the reassurances from President Truman and Ambassador Austin, the drift of American foreign policy today is toward war with China. This fear, which can easily be nourished on a light diet of the *Congressional Record*, has rarely been expressed in any of the open conferences, but it has been privately acknowledged by many delegates as the basic reason for the reluctance of their governments

to follow the American lead. The fact that an unexpectedly large majority has voted for the American resolution does not mean that apprehension about American policy has lessened appreciably; it means only, if one can go by the sentiments exhibited here, that most of the world regards an open break with the United States as the greatest of all

diplomatic evils. Yesterday's vote is considered a tribute not to the vigor of our diplomacy or to its moral soundness but to the goodies our industries provide and to the realization that while it may be hard at times to get along with the United States, it would be even harder to get along without her. It was also, conceivably, a tribute to Ambassador Eban's view that nations do



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not take paper declarations very seriously.

ANXIETY nevertheless persists—perhaps, now that the resolution has carried, in greater measure than before—and if there are observers here who think that it can be accounted for mostly by the belief that our government is bent on war with China, there are equally knowledgeable and judicious observers who insist that this is by no means the whole story. This school of thought holds that while some delegates are sincere about the fear of war, other delegates are exaggerating it, consciously or unconsciously, to cover up something that lies closer to the heart of the matter. In this view, what is at the bottom of all the pulling and hauling is a growing dissatisfaction with the idea of applying the settled American policy of containment to Asia, and particularly to so mean and scruffy a part of Asia as Korea. In other words, most delegations don't think much of the Korean undertaking and never have. It has been evident here from the start, and never more so than in recent months, that even those few nations that have been contributing manpower and matériel to the campaign look upon the affair as a nuisance and allowed themselves to get mixed up in it principally to humor the United States. Almost none of them shared the view of the American delegation that Korea could be made the turning point in the conflict with Communism. While Mr. Austin and his associates have not ceased to believe that a United Nations defeat in Korea would give an immense advantage to the Soviet Union and that victory there might end the Western world's troubles with the Russians, most delegations cannot take either so funereal a view of defeat or so sanguine a view of victory. As for our hope that Korea could be made over into a model community on the borders of the Communist world (a hope that, incidentally, is believed here to have contributed at least as much as General MacArthur's pleadings to our insistence on crossing the Thirty-eighth Parallel), it has been regarded by most of our allies as the unfortunate fantasy of a nation bewitched by hygiene, civil engineering, and democratic dogmas. They were willing for us to indulge this hope as long as the North Koreans were the only ones contesting it with arms, but now their feeling is that it has become much too costly; even if, dropping all talk of sanctions against China, we were to limit hostilities with the Chinese

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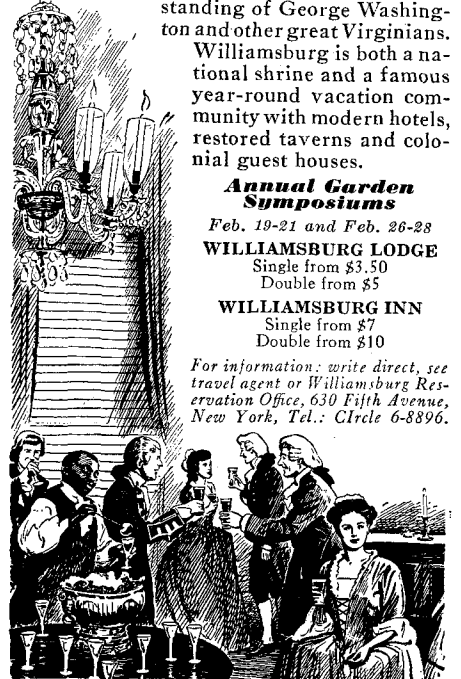
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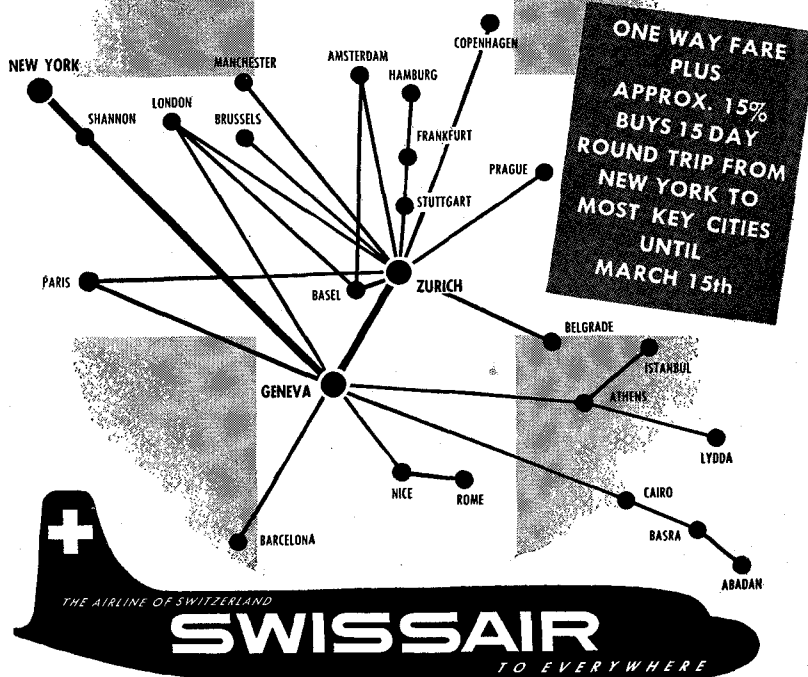
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Communists to the Korean peninsula, there would still be considerable disquiet among our principal allies, for right now nearly all of them wish to heaven we would simply withdraw from Korea and leave the wretched place to the North Koreans, the Chinese, or anybody else who wants it. This perhaps applies less to the British and the French than to some of the rest, because the British and the French perceive a certain value in the Korean campaign as a means of reducing Chinese pressure on Hong Kong and Indo-China.

Our delegation is not ignorant of the nature and strength of this prevailing sentiment; indeed, it doubtless helped persuade them to modify their position during the discussions that preceded the vote. Even before it was modified, however, the American position did not appear—to some unaffiliated observers, anyway—as bellicose as it was represented to be. Naturally, it has been noticed here, as in Washington and elsewhere, that Secretary Acheson, under the pressure of Congressional criticism, has allowed himself to be worked into a position in which it would be exceedingly difficult for him to conduct negotiations with Peiping even if Peiping should ever give him the opportunity, but being in an awkward negotiating position is, though regrettable, not quite the same thing as wanting war. Although many delegates seem to feel that it is part of the American strategy to start a police action in China right away, there has been no evidence that the American delegation is under instructions either to press for anything precise in the way of sanctions or to request that the Collective Measures Committee, which, in the resolution just passed, is charged with the study of possible action against the aggressor, make haste with its report on the problem. In fact, all the evidence is that the United States mission doesn't know what sanctions, if any, it wants, and this appears logical enough if there is any truth in the word from Washington that the President, the State Department, and the Defense Department have been holding conferences on the matter and have been unable to hit upon anything that has any chance of being effective and at the same time is within our military means. The only halfway specific thing any American diplomat has recommended to the Collective Measures Committee is that it undertake an extensive research project. Talking with reporters in the Delegates' Lounge a couple of weeks ago, one of the ranking members of the American dele-

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gation said he thought it might be a good idea if the committee started off with a thorough analysis of the data on sanctions gathered by the League of Nations. When it was pointed out to him that these data fill five hundred long documents and would take quite a while to digest, he said that he understood they were bulky but that he wouldn't want to see anyone dealing with the problem go off half-cocked.

Yet it is undeniably true that our government—almost alone among the governments represented here—will be displeased if the issue of sanctions is allowed to expire gracefully in committee. The United States is willing to admit the possibility, as Mr. Austin did in his last speech before Tuesday's balloting in Committee One, that it will turn out to be advisable to apply no sanctions at all, but it is not willing to concede in advance of study. It occurred to some of those who listened to the speech, and heard the now celebrated sigh of relief he gave after the result of the voting was announced, that behind what others regard as his and Secretary Acheson's stubbornness on this question are painful memories of the late Henry L. Stimson's losing battle against indecision twenty years ago. Delegates from a number of nations have noted certain resemblances between the Korean crisis and the Manchurian crisis of 1931, but few of them are as thoroughly persuaded as many Americans are that if the firm action Mr. Stimson counselled in that emergency had been taken, the subsequent history of the world could have been happier. There is also a more recent experience that seems to be bolstering the American determination not to let Peiping off lightly. This is the lesson, which Americans have learned belatedly, that power vacuums are quickly filled. It has been argued that while Moscow may be the source of all our international troubles today, this will not hold true forever, especially if we find a way of diminishing Moscow's capacity for making life difficult. In that event, the most likely contender for the role that has been played in our time by Germany and Russia will be Communist China. Moreover, even if the Western world does not succeed in reducing Russia's relative power, Communist China, in a generation or so, may. There are only a few Americans here now who are convinced that Communist China is, as the Indians maintain, politically independent of Communist Russia, but there are many who are convinced that in the long run she will be. Almost everyone agrees that four hundred and



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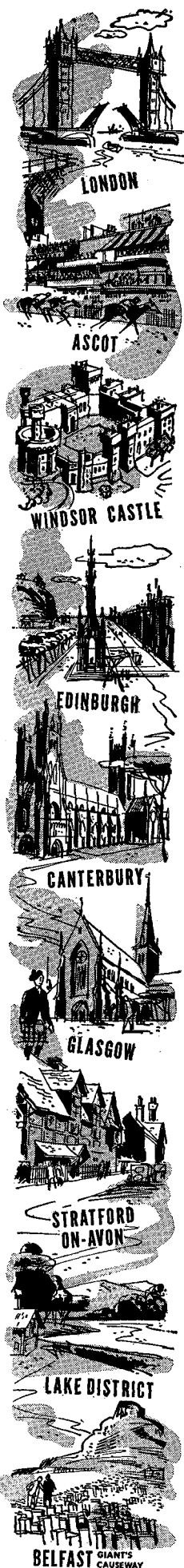
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fifty million Chinese will not indefinitely take orders from less than half as many Russians. In our present extremity, it is natural to hope that the day of the split is close at hand, but, it has been pointed out, the day could be one the world will regret. Some people, drawing a gruesome parallel with a current phenomenon in international affairs, have envisaged a time when Americans and Western Europeans will be debating the wisdom of arming the Russians against the common enemy.

The American delegation is unlikely to base its immediate argument for sanctions against China, assuming it makes one, on speculations about what could happen twenty years from now. All it seems interested in doing at the moment is having the United Nations explore the possibility of collective measures that would aid in liquidating the Korean war. To the contention that the effect of any sanctions would under any conditions be to spread and prolong the fighting, it retorts that United Nations troops are already applying the supreme sanction of war and that the point of further sanctions is to shorten that war and limit its scope by discommoding the aggressor government as much as possible. What the United States government wants, or so its diplomats here maintain, is not to bring China to her knees but to complete its original mission in Korea by having the United Nations authorize, as one American here put it, "whatever steps seem militarily and diplomatically prudent—and in accord with the humane principles of the United Nations Charter."

This is a tall order, and the American delegation is already perfectly well aware of some of the things that fail to meet one or another of its requirements. One of these is the bombing of Chinese cities. No one supposes any longer that it is possible to bomb factories without bombing workers and workers' homes, and it would be as hard to find an American here in favor of bombing Chinese workers as it would be to find an Indian—though it is no trick at all to find, at any given moment, half a dozen Indians who are absolutely convinced that authorization to bomb Chinese workers is exactly what the Americans are after. As a matter of fact, even the destruction of the Manchurian industries themselves is viewed with revulsion by most Americans here. A few weeks back, there was talk of imposing a naval blockade, but the best opinion now is that this has been ruled out, on several grounds. One is the unwillingness of our Navy to tie up the ships that would



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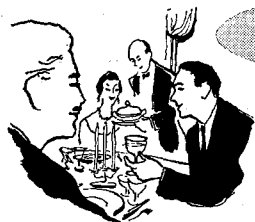
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be required in order to make it even partly effective. Another is that China is not an island; a naval blockade without an embargo on land trade would be weak, and an embargo on land trade is out of the question, since the main overland route to China is through Russia and since another of China's neighbors, India, is not in sympathy with sanctions of any kind. Unless the pressure on the administration to support an invasion by Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan armies becomes much stronger than it is now—and it's hard to see how this could happen—that proposal will be rejected because of the fear on the part of American military and diplomatic officials that the end result would be the handing over of American equipment to Communist troops. About the only direct military measure that, according to advices here, is still under consideration is the delivery of material aid to the guerrilla armies that are reported to be doing a fairly good job, mainly in the southwest provinces, of harassing the Communist armies. But the effort necessary to get large quantities of aid to them might, it is felt, cancel out the benefits; moreover, it might force Moscow to honor its mutual-aid treaty with Peiping and join in the fighting.

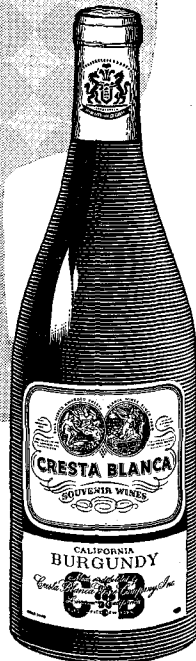
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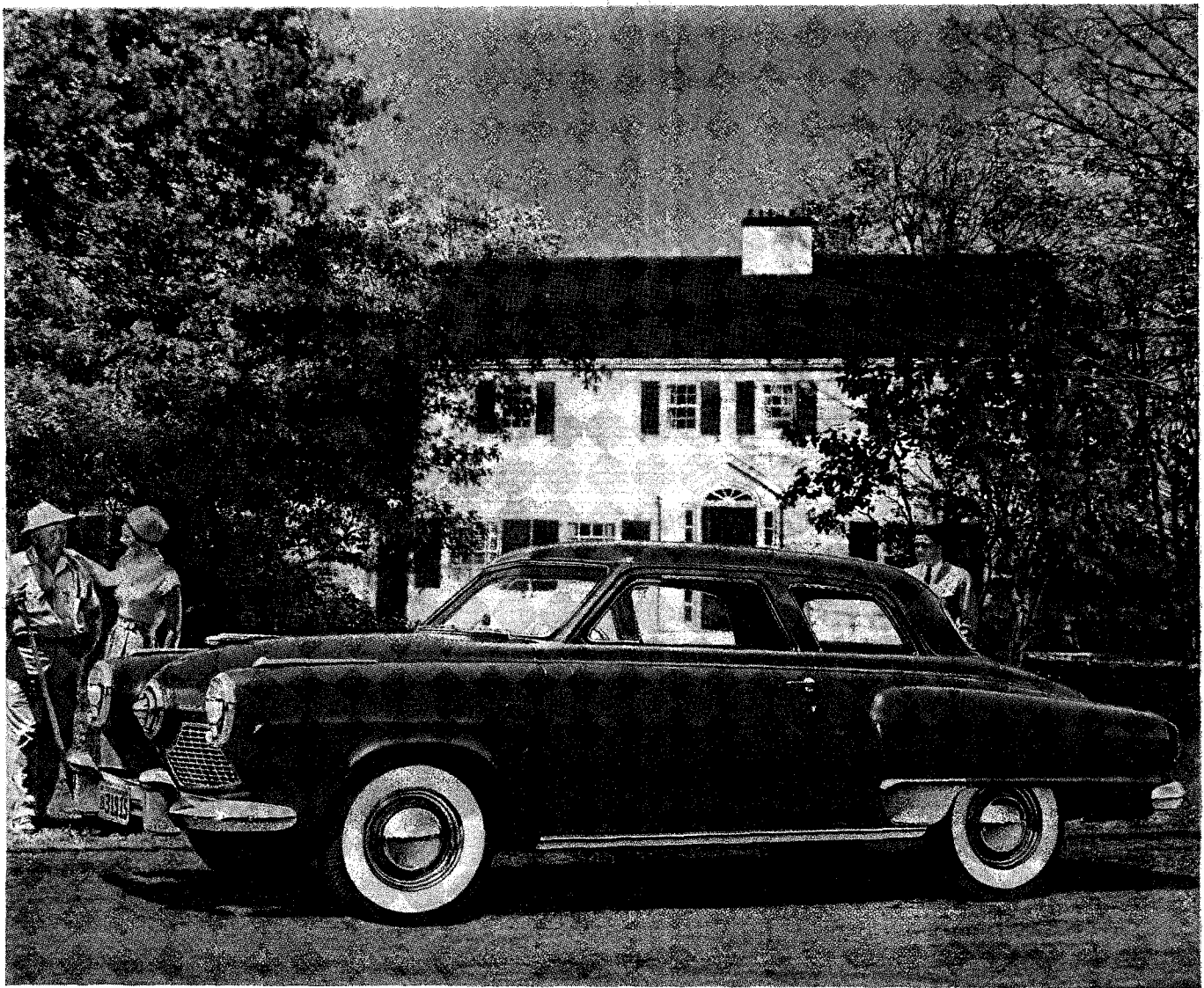
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SINCE most of the traditional approaches to sanctions are being set aside for reasons of either principle or expediency, it may be that, once the Collective Measures Committee has canvassed all possibilities and completed its laborious researches, a proposal for a moral sanction which has sometimes been advanced unofficially here will get official consideration. This is to have the United Nations set up the machinery for reaching, by radio, by leaflet-bearing aircraft, and by any other means that ingenuity can devise, the Chinese people—whose minds are not yet as rigidly controlled as those of the Russian people—in order to explain to them the history of the last few months of deliberation at Lake Success. It could truthfully be said that nearly all member governments were outraged by Peiping's intervention against the world organization in Korea but that in seeking means to punish Peiping the world organization had been unable to find any that would be effective and at the same time would impose no further agony on the Chinese people, who in the last few decades have lived with war more than any other nation. The United Nations, the message might continue, had it well within its power to destroy the greater part of Chinese industry, but, it would be said,



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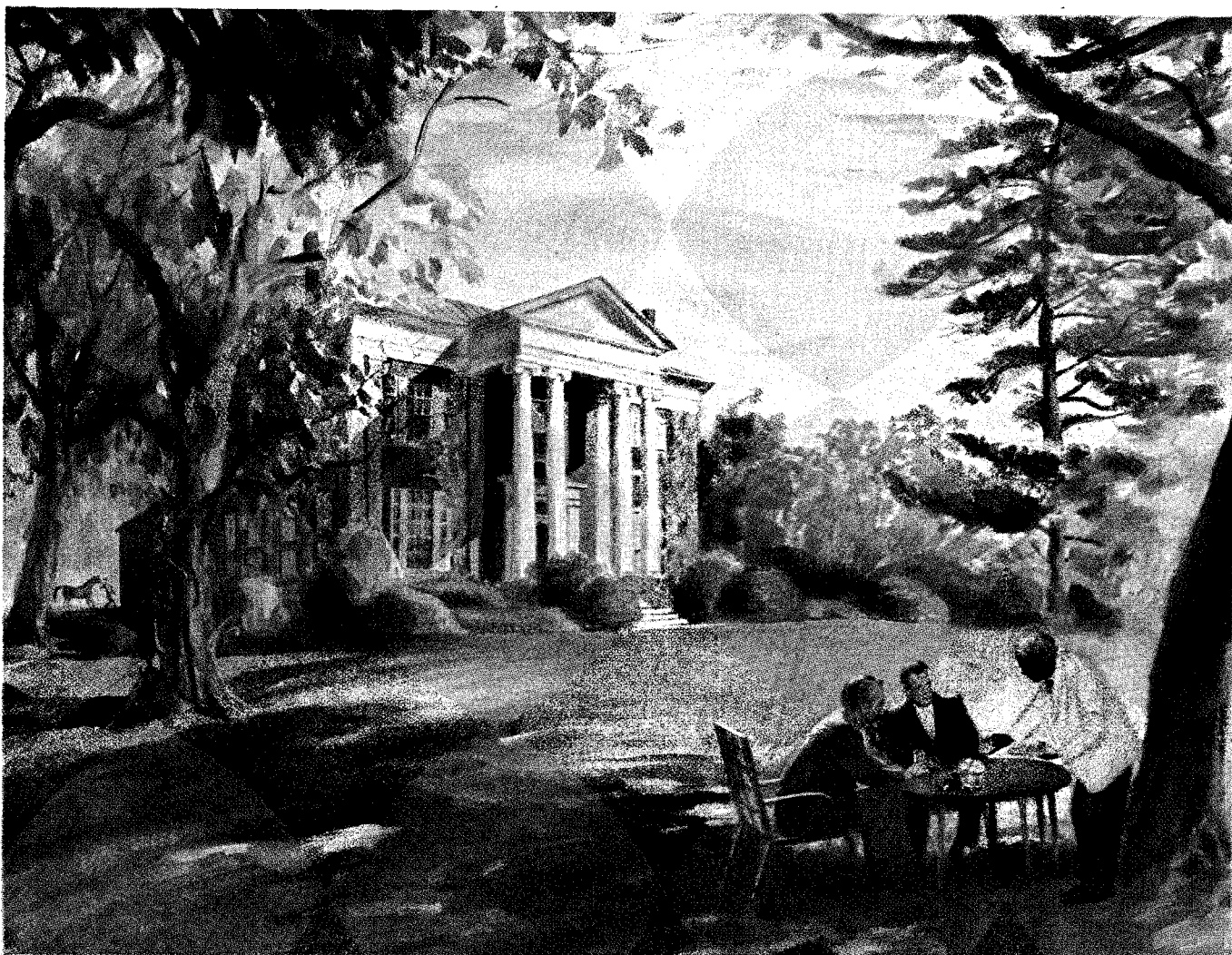
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without indulging in cant, it was refraining because it did not want the blood of Chinese citizens on its hands and because it had little appetite for setting the Chinese economy back by a century. The respect of the United Nations for the Chinese people, it would be said, and its appreciation of the tremendous effort China has made to improve herself during this century, had led every member of the United Nations to view with distaste the prospect of harming so much as a single Chinese child or a single garden patch in order to bring the leaders of the Communist government to justice. None of this, the broadcasts and leaflets would make it plain, should be taken to mean that those nations fighting the Chinese Communist armies in Korea had relaxed their purely military endeavors or had softened their attitude toward the leaders of the Peiping government; those nations still cherished the hope that someday the Communist leaders would be dealt the retribution their actions in Korea, and in China as well, deserved. Since it was impossible to get at the leaders without precipitating a war that would be a tragedy for the whole civilized world, the United Nations had decided to put its faith in the doctrine of ultimate retribution and to trust that the doctrine is sound.

One of the main arguments for this propaganda offensive, it is pointed out by those who advocate it, is that the propaganda would be quite in accord with the facts as the facts have developed here.

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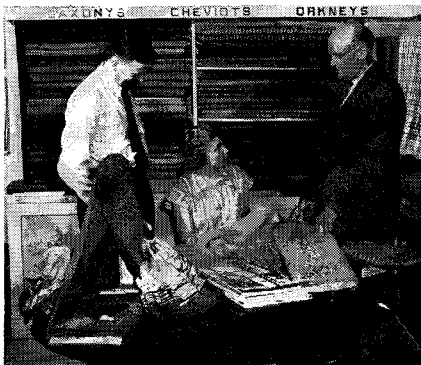
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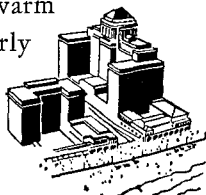
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To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

WHILE reading Mr. E. J. Kahn, Jr.'s, recent article "I Hated to See That Evening Sun Go Down," I had the strange feeling that I had been present during the events he related. It was not until I read Mr. Kahn's name at the end of the article that I realized that the house he had rented in Truro, on Cape Cod, "sight unseen," for the early part of the summer was the same house I had rented, also sight unseen, for the latter part of the season.

Although I have never met Mr. Kahn, I have nothing but the friendliest feelings toward him and his wife, for having left the house in such good condition for us. Perhaps I can express my gratitude by relating one of my experiences with the flagpole that gave him so much satisfaction and yet caused him so much concern.

I, too, was excited at the prospect of presiding over so patriotic a rite as the daily raising and lowering of the colors. Early the first morning of our stay, my four nieces and two nephews (it was really a very roomy house, and Mr. and Mrs. Kahn must have rattled around inside it with only two children) insisted that we raise the flag. We found it, neatly folded by Mr. Kahn, in a closet off the library. We proceeded to the flagpole, which was about a hundred and fifty feet in front of the house, toward the road. En route, I noticed three small girls, about twelve years old, sauntering down the road on their way to the beach. When we reached the flagpole and our intent became obvious, the girls closed ranks abruptly, snapped to attention, and executed a smart salute.

The rope, as Mr. Kahn calls it—or halyard, as I believe it is more properly termed—was equipped with clamps for fastening to the grommets of the flag. The clamps, however, were very small and the grommets uncommonly large, posing a reasonably difficult mechanical problem for such an early hour in the day. But the personnel problems far overshadowed the mechanical ones. Patty, my eldest niece, had been to camp the previous summer and had some definite and uncompromising ideas on the proper procedure to be observed. Jonny, the youngest of the six, had never, in all his four years, seen a flag-raising and was deeply involved in the

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proceedings, both vocally and physically. The other four kids took turns at claiming the privilege of holding the flag, fastening it to the halyard, or raising it. In the midst of this turmoil, I took it upon myself, as a dutiful uncle, to explain what little I could remember of flag etiquette from my younger days. All in all, we must have taken fifteen minutes to get the flag up to the top of the pole, where the breeze whipped it out against the blue sky.

There was silence for a brief moment when our task was completed, and as I turned from my labors, I noticed the three little girls down on the road only then dropping their hands to their sides. Had there been less confusion or less necessity for concentration on the task at hand, I'm sure I would have remembered our patriotic onlookers and speeded up the proceedings. But I had completely forgotten about them, and they, true to the lessons they had learned at school or Girl Scouts, had stood at attention and maintained their salute for fifteen minutes.

Mr. Kahn may well have worried about leaving his flag up after sunset when the halyard broke and he had to leave to take his wife to the theatre. But instead of a "posse of vigilantes" calling on him to teach him proper respect for the flag, I have a feeling that three small girls about twelve years old would have knocked at his door the next morning and told him in no uncertain terms that the flag should be lowered at sunset.

Yours truly,
JOHN W. ECKMAN

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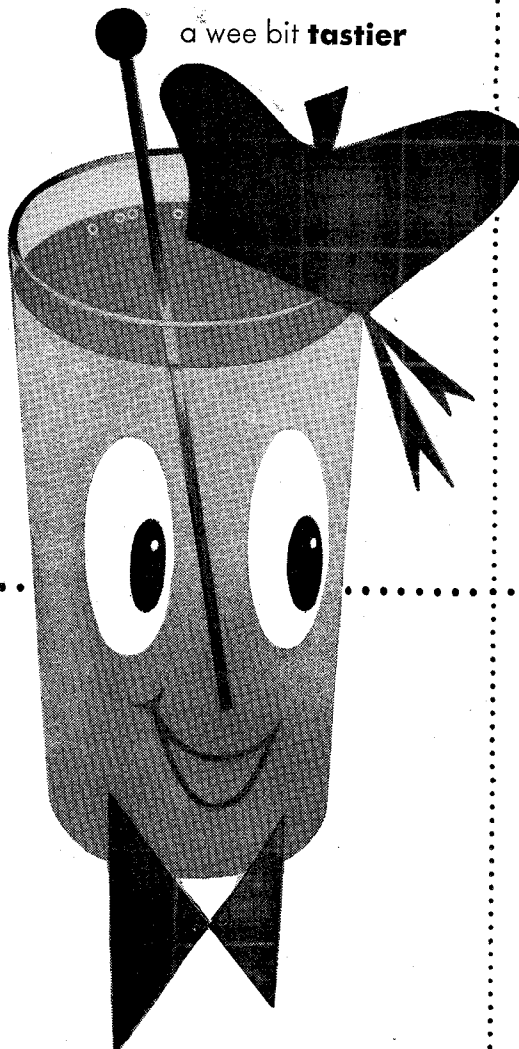
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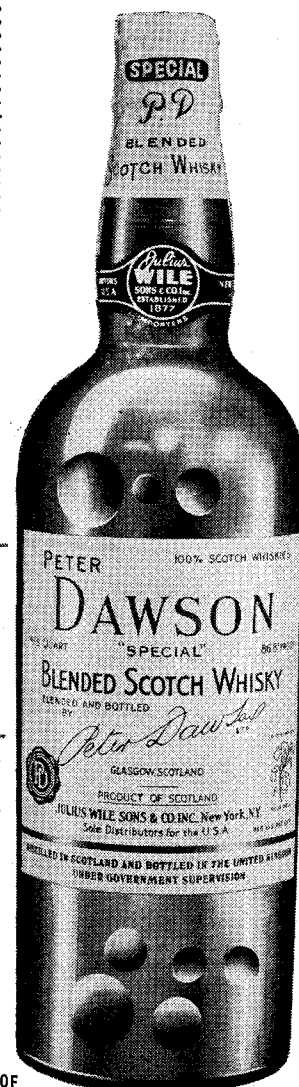
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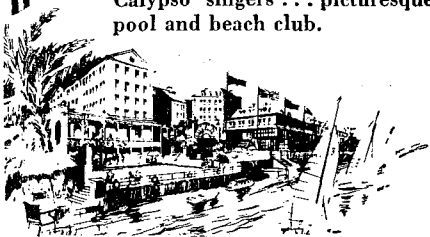
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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Mixture As Before



THE D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London, looking slightly worn at this point in its travels, has settled down for a few weeks at the St. James Theatre, where a series of a half dozen or so of

the more popular Gilbert and Sullivan shows is being offered. The sets and costumes for "The Mikado," which opened the run last week, are somewhat grimy. This fact, together with the deadening weight of the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition and the slightly perfunctory playing of the cast, bothered me at first on the night I watched the troupe, but little by little the thing got rolling, and somewhere along in the second act I decided that the wisdom of the enterprise was at least defensible. For one thing, the basic design of the company's work is neat and stylish, even though some of the individual performances lack the sharp edge of conviction and others have no conviction at all. For another thing, the unquestionable brilliance of Gilbert's best lyrics and the engaging quality of Sullivan's tunes are still able to make our contemporary musical shows seem a bit deficient. And, finally, the genuine ability of such company veterans as the conductor, Isidore Godfrey, and three or four of the leading players is bound to stir admiration in even the stoniest spectator. In "The Mikado," Martyn Green's astonishingly nimble and resourceful portrayal of Ko-Ko, Ella Halman's relentless Katisha, and Darrell Fancourt's grinning toad of a Mikado are comic characterizations of an unusually high order. Richard Watson, too, while not quite on a level with these masterly interpreters, approaches their grandeur with a generous display of pomposity in the role of Pooh-Bah. After Mr. Watson, the gap between excellence and mediocrity begins. Nanki-Poo, the "three little maids from school," and the ladies and gentlemen of Japan seem to be, by and large, members of another branch of show business. Their efforts have that staleness usually associated with third and fourth touring companies.

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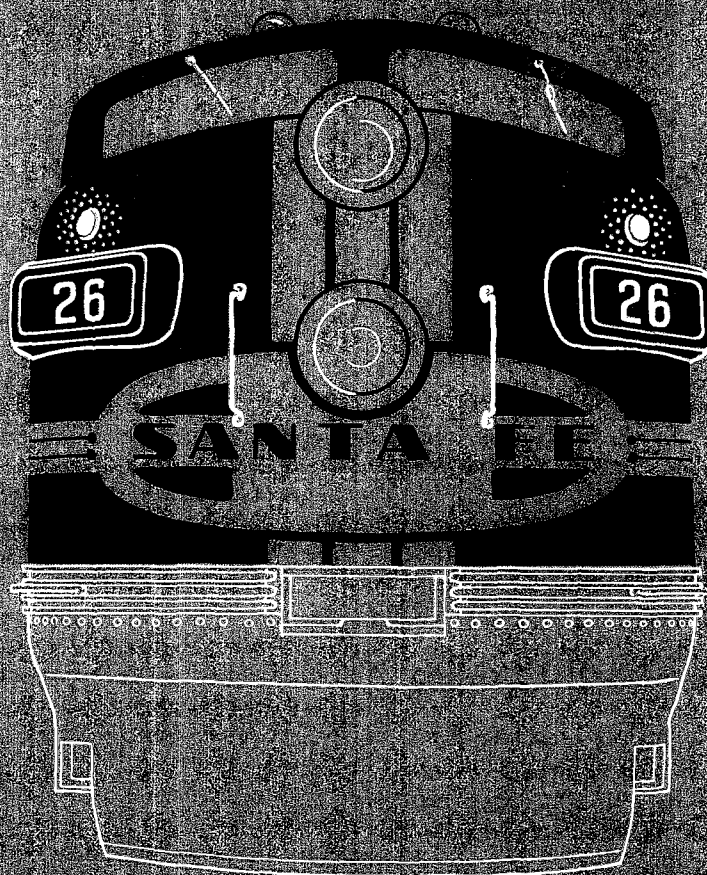
Carte Company is nearing the end of the road, and that the illustrious members of the troupe are the last of their line. I know it has been a long time since I, for one, have thought about a Gilbert and Sullivan performance with any enthusiasm, and I must confess that I have not been saddened lately when members of the cult and interpreters of the works have consorted in obscure cellars and halls, where their rituals could be decently overlooked, if not entirely ignored. Still and all, the D'Oyly Carte troupe has, in its stars, something notable to offer, and it may be well to see it now, before the process of disintegration has gone any farther.

A PROGRAM of songs from the stage works of the late Kurt Weill was presented last Saturday evening at Town Hall, and packed the place, with the result that the concert will be repeated there on Saturday of next week. The highlight of the program was a cut-down, concert version of "Die Dreigroschenoper," the treatment of John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" that in 1928, in Germany, brought Weill his first popular acclaim. With the composer's widow, Lotte Lenya-Weill, taking the part of Polly Peachum, and a few other knowing performers in other roles, the work, which constituted the second half of the evening, was engrossing. Although "Die Dreigroschenoper" established Weill's reputation, the score has been familiar to American concertgoers only through recordings. In it are all the insinuating rhythmic devices and the touching melodic and harmonic impulses characteristic of Weill's later work. Because of his keen responsiveness to the emotional situations in a libretto, he had the faculty of endowing almost any plot with musical authority. It is true that his musical idiom was much more pertinent in German works, like "Die Dreigroschenoper" and "Mahagonny," for example, than it was in his subsequent efforts in France and America, but his ability to grasp quickly the underlying similarities in all cultures made it relatively easy for him to apply his particular style convincingly to texts of a widely varying nature. Capable of such feverishly fascinating passages as are to be found in "Die Dreigroschenoper," he could also give piquant reality to periods of New York life as different as those represented by "Knickerbocker Holiday" and "Street Scene." Indeed, he was confidently occupied with a musical version of "Huckleberry Finn" at the time of his death. All this was less a

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credit to his versatility than to the simple persuasiveness of his music. Mme. Lenya-Weill, a slim woman of youthful appearance, did her songs delightfully, and the baritone Ralph Herbert was extremely good in a couple of numbers as the philandering highwayman who is called MacHeath in "The Beggar's Opera" and Maecmesser in the German version.

The first half of the evening was given over to songs from several of Weill's other shows—American, French, and German—performed by various soloists. I thought that Grete Mosheim, in two German pieces—"Soerabaya Jonny," from "Happy End," and "Wie man sich bettet, so liegt man," from "Mahagonny"—and Inez Matthews, who did three of the American songs, were outstanding.

IT is not often that a pianist of the stature of Frank Sheridan, who appeared last week at Town Hall, is heard in our concert places, but although he has been giving recitals periodically for a long time now, his reputation is not wide. I can't imagine why this should be. He is an excellent pianist, sensitive and dedicated to the principles of the music he interprets, and yet capable of the grand manner, too—as he demonstrated in his magnificent playing of Book II of Brahms' "Variations on a Theme of Paganini." There was style and expressiveness about everything he did. His opening selection, Bach's Toccata in D Major, was flawlessly read; Beethoven's E-Major Sonata, Opus 109, was given perfect proportions; and there was joy in his delivery of three of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." Prokofiev's Sonata No. 7 and Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," both showy works, revealed Sheridan's technical prowess, and Chopin's Impromptu No. 2, Opus 36, was beautifully played. It was a splendidly varied and interesting program, presented with unflagging artistry by a pianist of the first rank.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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THE RACE TRACK

Bonanza



EVERYBODY looked forward to a little extra excitement in Santa Anita's Maturity Stakes last weekend. It was quite an occasion, for racecourse managements don't offer a purse with a gross value of \$205,700 every Saturday. And it can't be said that California let us down. Great Circle, practically a 10-1 chance, won the big pot comfortably from Loto-white, a leggy beast that horseplayers hereabouts will remember for the surprises he sprang at Jamaica last year. Bed o' Roses, the favorite, was third. Looking over the chart, I gathered that Great Circle was never far behind the early pace, and that he moved up, under clever handling, after going a mile of the mile and a quarter, and took the lead in the stretch. This news won't please young jockey Joe Culmone down at Hialeah. You see, Great Circle was ridden by Willie Shoemaker, who in the last race of the last day of last year tied Culmone for riding honors, with three hundred and eighty-eight winners.

Great Circle—I daresay you never heard of him till Saturday—is a brown colt by Beau Pere and Hemisphere; he was bred by L. B. Mayer and was bought for \$16,500 at one of Mr. Mayer's dispersal sales by John T. DeBlois Wack, a Californian who races under the fascinating name of the Yolo Stable. Great Circle's share of the purse was \$144,325, a new high for first money, and more dollars than many famous racers I could name earned in a lifetime. Incidentally, Mr. Mayer, though he's been out of the horse business for several years, collected \$14,670 on the outcome. The Los Angeles Turf Club puts up a special bonus for the breeder if the winner is California-bred.

AS I have probably said before, the best horses are always the most brittle. Now Hill Prince has come to grief. Early last week, he did a fast workout in preparation for the Maturity, and next morning he was dead lame. The injury, according to reports from the Coast, is not a serious one. In fact, his stable hopes he can be put back

every man to his trade

Early in World War II, a man we know was invited to join an inspection group at a big training camp in the midwest.

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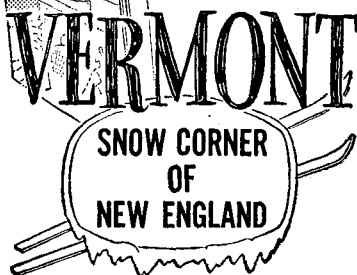
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in training by midsummer. That sounds almost too optimistic, but it's all right with me. Curiously, nobody has ventured a guess about how Hill Prince was hurt. It is generally agreed that he went smoothly through his run and cooled out satisfactorily, but lots of horses do that and then go lame. Any trainer can give you a dozen similar cases. It may be only the result of morose reflection on the subject, but it seems to me that galloping on fast tracks—and to be fast a track must also be hard—had a lot to do with Hill Prince's mishap. This, of course, is a matter of opinion, and probably a heresy. Anyway, the impact of a horse's feet striking the ground while at a gallop has been measured in pressure pounds, and though I can't give you the figure off-hand, I can assure you it is terrifying. It can't be entirely a coincidence that Armed was never quite the same after running at Santa Anita; or that Citation, after his trips to California, is not what he used to be, or that Bed o' Roses broke down in the Maturity Stakes, the first mile of which was run in 1:35 1/2. Or that all the speed records at the customary distances from six furlongs to a mile and a quarter have been broken in the past year at either Santa Anita or Golden Gate Fields. Horses have run almost as fast at Hollywood Park, too.

IN the improbable event that you've been wondering who is the best three-year-old now running in Florida, the answer is easy. It's Battle Morn, who won impressively in a minor race the other day. So hurry off to your book-maker and see if you can get a price against him for the Flamingo Stakes next month. Although Battlefield and Uncle Miltie are also at Hialeah, neither will run for the Flamingo, nor will Big Stretch, who is wintering at Aiken. Uncle Miltie, who had a spot of knee trouble in December, may start training any day now. Battlefield has grown and filled out, but George Widener, his owner, doesn't believe in hurrying the training of his horses. Battlefield may not even run in the Kentucky Derby.

—AUDAX MINOR

Then away from the "morgue" to Acevedo's dressing room celebration. Nobody understood anyone as English, pig latin, Spanish, etc., scrambled the atmosphere.

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—Minneapolis Star.

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BOOKS

Another Burst of Stars

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S "Troubled Sleep" (Knopf) is the third in a series of novels he has been writing under the general title of "The Roads to Freedom." This immense, coarse-grained, often disgusting study of the human predicament, illustrated in terms of the predicament of the French as they drifted toward and were finally engulfed by the Second World War, got under way with "The Age of Reason" and "The Reprieve" and was at first intended to conclude with the present volume. Now a fourth volume, to be called "The Last Chance," is announced as in preparation, completing the series, but to judge by the gusto with which M. Sartre has composed "Troubled Sleep," he will scarcely be willing to ring down the curtain and dismiss his unlimited cast of characters, some of whom have only just spoken their opening lines, others of whom hover as mere promising shadows in the wings, in less than two or three more volumes. Tolstoy is said to have regretted his failure to include a yacht race in "War and Peace," and M. Sartre has the air of a man determined to avoid committing a similar sin of literary parsimony.

From the point of view of his readers, it would be downright unsporting of M. Sartre to break off short of several more thick books. "Troubled Sleep," which is restricted in time to a few weeks in the summer of 1940 and whose theme is the immediate consequences of the fall of France, closes like a cliff-hanger, with the main crisis at its height and a score of minor crises yet to be reached and passed. And, as with cliff-hangers, we feel that the longer it takes for the plot to unravel the better. Having come

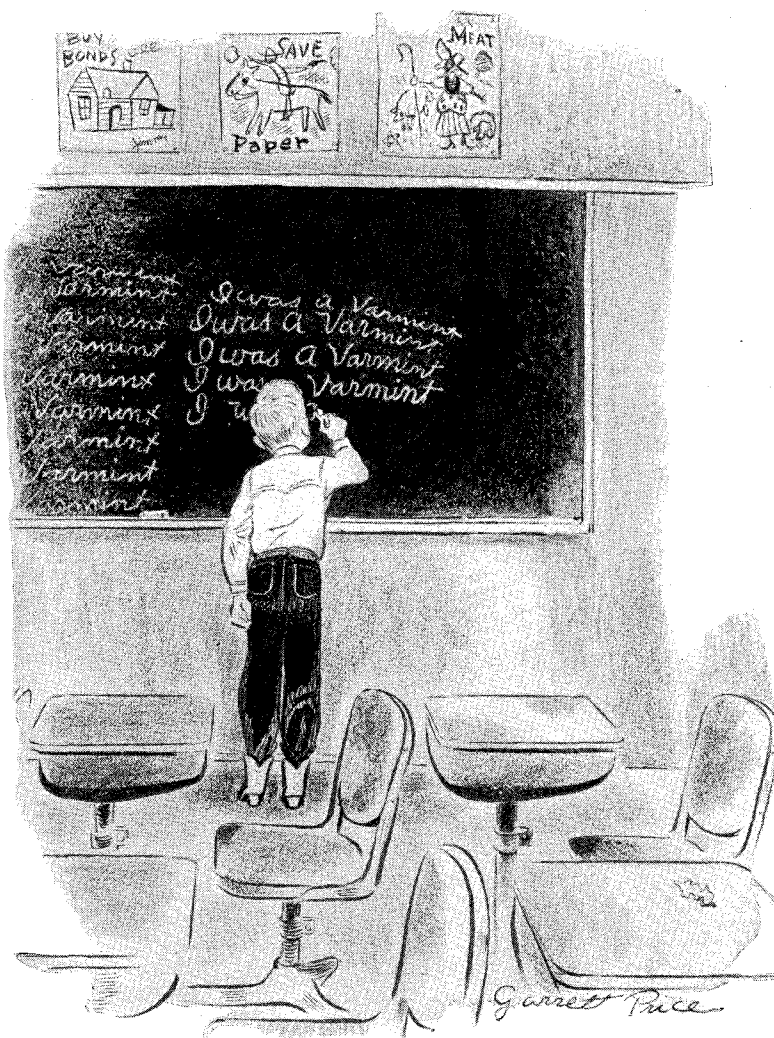
to share the author's clinical ardor for his subject, an ardor that is at once brutal, impersonal, and absorbed, we wish to read on and on; we cannot bear not to learn what will happen next to all these desperate people. That is the best, if most barbarous, test of any story, and M. Sartre passes it with honors. Such is his skill, indeed, that although he has harrowed us on nearly every page of "Troubled Sleep," we end with our sensibilities sharpened instead of dulled, and find ourselves looking forward with something like pleasure to further excursions along his bloody, dirty, all but impassable roads to freedom. We are sure to be sickened by what we see, but see it we must, for M. Sartre, who was once a teacher, is enough of a martinet to insist that we choose knowledge, however bitter, over ignorance, however sweet, and enough of an artist to make us enjoy the awful act of choosing. The way lies through hell, but thanks to our guide it will be hell with a difference.

"Troubled Sleep," which bore in

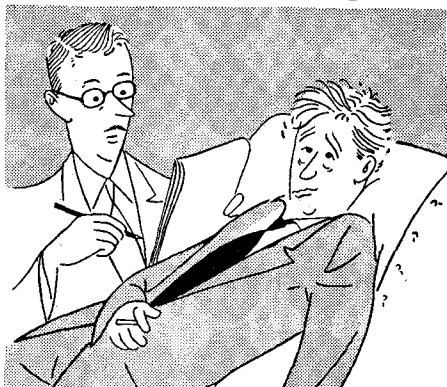
French the much stronger title of "La Mort dans l'Âme," is in every respect an advance on its predecessors. In the past, the author's virtuosity was sometimes that of a prodigy bound to display his gifts like so many newly opened and obtrusive toys; now it is the inconspicuous virtuosity of a man who writes in full and familiar possession of remarkable powers, to whom to be breathtaking has become as easy as breathing. (The translation, by Gerard Hopkins, is a lucid mirror of these powers.) The only important defect of "Troubled Sleep" is, in fact, extrinsic and temporary: as a novel, it is supposed to be complete in itself, but it is so closely linked with the earlier novels that a reader unacquainted with them is apt to feel, as a stranger does at a family dinner party, that no matter how considerate everyone may be, he understands much less than he is being told. How can a reader new to "The Roads to Freedom" not be disconcerted by the seemingly cavalier way in which the author takes up a character

to whom an introduction has been provided in another section of the series, lavishes twenty brilliant pages on him, then drops him as if forever, without his having done more than serve as the occupant of a certain point in time and space, or as the vessel of a certain point of view? But this defect will disappear when the work is finished and has been published as a whole.

In the first two-thirds of the novel, we are treated to a succession of dazzling glimpses of the impact of the French defeat on a dozen representative figures, among them Gomez, a Spanish painter, who fought in the Spanish Civil War and has just gone from Paris to New York; Sarah and Pablo, his wife and child, escaping from Paris on foot; Mathieu, formerly a teacher and now in the Army, waiting with the rest of the second-



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line troops to be taken prisoner by the Germans; Boris, in a hospital in Marseille; and Daniel, a homosexual, wandering alone through the streets of Paris and picking up a young French deserter. We are brought abreast of each of them; like a camera on a boom, we circle them for a moment and then move on, but save in the case of Mathieu, who comes as close as anyone to being M. Sartre's spokesman, we are not allowed to observe them taking a conclusive step. Mathieu, the intellectual man of good will, who has never been able to make up his mind to act because he has never been convinced of the possibility of right action, decides to die fighting the Nazis in a rear-guard skirmish that he knows to be meaningless. "He had reached a decision without remorse, with full knowledge of the facts. He had made up his mind, and, on the instant, his scrupulous and sensitive heart went tumbling down through the branches. No more sentiment for him: all that was over now. 'Here and now I have decided that all along death has been the secret of my life, that I have lived for the purpose of dying. I die in order to demonstrate the impossibility of living . . .'" And, later: "He made his way to the parapet and stood there firing. This was revenge on a big scale; each of his shots wiped out some ancient scruple. . . . This for the books I never dared to write, this for the journeys I never made, this for everybody in general whom I wanted to hate and tried to understand. He fired, and the tables of the law crashed about him—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—bang! in that bastard's face—Thou shalt not kill—bang! at that scarecrow opposite. He was firing on his fellow men, on Virtue, on the whole world: Liberty is Terror."

The last third of the novel centers on Brunet, a Communist organizer, and Schneider, a clerk from Bordeaux, whom Brunet hopes to win as an ally. They are in a prisoner-of-war camp somewhere in France, but fear that they are about to be shipped to Germany. Brunet undertakes to form a Communist underground in the camp, and does what he can to provide discipline and, through discipline, hope for the demoralized soldiers. With Brunet and Schneider, the novel takes a new turn and gains still more vigor, and one suspects that it is with them, with the success of the Communists in the Resistance, and with the Communists' failure in the odious daily chore of being human that the next volume, or volumes, will be largely concerned. Whatever the theme, it, or they, will be something to

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watch for. No living writer can better M. Sartre's combination of talent, energy, and intelligence, and if he has gone off like a rocket, like a rocket he continues to climb and climb, containing there is no telling how many more bursts of marvellous stars.—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DANGER FROM DEER, by Vicki Baum (Doubleday). The simple story of a possessive woman named Ann Ambros, who grows up in San Francisco, marries a famous Viennese violinist, and is finally pushed off an express train by her angry adopted daughter. Miss Baum gives her main characters glamour instead of life, but her writing, though ornate, is never pretentious, and she puts enough fizz in her worn little tale to keep it bubbling very nicely from start to finish.

MAGDA, by Maurice Hindus (Doubleday). About a Polish immigrant, Mike Koziol, who starts his American life working on a New York farm and ends up owning a lot of land in Texas. Mr. Hindus writes with an enthusiasm that is more dogged than fiery, and gives us a flat, panoramic picture of the people he is interested in, making them gigantic, colorful, and strong but neither moved nor moving.

12½ PLYMOUTH STREET, by Ruth Park (Houghton Mifflin). Slum life in Sydney, according to this book, is much like slum life anywhere else, and Miss Park writes about it with a good deal of sympathy and indignation. Her story centers around a young girl named Dolour Darcy, who finds growing up in poverty a difficult business and who eventually settles down to a marriage that is not quite so much of a bitter compromise as her author makes it out to be.

THE EYES OF REASON, by Stefan Heym (Little, Brown). A novel of political discussions in postwar Czechoslovakia. To represent various shades of opinion, Mr. Heym has set up a family of three brothers, the Bendas. The eldest Benda, Joseph, a factory owner, wants to return to the old way of running things. The middle brother, Karel, is the most revolutionary of the three. Thomas, the youngest, a writer, is confused and mistrustful of all sides. Since the brothers are pitted against each other not as human beings but as political figures, the book has no real conclusion but merely ends

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as it begins, in a mood of unhappiness and foreboding.

OLD HERBACEOUS, by Reginald Arkell (Harcourt, Brace). A bit of snobbery about a dreadful old gardener who spends his life (eighty years) growing flowers for some woman's garden, she being the local manor lady.

GENERAL

HITLER DIRECTS HIS WAR, edited by Felix Gilbert (Oxford). This book, composed of excerpts from the secret minutes of the staff conferences that were held in the Führer's headquarters twice daily throughout the war, is virtually a more revealing one than "Mein Kampf." These minutes, taken down by official Wehrmacht stenographers, were found in a hole in the ground near Berchtesgaden by an American Counter Intelligence team shortly after the German collapse; they had been dumped there and partially burned by the S.S. Professor Gilbert has selected the transcripts of fifteen conferences (out of the fifty-one that were unearthed) to make up the book. Each deals with some momentous turn of the war—the Italian defection, the July, 1944, assassination attempt, and so on. Interesting as they may be in a historical and military sense, and for the light they shed on Hitler's much debated strategical ability, these papers are primarily valuable for what they tell us—for what, indeed, Hitler tells us in his own words—about the man. Hitler does most of the talking, naturally, with interjections of agreement and amens from Keitel, Jodl, and various representatives of the armed services; few argue with him, and then only in a most gingerly fashion. The Führer rambles and harangues; he takes pity on himself, he reminisces about his experiences as a soldier in the First World War, he muses on life and duty and his own and other people's coming death—a subject he continually brought up and discoursed on with gloomy relish. What emerges is a blueprint of the stripped-down ego of a man whose ignorance and whose vulgarity of thought and speech—common enough failings—could not make him even remotely human. Of all the biographies and studies of Adolf Hitler, this book will probably prove of most service in giving one an idea of what he was like.

SKORZENY'S SECRET MISSIONS, by Otto Skorzeny (Dutton). The wartime exploits of the leader of an S.S. com-



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mando group, narrated in the first person without any inhibiting over-modesty and without much acknowledgment of the work of the author's associates. Skorzeny's biggest coup, for which, logically enough, he was congratulated by Hitler "in the presence of the highest dignitaries of the Reich," was the kidnapping of Mussolini from a hideout in the Abruzzi range in 1943. His subsequent activities, which included laying out a plan to seize the Pétain government and retrieving Admiral Horthy from Budapest in 1944, were, on the whole, both anticlimactic and not especially satisfactory, owing partly to the course of the war. However, by means of provocative chapter headings ("I Intervene in Hungary") and intimations that the High Command was fond of crossing him up behind Hitler's back, the author manages to make the most of even his slimmest material. In an unsigned introduction, it is suggested that the "phenomenon" of Skorzeny, popularly called "the most dangerous man in Europe," may be attributed to the intransigent frame of mind induced in him and in his fellow-Nazis by the Casablanca ultimatum of unconditional surrender. Translated from the French by Jacques Le Clercq.

MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY, by Bruce Catton (Doubleday). The story of the luckless Army of the Potomac from the day it was taken over by thirty-five-year-old General George Brinton McClellan to its costly and questionable victory in the battle along Antietam Creek, after which McClellan was replaced by General Burnside. This is a full-scale study, richly but unobtrusively documented, and written as a narrative, with particular emphasis on the character of McClellan. The author is more sympathetic to the spirited young General than some recent historians have been, but he doesn't play down McClellan's vaingloriousness and conceit. He sees him as an inspiring leader who was convinced that he was about to become a man of destiny but who never quite made it, although he had a hundred thousand soldiers ready to die for him. Time after time, through an excess of caution and self-doubt, McClellan flubbed away victories that were practically assured. Mr. Catton takes the reader right into the Army of the Potomac, tells him what bivouac life was like, describes the soldiers' feelings toward the war,

THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune

COLUMN



by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

EVER FOLLOW A TAIL light? If you do, you should allow one car length for every 10 miles an hour of speed. Double that for wet roads and double that again on icy stretches . . . Let's get straight on Welsh rabbit, which most of us for years, in our more dignified moments, have been calling rarebit. It's listed on most polite menus, for instance, as rarebit. Yet, that's a long-standing and unexplained error. Its name properly is, and always was, Welsh rabbit . . . If a cloudy decanter has been making your life miserable, clean it this way: Cut a lemon into small pieces and place the pieces in your decanter. Add a little water, shake hard for a generous 60 seconds, and your decanter will be crystal clear . . . If a person in New York could shout loud enough to be heard in Australia, it would take 14 hours for the sound to get there. What would you do without me? . . . Fleshy ones, take heart. The candy makers are now testing that new sweetening agent called sucaryl sodium which is non-caloric. If it works out, we can eat as much candy as we like without having it bulge our you-know-whats.



WITH FIREPLACES GOING full blast, it won't hurt to remind you that each year in the United States some 150 women meet a horrible death by having their clothes catch fire as they warm themselves in front of open fires . . . Quite a switch there is in the career of Eric Thorsen. He's a hit in his personal appearance at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. When he was studying singing in Minneapolis he drove a beer truck . . . If you ever have to get out to tinker with your motor, it's a pretty good idea to remove your wrist-watch. If the metal band of the watch should happen to come in contact with a "hot" wire you can wind up with a serious burn that follows around the entire band of your watch . . . Revised definition: Hobby—Hard work you wouldn't do for a living . . . Next time you scramble up a batch of eggs, toss in a pinch of baking powder. Fluffs them up nicely.



I HAVEN'T HAD a drink for two years and made mention of that fact in our family gazette not long ago. The mention drew this response: "Your two years on the wagon have intrigued me. I have endeavored to pick up the reins where you left them and I have been doing exceedingly well. My head has cleared. I remember everything from the night before. My wife and kids are really beginning to enjoy me. But, you have given me another problem and I haven't the slightest idea how to fathom it. Now that I'm on the wagon, please tell me where you get your pay check cashed." . . . New type of movie will be added in supermarkets where kids have been entertained with westerns while mommie shopped. It's the old man who will receive entertainment help. While the kids watch from one projector which shows cartoons or cowboy stuff, Dad will be entertained next to it by sports shorts.



THE OTHER DAY the men of Minnesota's famed 47th "Viking" division, National Guard, left for Camp Rucker, Alabama. For thousands of Minnesotans, however, the parting was a bit brighter because when the first troop trains pulled out, George Grim, the Minneapolis Tribune's globe trotting correspondent, and Peter Marcus, Tribune photographer, were aboard. Their assignment: to accompany the men of the Viking division to their new station and send back to the home folks daily reports and pictures of what was happening to those sons, husbands, brothers and sweethearts during their first days as full time soldiers. To the people of the Upper Midwest, this was another example of the topflight, on-the-spot reporting of the news they have come to expect from their favorite newspapers—the Minneapolis Star and Tribune (combined daily circulation: more than 480,000) and the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune (circulation: now more than 610,000).



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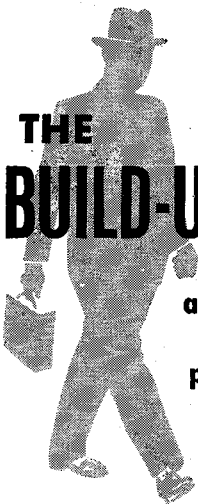
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RICHARD HILLARY, by Lovat Dickson (Macmillan). A rather emotionally written biography of the young R.A.F. pilot who was horribly burned in his plane during the Battle of Britain, who survived to write a memorable book called "The Last Enemy" (issued in this country as "Falling Through Space"), and who, after forcing his way back into the Air Force, was killed on a training flight in 1943. Richard Hillary seems to have fascinated those who were close to him (Eric Linklater wrote an essay on his life and death, and Arthur Koestler discussed him at some length in "The Yogi and the Commissar"), and Mr. Dickson, who was his publisher, attempts here to tell us why. He describes Hillary as an unusually brilliant and, before his mutilation, beautiful young man who had been a naughty-boy anarchist at Oxford and had joined the R.A.F. in 1939 to get in on all the excitement and to postpone the necessity of choosing a career. In the first few months of the war, Hillary got his special religion—a mystical something a little akin to that of T. E. Lawrence—the fires of which were fanned by the deaths of his young friends in the service. That and his terrible accident transformed him, and the intensity of his feeling, together with his latent talents, turned him into a fine writer who promised to become even finer. His tragedy, which he invited, was that of incompleteness; it is doubtful whether anyone can be sure what he was all about—certainly he never found out himself before he died, aged twenty-three.

JOURNEY TO SIWA, by Robin Maugham (Harcourt, Brace). Siwa is a large fortified oasis in the Egyptian desert, with a polyglot population drawn from all over North Africa and a history that goes back twenty-five hundred years. In ancient times, it housed the oracle of Ammon, the one Alexander the Great asked whether he would attain lordship of the world. (The oracle said yes.) Robin Maugham, who was a tank captain in the British Army during the war in North Africa, went to Siwa three years ago out of curiosity, taking along a talented photographer named Dimitri Papadimou. This report on




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their journey and on the oasis and its people is a nice piece of writing, composed of bits of history, sly reflections on the chasm between East and West, sharp descriptions of some of the appalling folkways of the place, and wit. The book is well rounded out by Mr. Papadimou's splendid photographs.

NIETZSCHE: PHILOSOPHER, PSYCHOLOGIST, ANTICHRIST, by Walter A. Kaufmann (Princeton). Mr. Kaufmann has produced what may be the definitive study of Nietzsche's life and thought—an informed, scholarly, and lustrous work. He rescues Nietzsche from the lies and distortions of his views that were spread about after his death by his racist sister Elisabeth (called Llama by her brother, because the beast, "as a means of defense, squirts its spittle and half-digested fodder at its opponent"), and defends him successfully against all the charges of proto-Nazism and anti-Semitism, perhaps even overstating the case a bit. Nietzsche remains a tantalizing but obscurely repellent figure, not bigoted enough to create a system but certainly bigoted enough for almost anything else—a great thinker rather than a great man thinking. Mr. Kaufmann has freshly translated all his quotations, and in an appendix prints some of Nietzsche's unimpressive poetry with facing translation. Readers of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen's recent book "Peace of Soul" may be surprised and somewhat dismayed to learn that its title is a quote from the old Antichrist himself.

CHESSE SECRETS, by Edward Lasker (McKay). A kind of autobiography, in which the author casts his mind back over fifty years of playing master chess with most of the champions of Europe and North and South America. In describing his memorable matches with such men as Emanuel Lasker, José Capablanca, Alexander Alekhine, and Richard Reti, he not only recalls each game, play by play, and illustrates it with diagrams but writes deft little personality sketches of his opponents. Since most great chess players are fairly odd creatures, these pieces are very amusing. The book is technical in places, but there is nothing a competent amateur can't grasp.

TRIUMPH, by Hans Tietze (Phaidon). A revised edition of a book that was first published in 1936. It is a simply written, understanding, and extremely well-balanced study of the life and

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works of a man who is still an astonishing phenomenon, not only for his longevity (he lived, and painted, until he was around ninety) and the tremendous breadth and volume of his work but also for the extent to which he typified, in his own person, all the richness and exuberant productivity of the High Renaissance. In addition to the text, there is a catalogue of his most important works, with a history and description of each, and some three hundred and thirty illustrations, a half dozen of them in full color.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE 31ST OF FEBRUARY, by Julian Symons (Harper). Somebody keeps changing Anderson's desk calendar—he works in a London advertising agency that handles Kiddy Modes, Crunchy-Munch, and Hey Presto, among other atrocities—back to the fourth of February, when his wife was found dead in the basement of their suburban house, and also forwards to him a letter from her that convinces him that she had a lover in the firm. This kind of treatment might unbalance any man, and since Anderson is none too well adjusted to start with, the effect on him is catastrophic. The police settle the matter in the end, rightly or wrongly, but by that time Anderson is definitely a mental case, so their triumph is academic at best. Nobody has painted a more gruesome picture of the advertising business since Dorothy Sayers wrote "Murder Must Advertise," and very few people have written a more entertaining or dramatic mystery story.

THE BOOK OF THE CRIME, by Elizabeth Daly (Rinehart). In this one, Henry Gamadge has a new sort of literary problem: Why should a man, a war hero with an unimpeachable record, frighten his wife into running away simply because she wants to dust some old books? Mr. Gamadge and his assistants, with the unwitting help of a singularly unattractive Boston terrier, manage to uncover a fraud that up to then seemed fool-proof, but not before an innocent bystander has been killed. Literate and ingenious.

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